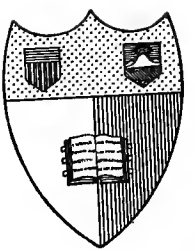

A SELECTION FROM THE POEMS OF GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI

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FROM THE POEMS
OF
GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI

TRANSLATED AND ANNOTATED WITH A
BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

BY

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LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
FOURTH AVENUE & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK
BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS
1921

DEDICATED

TO

MARY H. ALBAN

WITHOUT WHOSE HELP THE WORK

COULD NEVER HAVE BEEN

ACCOMPLISHED

TO GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI

A daughter of the misty northern land,
I bring this tribute frail to one who knew
To touch the lyre with no uncertain hand
And wake its ancient chords to music new.
Forgive if only harsh strains I command
To echo thy sweet music to the few
Who fain thy lofty soul would understand,
But to thy golden tongue have not the clue.

The old Italic gods with nymph and faun
For thee repeopled mountain, wood and dale;
'Gainst sloth and pride thy keenest shafts were drawn:

'Let Love and Freedom over these prevail.'
Such was thy cry: 'And in their radiant dawn
Must tyrants cease and superstition pale.'

E. A. T.

PREFACE

THIS attempt to represent some of the poems of Giosuè Carducci in English verse has not been made without consideration of the objections urged by many critics against this form of translation and of the advantages of greater facility and literalness possible to a prose version. But while prose may fairly render dramatic and even narrative verse, it seems to me absolutely impossible to produce in that medium the effect of lyrical poetry. The one violates the canons of the other.

No one can be better aware than I am myself of how far my translation falls short of the beauty of the original. My aim has been to give as literal a rendering as the exigencies of metrical forms would allow. I have also endeavoured to keep as close as I could to those used by Carducci. I have found the unrhymed metres more difficult to reproduce in English than the rhymed, and have allowed myself more licence than is perhaps permissible in the attempt to imitate classical measures, but I have some justification in the practice of Carducci himself and in the introductory remark on the versification prefixed to the *Odi Barbare*, which I may here quote, substituting *English* for *Italian*. He calls them *barbarous* "because such they would seem to the judgment of the Greeks and Romans, although they are intended to be composed in the metrical forms of their lyrics, and because they will sound barbarous to the ears of many an *Englishman*, even though composed and harmonized in *English* verse depending upon accent." (Preface to *Odi Barbare*.)

In the selection I have made from the numerous poetical compositions of Carducci, necessarily limited by the difficulty of my task and by the infirmity of rapidly failing sight, I have been guided by the desire to make it as representative as possible, and I have chosen those poems which are of permanent and universal interest rather than those of temporary and local interest. I have therefore not included any of the literary or political satires, nor of the occasional poems that would have needed long explanatory notes to make them appreciated by the English reader unacquainted with details of the Italian life of the day.

I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to the notes of the *Antologia Carducciana* by Guido Mazzoni and Giuseppe Picciola, and the obligations I am under to the former for kindly revising the text of the *Life* and some of the poems. I have also made use of the Comments on the *Odi Barbare* by Prof. Demetrio Ferrari.

I owe much to the kindly criticism and helpful suggestions of Mr. W. A. Sim, Professor Baldi and the Barone Alberto Lumbroso, but above all to the friend without whose help as amanuensis and in looking up references the work would have been impossible, and to whom I dedicate the volume which owes its existence to her patient and effective collaboration.

Note.

This work was finished before the outbreak of the Great War. Its publication has been necessarily delayed by that event. I have added a few Notes to bring the work up to date.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

1835-1860

GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI was born on July 27th, 1835, in Val di Castello, a village situated in the Versilia about two miles from Pietrasanta, a station on the line between Spezia and Viareggio, to the north of the spot on the coast where the body of Shelley was washed up. Val di Castello consists of one street straggling up a narrow valley, above which are to be seen the white marble cliffs of the Carrara mountains. The house in which Carducci was born is of medium size, and stands on the right-hand side. It bears a commemorative tablet with the following inscription :

DAL DOTTORE MICHELE CARDUCCI
E
DA ILDEGONDA CELLI
NACQUE IN QUESTA CASA
IL 28 LUGLIO 1835
GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI
. . . . . .
I SUOI COMPAESANI
ORGOGLIOSI E RIVERENTI
LO RICORDANO AI POSTERI
6 NOVEMBRE 1887
. . . . . .

The discrepancy between 27th and 28th July occurs in the inscription on the house. The 27th is the date

given in the register of Carducci's birth, and on that day the anniversary was always celebrated during his life.

At the time of the poet's birth his father was employed as medical inspector of a French mining company. The Carducci family, of Florentine origin, had been established for many years in the Versilia. The name is generally thought to be derived from *Cardo* (a thistle), but the poet himself gave the following etymology to one of his pupils in the more familiar conversation that often took place after the formal lecture. The question of the origin of surnames having arisen: "What do you think was the origin of my name?" said Carducci to the young lady to whom I owe the account. "It came from *Cardi* (thistles)," said I, for being already a teacher in his house gave me courage and confidence. "Ah! chatterbox! That is to tell me that I am rough and prickly, eh?" and he burst out laughing as he spoke . . . and then continued, growing more animated, "Now, thistles would not look bad in a coat of arms—as heraldic flowers they would be beautiful, really beautiful! But to return to ourselves, my name is not derived from Cardo, but from *Riccardo* (Richard), *Riccarduccio* (dim. of Riccardo), which in Tuscan becomes *Carduccio*." (*Miscellanea Carducciana*, p. 82.)

The grandfather of the poet, who remained a faithful subject of the Grand Duke, had no sympathy with the Revolutionary movement of the time. He was proud of his Florentine ancestors, one of whom is said to be that Francesco Carducci, Gonfaloniere of the City, who was beheaded by the Spaniards in 1529. The father of Giosuè, Dr. Michele Carducci, had from his student days been imbued with the spirit of liberty, and became a member of the secret societies which honeycombed the Italian life of the day. He was so deeply involved in the insurrectionary movement that he suffered imprisonment and was banished to Volterra, where he met Ildegonda Celli, the daughter of a watchmaker of that town, whom he afterwards married. The household only remained

at Val di Castello till 1838, when they removed to Bolgheri in the Tuscan Maremma, where Dr. Carducci obtained the appointment of parish doctor.

Of these early years there is little or nothing to record. Carducci only retained one dim remembrance of himself at this period. " I have no memories," he says, " of my earliest childhood, neither pleasant, nor unpleasant, nor curious. My first recollection places me—alas !—in relation with a being of the opposite sex, as would be said in the language of a certain set, according to Manzonian ideas, the language of good taste. I find myself in a place neither beautiful nor ugly, perhaps a little garden near the house in which I was born, on a day neither of spring, summer, autumn nor winter. It seems to me as if everything, heaven and earth, above, beneath and around was damp, grey, lowering, confined, vague, gloomy. It seemed that I, with a baby girl of my own age—I know not who she may be, or may have been—were swinging a rope which we held at either end, and it seemed that in this way we either said or thought we were playing at serpents. Suddenly at our feet we discovered a fine *Bodda*, which is the name in the Versilian dialect of a creature somewhat like a toad. Great wonder and exclamations from us, two new creatures, at this ancient creature. The exclamations, it appears, may have been somewhat noisy, for a severe-looking gentleman, with a long black beard and a book in his hand, appeared in the doorway to scold us, or rather to scold me. It was not my father. . . . I, brandishing the rope as if it were a scourge, rushed towards him, shouting, ' Go away, go away, you ugly man ! ' From that time onwards I have always answered in this way any person with authority who has come to admonish me in the name of morality . . ." (*Confessione e Battaglie*, vol. iv. pp. 3-4).

Carducci visited his native village in his later years, and on being recognized, was enthusiastically welcomed by the inhabitants of Val di Castello and Pietrasanta. The house is now a place of pilgrimage for his admirers.

Between Bolgheri and Castagneto the family spent eleven years. During this early period his education was almost entirely carried on by his father. Dr. Carducci was, as his son tells us, a fervent admirer of Manzoni and the Romantic School. The very small country town in which he lived afforded no society but that of the peasantry, so that the doctor spent all his leisure hours in reading and study. His scanty library, besides professional manuals, consisted of the classics, a few books on history and literature and the works of Manzoni, with the dissertations of Goethe, Fauriel and Tommaseo. Only Latin was regularly taught to the boy, but he read and re-read Homer and Virgil, Tasso's *Gerusalemme*, Rollin's *History of Rome*, Thiers' *History of the Revolution* and the *Promessi Sposi*. From such reading, and from overhearing conversations between his father and his father's friends, the boy imbibed a republican and revolutionary spirit, which he introduced into his games with his companions. He tells us how : " Our republic consisted of stormy meetings and battles with stones and sticks, in which we intended to represent the great deeds of the best days of Rome, and the French Revolution. In these representations fidelity to history was not carried to that excess of pedantry which is wont to spoil and chill the dramatic effect. With what a telling shower of stones did I beat Caesar back when he was about to cross the Rubicon ! On that day the tyrant had to fly with his legions, I know not whither, and the republic of Rome was saved. But the next day Caesar caught me in a thicket, declaring himself to be Opimius and the thicket the grove of the Furies. In vain I protested against the anachronism, saying that I represented Scipio Aemilianus. He seized and dragged me into the middle of his Cretans, and thrashed me like some Gracchus, while I called out that he should at least respect history and leave me free to be killed by my slaves. How those Cretans struck and laughed ! I avenged myself completely when, having taken by assault a stable which we pretended

represented the Tuileries, I thought well to let loose the fury of the populace on the Swiss hired by Louis XVI.

" The noise of these events sometimes reached the ears of my ' Romantic ' father, who all unmoved by my honourable wounds, condemned me—alas !—to long imprisonments, during which he appeared at intervals to revise my Latin, and left me three books on the table, saying seriously and drily : ' Read these, and convince yourself that the *robustious* (taratantara) classic is not for our times.' The three books were *Catholic Morality* by Alessandro Manzoni, *Duty of Man* by Silvio Pellico, and *The Life of Giuseppe Calasanzio*, written by a certain Padre Foselli (I think) of the last century. What might have been the idea of my Manzonian father in setting a boy to read *Catholic Morality* I know not : all I know is, that for a considerable time *Catholic Morality* and friars, the *Duty of Man* and minor saints were for me the same thing. I hated, I hated all these books, with the hatred of Catiline. To me they represented mortification, solitude, loss of liberty, of fighting, of fresh air, hunger for great literature—a new Mamertine prison. I found relief in standing at the window declaiming the speech of Guglielmo de' Pazzi (Alfieri) : ' To suffer, always to suffer ? Knowest thou no other counsel, oh father ? Hast thou made thyself a slave, so that thou dost not feel the yoke of the Medici, nor their insults, nor the shame ? '

" Oh horror ! the Swiss and the Cretans were outside the window, laughing and pelting me with apples." (*Opere*, vol. iii. pp. 143 and *seq.*)

His father's severe discipline was shown not only in these imprisonments, but in not even permitting him to keep pets in the house. The boy had tamed an owl, a hawk and a wolf-cub. The hawk was killed and the two others ruthlessly banished. Giosuè was so incensed that he ran away from the house, and spent whole days in the woods or by the sea-shore.

While he was living with his father in Bolgheri, the boy worked as a mason on the estate of Count Gherardesca,

owner of a large property in the neighbourhood. Whether, as is most probable, this work were imposed on him as an additional discipline by Dr. Michele, or were undertaken to add his mite to the slender family finances is not certain, but Count Gherardesca, in a conversation with Baron Alberto Lumbroso, stated that the lad's name appears several times in the book of the estate as being in receipt of wages. Incidents like these lead us to understand why Carducci speaks of his childhood as his "triste primavera": they also show the child as father of the man in his delight in battle and enthusiastic love of freedom and Republicanism.

These ideas were much more deeply impressed on the boy's mind by the events of 1848. A short time before that date young Carducci had been sent to Castagneto to recover from an attack of malarial fever caused by the bad climate of Bolgheri. Here he made the acquaintance, and in spite of disparity of age, acquired the friendship, of a certain Alessandro Scalzini, who was strongly impregnated with Republican ideas. At Castagneto, away from the rigorous tutelage of his father, the precocious boy seems to have almost assumed the position of a man. We hear of him as reciting and explaining the Poems of Giusti, then only circulating in manuscript among the sympathizers of the Revolutionary movement. On the proclamation of the Constitution at Turin by Charles Albert in 1848, a bulletin was affixed to the walls of Castagneto. Some sort of demonstration took place in the little town. Scalzini, under the influence of Carducci, led the shouts of "Down with kings! We want a Republic!"

After the defeat of Charles Albert at Novara, the Government of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, under Austrian influence, joined the reactionary movement against the Liberalism which it had formerly supported. Dr. Michele Carducci, whether actually implicated in the Revolution or not, fearing lest he might have once more to suffer for his opinions, left Bolgheri, and after a short

residence at Castagneto and at Laiatico, at which latter place he held a post as *locum tenens*, settled at Florence, where his family joined him. They took a small house in the Via Romana, now distinguished by an inscription.

The family consisted of three boys, Giosuè, the eldest, being about fourteen, Dante thirteen and Valfredo eight, who were all sent to the Scuole Pie, where a sound classical education was given them. The classical course in Tuscan schools was then completed in six years (three of Grammar, one of Humanity and two of Rhetoric): Giosuè was entered in the class of Humanity.

In 1852, having completed his classical course, the young Carducci passed into the science class, obligatory only on those who wished to pursue their studies further. A schoolfellow, Nencioni, relates that one Saturday when the class of rhetoric were to explain and comment on some passage of an author to be chosen by themselves, Carducci walked up to the master's desk, and producing a small book bound in calf from his pocket (it was an Elzevir Persius, *without notes*), proceeded to read, construe and comment on a passage, to the stupefaction of both teacher and taught. From that day Carducci was the hero of his class-mates.

The same schoolfellow tells us of the Spartan discipline of his early life, the poverty of his home and the absence of all the usual distractions of youth, his only pleasures being study and the stirring of his own poetical imagination. His more wealthy friend was able to supply the young poet with books he could not otherwise have obtained. By this means he became acquainted, through translations, with some of the masterpieces of foreign writers, Goethe, Schiller, Scott and Byron, the last only in a very poor prose version. Amongst Italian writers the surreptitiously circulated works of Mazzini and the *Letters of Jacopo Orti* by Foscolo, made a deep impression on him, but erudite works on philosophy had for him a special attraction. At this time he began to write original verse, Odes in imitation of Horace, of which only two

survive in the *Juvenilia*. He tells us himself that he composed a novel in verse called *Love and Death*, in which he combined all the favourite incidents of the Romantics, a tournament in Provence and the carrying off of the Queen of Beauty by the victorious Italian knight, the pursuit of the lovers by her brother, the slaying of the knight, the retirement of the lady to a convent, and her subsequent madness and death. Of all this he has retained two strophes, describing how the Queen of Beauty places the crown on the head of the knight. This romance he offered to a theatrical and literary magazine of the time, but it was rejected on account of its length. The first thing that got into print was an occasional Sonnet for the Chorus of the Teatro Borgognissanti. There were already many sonnets and satires in circulation among his schoolfellows, some of these characterized by one of his friends as showing the true Carduccian ferocity.

Having completed his studies at the Scolopian School in the year 1852, he passed the next year with his family at Celle, Monte Amiata, where his father had again taken a post as parish doctor. Here he devoted himself almost entirely to the study of the Greek and Latin poets and to imitations of classical metres. He continued his membership of a literary society connected with the school (called the " Accademia dei Risoluti e dei Fecondi") presided over by one of the masters, Padre Barsottini, who was amongst the first to notice the boy's genius. Some verses on the Crusades, written for a meeting of this society, really determined the profession and career of the young scholar. This poem attracted the attention of Canon Sbragia, the Rector of the Normal College attached to the University of Pisa. He suggested to Padre Barsottini that the young poet should compete for one of the bursaries in connection with the College. Carducci consented, distanced all rivals, and entered the College of Pisa in 1854. These bursaries covered the expenses both of education and maintenance during the University course, at the end of which the students were

expected to pass not only the examination for the degree in Arts (the laureate) but also one in Pedagogy, which entitled them to a post in the Secondary Schools. The discipline and teaching of the Normal College were at this time subject to the strictest ecclesiastical supervision, owing to the political reaction following upon the Revolution of 1848. Against the tedium and formality of the religious observances (morning Mass and evening Rosary and frequent confessions) as well as against the narrow views and conventional morality of the Professors, the independent spirit of Carducci revolted. His contempt for the sham piety and mediaevalism was expressed in the satirical poem published in the *Juvenilia* on " San Giovanni della Pace," an obscure friar of Pisa, the " veneration " of whose relics had recently been revived.

The University course lasted three years with an examination at the end of each, students taking their laureate in the second year and in the third the degree of *Magister*. For this final examination they had to write a thesis and give a lesson. The subject chosen by Carducci for the former was : " The influence of Provençal literature on Italian lyrics of the thirteenth century," that for the lesson was on " Philosophy," founded on the teaching of Rossini. Of this occasion he writes to his friend Chiarini how he astonished the learned Professors and unlearned students who formed his audience by the inexhaustible flow of his erudition, till at length the President called his attention to the fact that he had exceeded by half an hour the allotted time, and his bell put an end to the still unfinished discourse. " I, like an urchin, made one bound down the steps of the tribune " (from which the discourse had to be delivered) " and my audience were as much astonished at my agility as they had before been at my erudition, and I received the congratulations and embraces of my learned Professors and unlearned fellow-students." The young man and his friends celebrated his triumph with

toasts and songs at a caffè on the Lung' Arno till late at night.

Having passed these tests to the approval of the examiners, Carducci received the appointment of Professor of Literature at the Gymnasium (public school) at S. Miniato al Tedesco, a small town about twenty-five miles from Florence between Pisa and Empoli. The stipend attached to this post was four pauls and a half a day, equal to about three francs, twenty centimes. In giving him this post the authorities were well aware of the independent and somewhat rebellious spirit of the young man, but saw that his scholarship and genius must prove a credit to the University. In spite of his eccentricities, most of his Professors greatly admired and were sincerely attached to him. He had become the leader, while still in Pisa, of a few like-minded youths, chiefly Florentines, who called themselves "Gli Amici Pedanti." Among them was his life-long friend and future biographer, Giuseppe Chiarini. The object of these young and ambitious writers was to promote the classical reaction against the popular Romantic school by means of various literary and critical periodicals, mostly published in Florence.

Carducci did not remain long in the little town of S. Miniato al Tedesco, where he felt there was not sufficient scope for the development of his genius. He has himself given us some details of the life in *Confessioni e Battaglie*. Having determined to leave, he applied for an appointment at Arezzo, but failed to obtain it, mainly through the objection of the authorities to the already well-known tendency of his opinions. This objection his somewhat indiscreet conduct during his stay at S. Miniato had accentuated. He nevertheless resolved to resign his post. In 1857 he returned to Florence where he settled down to write and study. All that he considered worth preserving of his work at that period has been published in the *Juvenilia*. He took a lodging in a house opposite that of Francesco Menicucci, whose second wife was a sister of Carducci's mother. This

relationship brought the two families into close connection, and already in his schooldays Carducci had formed an attachment to Elvira, a daughter of Menicucci by his first marriage. With the approbation of both families, the young people had become betrothed.

Francesco Menicucci was a typical representative of the Florentine populace of the period. He professed advanced Republican opinions, nurtured on Plutarch's *Lives*, *The History of Rome*, and Macchiavelli's *History of Florence*. He became a leader of the people, taking an active part in the Revolution of 1848. A man of lofty stature and herculean strength, he had on one occasion dragged a cannon from the Fortress of S. Giovanni through the town, collecting a crowd behind him by his loud voice and violent gestures.

To the apartment of Francesco Menicucci the " Amici Pedanti " frequently resorted for discussion and reading, in which, though he understood but little, Menicucci took a vivid interest, having an intense admiration for Carducci.

In 1857-58 family misfortune overtook the young man. His brother Dante died by his own hand. The father never recovered the shock of his son's death and passed away a few months afterwards at S. Maria al Monte. Giosuè arrived too late to see his father still living, and in a letter to Chiarini he gives a very touching account of the fortitude with which Dr. Michele supported his last illness, and closes as follows " Poor man ! he felt for the last year that he was failing, he felt and knew that he was dying, and he died so quietly, so trustfully. And I did not see him before he died and he did not see me, and he closed his eyes longing for his sons so far away. And he died thinking that he was leaving them alone and scattered about the world, and that perhaps his poor widow might even want for bread, and that perhaps we should all wander about begging. And he was not yet fifty. . . . He could not survive his son." (*Letters*, No. xx. vol. i. p. 52.)

Giosuè now found himself the head of the family, for whom there seems to have been little or no provision made by the elder Carducci. The poet himself says that his sole inheritance from his father was the sum of ten pauls (about five shillings). He took his mother and young brother to live with him, and the responsibility thus entailed prevented him from joining the army which, in 1859, with the aid of France, succeeded in driving out the Austrians from Northern Italy. It was a subject of life-long regret that circumstances thus prevented him from taking an active part in the patriotic war. Writing to his friend Cristiani on his return from the war, Carducci says : " O, if misfortune had not befallen my family at that time, and if only I too might have been able to do something beyond mere scribbling ! I should have been more contented, more joyful, and even could have done better in literature, because life only comes from action, ardent action, from danger and from contest ! In the life I lead now everything is frost-bound . . . the chair, the audience, I myself . . ." (*Letters*, vol. i. No. xxiv. p. 59).

The poems belonging to this period, collected and published later under the title of *Juvenilia* (1850-60), consist of occasional verses, satires, imitations of Horace, odes in various classical metres, and patriotic poems. Among these was a lyric to the " Cross of Savoy," set to music by Romani and sung at the Pergola Theatre amid great enthusiasm. The poet fled when his friends tried to induce him to show himself to receive the acclamations of the public. In this collection of *Juvenilia* we see all the tentative efforts of a man seeking the best medium for the expression of his genius. Among them are enthusiastic poems to Victor Emmanuel, for at this time Carducci saw in the King of Sardinia the only hope of Italian unity. The poems favourable to the Monarchy were withdrawn from some editions, but were afterwards replaced, when the poet came to acknowledge that only in the Monarchy was there any certainty of the continuity of national life.

During the years 1850-60 which he passed in Florence without any professional post, he first came into relation with the publisher Barbèra, who was at this time about to issue the Diamond Edition of Italian writers of prose and verse. The young Carducci had already written to him to suggest a critical edition of the works of Politian. Barbèra was willing to entertain the idea, and in the meantime employed the young man in the selection and annotation of the Diamond Edition. The admirable way in which these little volumes were turned out, and the style and learning of the prefaces and critical notes, secured for Carducci a reputation as a great prose writer even before he became at all widely known as a poet. The critical work and collation of the texts in connection with the edition of Politian spread over several years, and it was not till he was established in Bologna that the book was published. Not only was he working for Barbèra at the Diamond Edition, but he also contributed articles to the *Nazione*, a newspaper then owned and edited by Barbèra. A literary Review to be edited by Carducci was also contemplated, and Barbèra suggested that he should write a history of Italian Literature. It is among the things to be regretted that neither of these plans was carried out, though they were received by Carducci at the time with enthusiasm. The personal relations between the publisher and the author were of the most friendly nature, the elder man showing an almost paternal affection for the young poet, whom from time to time he assisted in the difficulties in which his family affairs involved him. Carducci received about a hundred francs a volume for his work on the Italian writers, which seems to us a very small remuneration for the time and labour lavished upon these small books, of which the first to appear was the *Alfieri* in 1858. The pecuniary advantage, however, was not the only payment, for the critical knowledge he obtained from Barbèra of the niceties of typography was of great use to him in his after career. He says of the work : " I might have carried

it through, as many advised me to do, getting out of it with a couple of pages of preface. I should have earned more, and more quickly, but that was not my way. I persistently desired to consecrate the vocation I felt as a writer to always doing better, or at least to doing the best in my power. In this respect for the art, or rather for the profession, of a writer I do not know that I have ever failed. Nor do I know of anything that more seriously offends me than to have thrown in my face such suggestions as this : ' Anything is good enough . . . no matter what ! ' Ah Sirs, if it is good enough for you, it is not good enough for me." In these Notes and Prefaces he attacked the Romantic and upheld the Classical School, bringing down upon himself a storm of abuse from the fashionable critics of the day. To these he replied with equal vivacity, and with a command of invective overwhelming in its force. In his controversial prose the words seem literally to hiss and strike, sounds which leave the most vituperative English vocabulary far in the rear.

In the year 1859, so eventful for Italian aspirations, Giosuè Carducci married, and his first child, a daughter, was born. In 1860 he accepted the chair of Greek at Pisa. From Pisa he was soon transferred to Pistoia, but in neither place did he remain for more than a few months, finally accepting the Professorship of Italian Literature and Language (Eloquence) at Bologna in November, 1860. He obtained this appointment on the recommendation of Mamiani, Minister of Education to the recently organized Government of United Italy. The Minister had already conceived the highest opinion of the young man's genius and originality, as he himself stated in later years, and had only awaited an opportunity of offering him a position worthy of his acceptance.

On his arrival at Bologna he was met by another junior Professor, Emilio Teza, who also owed his chair to Mamiani. The two young men found considerable amusement in the antiquated costumes of the Professors, and the rigid formalities which still lingered about the

old University. We gather from contemporary letters to various friends that the ancient city made a very favourable impression on the young Professor, which ripened into the warm affection shown in many of his poems. His inaugural address on "The History and Development of Italian Literature," was the prelude to all his subsequent teachings. By this he gained that influence over successive generations of students, which makes so many of the best and most distinguished of the modern writers and teachers of Italian Literature look to him as to their intellectual father, and the "first originator" of all that is best in their subsequent work. His judicious and kindly criticism and encouragement of young aspirants to a literary career is evidenced in the many letters recently published written to young men who had submitted their work to his judgment. He completely changed, almost reversed, the accepted literary standards: he attacked the superficial self-complacency of contemporary critics, whose verdicts had no foundation in a historical study of their own literature, nor in a comparative study of that of other nations. He was the first Italian teacher who endeavoured to base criticism on the sequence of development of literary forms and ideals in different nations. The historical method, now a commonplace, was at the beginning of the second half of the nineteenth century an innovation. At first the new Professor's class-room was sparsely attended, but before long the young students became aware that a new spirit was astir in the old University, reanimating the accumulated dust of centuries, and breathing into it a renewed life. Soon the class-room was so crowded that the Professor requested those who were only casual listeners to refrain from occupying the places of serious students, but the general public continued to flock to his lectures. Thus not only did he train successive generations of professors and writers in the neo-classicism which is the key-note of contemporary Italian literature, but he also educated a public who could appreciate their work.

After a short time his family joined him. They moved from time to time to different houses, in one of which in Via Broccaindosso he passed some fifteen years of his sojourn in Bologna. It was here that his little son Dante died in 1870, and the garden attached to this house is the same described in *Pianto Antico*. He finally settled in the house on the walls which he occupied for the rest of his life.

1860-1870

The years from 1860-1870, *i.e.* from the formation of the Kingdom of Italy to the establishment of the capital at Rome, Carducci passed in strenuous labour and incessant study. Much of his time was devoted to the preparation of his lectures on the Italian writers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. These attracted the public not only by the erudition displayed, but by the lecturer's impassioned recitation, which often carried the audience completely away.

The critical edition of the works of Politian, which he had begun before coming to Bologna, entailed much minute investigation of the materials and collation of texts, very little of such research having hitherto been done in Italy. He was engaged on similar work for the Diamond Edition of the Italian poets published by Barbèra, several of which appeared during this period with critical Introductions and Notes. So little leisure did he have during the first few years that, as he writes to his friend Chiarini, he formed no acquaintance in Bologna except Teza, and had not even time for his daily visit to the Caffè. Many plans for poems were seething in his brain. He sends a list of some of these to Chiarini which include a drama, but none of those mentioned was ever carried out. He seems conscious himself that the drama was not the form in which his genius could best express itself, as the following passage in a letter to his friend Sclavo will show. " As to dramas,

they are rather fantasies of my imagination than anything else. I see them always in the distance, it seems to me, I think I can reach them, but I never attain to anything. I am quite sure that I have not got the dramatic genius" (*Letters*, vol. i. Letter 68). Amongst the poems written during this period are many inspired by the political situation of the day. Carducci had accepted the Monarchy as the best solution of the problem of a United Italy, but the cession of Nice and Savoy to France, and the repudiation of Garibaldi's attack on Rome, with the proclamation of the popular hero as a rebel, which Carducci considered a pusillanimous betrayal of the national cause, revived his republican proclivities, and he denounced the Government in unmeasured terms. Neither he nor his party at that time appreciated the difficulties with which the Ministry of Victor Emmanuel had to contend even to retain what had already been gained for the new Kingdom. The ode, *Dopo Aspromonte*, perhaps the bitterest of all his attacks on the Government, contains scathing invective against Napoleon III. These stanzas were suppressed on its re-publication in the *Poesie* (1871), but were restored in later editions. The irritation and discontent were further embittered by the incompetence of the Civil and Military Government which resulted in the defeat of Italian arms both on land and sea in 1866, and the acceptance of Venetia as a gift at the hands of Prussia, the price of Italy's alliance with that power against Austria. The next year saw Garibaldi's splendid attempt on Rome and the rout of the volunteers at Mentana by the French *chassepôts*. In the repudiation of Garibaldi by the Government at the dictation of Napoleon III. culminated the national humiliation. The indignation aroused by these events showed itself both in the verse and prose of Carducci, and even rang through the lecture hall. The Government, fearing the effects of his fiery denunciations of its cowardice and incompetence, and of his enthusiastic poems on Garibaldi and Mazzini, endeavoured to remove him by transferring him from

the chair of Italian Literature at Bologna to that of Latin in Naples, but Carducci refused the exchange, and with three other Bolognese professors was suspended for a short time from his work at the University.

A volume of poems called *Levia Gravia*, was printed at Pistoia in 1868, most of which had already appeared in periodicals and journals, or circulated privately among friends. The poem, however, which attracted most attention during this period was the *Inno a Satana*, written in a single day in 1863, of which a few copies were struck off for private circulation under the signature of Enotrio Romano, a pseudonym then used for the first time and frequently employed afterwards. From some of these copies the poem found its way into the press without the consent of the author. It did not, however, attract general attention till its appearance in 1869 in the *Popolo*, a democratic paper of Bologna, when it roused the anger and indignation of the clericals and reactionaries, whose prejudices and beliefs it seemed to outrage, and it did not escape the adverse criticisms of some who supported the cause of national and liberal progress. It was probably the title of the poem rather than the opinions expressed which excited the animadversions of many of these critics. Against two of the attacks made upon it, one in the *Popolo* itself, and one in the *Diritto*, Carducci defends himself in two letters afterwards published in his prose works, under the title of *Polemiche Sataniche*.

1870-1878

The year 1870 was marked by two domestic misfortunes. The mother of the poet died in February. For her he felt all the affection and veneration which her noble bearing under many family trials had inspired. This sad event was followed in November by a still more bitter bereavement, the death of his only son, Dante, born in 1867. This child had shown remarkable intelli-

gence, and round its frail life the poet had wound his strongest affections and most ardent hopes. The profound and lasting sorrow occasioned by this event is shown in many of his poems, especially the sonnet *Funere Mersit Acerbo*, and in *Pianto Antico*. The following touching passage from a letter to Chiarini may be quoted: "To hear some people speak, it might seem that the death of a child of three would be a grief easily supportable. There is no truth in that. Three parts of my life have gone with him." He tried to forget his sorrow by plunging more deeply into work, but it was continually with him. "My thoughts always return to that grave, and every day I feel myself more desolate." Two years later, in March 1872, his youngest child was born, to whom was given the name Libertà, familiarly shortened to Titti.

POESIE

A volume under the title *Poesie* was published by his old friend Barbèra in 1871. This was the first of his poetical works for which any publisher took the risk, the earlier volumes having been brought out at his own expense. Some little time before, differences of opinion in political matters had caused Carducci to cease contributing to the *Nazione*, which supported the moderate party in power, whilst Carducci had thrown himself with enthusiasm into the Radical republican opposition. There were also differences as to the proper method of issuing a projected edition of the works of Petrarch, which for a time brought about a coolness between the two, and caused Carducci to entrust his later works to other publishers. Nevertheless no rupture took place, and a warm feeling of personal friendship continued till the death of Barbèra.

The volume of *Poesie* included the *Juvenilia*, the *Levia Gravia* and the *Decennalia*, nearly all the poems published up to that time. The two later divisions in this volume

show a great advance in metrical skill and intensity of passion over those in the *Juvenilia*. It can be said that in these the genius of Carducci reached maturity, though it was to attain still greater perfection in future work. These poems are inspired by the same classical spirit, that sensitiveness to form and proportion, which characterizes all his later work. As he says in the preface to this volume : " In the *Juvenilia* I was the esquire of classicism : in the *Levia Gravia* I kept my vigil of arms : in the *Decennalia*, after my first and somewhat uncertain lance-thrust, I set out in search of adventures at all hazard and peril."

This volume roused, as the previous one had done, a storm of censure and abuse. Some of the most adverse criticisms came from his native Tuscany, nor did the book have an immediate success with the public. The disconnected and varied contents of the volume proved somewhat disconcerting to the general reader, the poet's aim having been to show his genius in its many-sided aspects, but gradually it won its way into popularity, and finally established the poetical reputation of its author. Conscious of his genius, and confident in the soundness of his theories of the poetic art and of the historical basis of all true criticism, Carducci continued the battle with his adversaries political and literary, in prose and in verse, in reviews, pamphlets and lectures.

NUOVE POESIE

In 1873 he issued a new collection of poems, the *Nuove Poesie*, published by Galeati of Imola, most of which had already seen the light in periodicals. Of the forty-four pieces in this collection, several are satires directed against the incompetence of ministers and the effete romanticism of the writers of the day. Besides the controversial matter, which has only a local and contemporary interest, the *Nuove Poesie* contains some

of his finest odes and sonnets. Among the most noticeable are *Primavere Elleniche*, *On the Field of Marengo*, and *The Ox*. This volume was received with no less hostility than its predecessor by the literary reviews of the day. To them Carducci replied in his own defence. Amongst the most noticeable of the prose articles called forth by these controversies is that published under the title of *Criticism and Art* (*Confessioni e Battaglie*, vol. iv.). In this, after replying to the personal attacks of his opponents, he gives a masterly diagnosis of the chief diseases of the contemporary critics: the log-rolling of the *journalist*, who praises that he may be praised in turn: the self-confidence of the *youthful critic*, who, without knowledge of books or experience of life, airs his originality in antithesis and paradox by the simple process of reversing all that has hitherto been accepted as true and affirming all that has been universally acknowledged as false: the pedantry of the *Professor*, who repeats formulas and conventions which should be buried under the dust that has accumulated on them, the spirit that once gave them life and meaning having long departed.

This volume, although it excited so much resentment from the political and literary parties assailed, not only established the great reputation of the writer in Italy, but attracted the attention of the leading French Review, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of Turgenieff and of writers in the German press.

Carducci was devoting a great deal of study during this period to foreign literature. His thorough knowledge and appreciation of German and French authors is shown by his successful translations from Goethe, Platen, Uhland, Heine and Victor Hugo. At this time he was reading English in translations, but a little later he resolved to learn the language itself, and assisted by two young men, the sons of his biographer Chiarini, he made a beginning with the *Proserpine* of Swinburne.

The first edition of the new book was speedily exhausted, and the interest it aroused produced a demand

for the earlier volume of Barbèra, who issued three impressions in 1874, 1878 and 1880.

In 1872 Carducci began to frequent the book-seller's shop of Nicola Zanichelli. This establishment was then the resort of most of the literary men of Bologna, who met there for discussion and information as to the events of the day. The then head of the firm, Nicola Zanichelli, and his sons, Cesare and Giacomo, men of culture and intelligence, soon became intimate with the poet. As Nicola Zanichelli was about to add the business of a publisher to that of a book-seller, he was naturally anxious that his friend Carducci should allow him to bring out some of his works. Accordingly in 1875 he sent forth the second edition of the *Nuove Poesie*, with three new poems and translations of the articles on Carducci in the German Reviews by Hillebrand, Pichler and von Thaler. Thus began the connection of the poet with the firm of Zanichelli, from which issued nearly all his future publications. A third impression of the *Nuove Poesie* was brought out in 1879.

ODI BARBARE

Carducci had now reached middle life. His great powers had attained to full maturity; his abundant energy resulted in his taking a more prominent part in politics during the succeeding years as well as in the production of literary masterpieces. Among the earlier of these are the essays and dissertations on the *History and Development of Italian Literature*, and on the works of Petrarch, and in verse the *Odi Barbare*. Perhaps it will be best to let him tell us himself what was his aim in these novel compositions, quoting from his letters and other sources. In 1873 he wrote to Chiarini: "I send you a new poem, new in all respects even in the metre, which is ancient and unrhymed. . . . I intend to write other odes in similar metres and of the same genus. I

want also to write elegies in hexameters and pentameters like Goethe. I don't see why I cannot do with the flexible Italian what Goethe did with the harsh and intractable German."

After studying the *Roman Elegies* and other works of Goethe, he writes: " Reading these makes me turn again with all my soul and all my convictions to the great Greek poetry. At bottom, let us confess it, it was the greatest poetry of the world. Homer, Pindar, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Theocritus, mark the furthest limit of all that is beautiful in the first plastic casting, young, vigorous, serene. After them came the reflected, the tortured, the worn out. We feel only the shivering of winter cold and think it the thrill of inspiration. . . . I am attempting the ancient metres, Greek and Latin. I have made pure alcaics, which neither rhyme nor have a refrain." " I am going to make hexameters and pentameters, and that will amuse me. All the literature of the present day is abject rubbish. No society of the present day deserves that we should trouble ourselves about it. Let us return then to pure art, to the Greeks and the Latins. What ridiculous little dwarfs are these Italian realists ! "

The first book of the *Odi Barbare* was printed by Zanichelli in 1877, and at the same time was issued a volume of verse by Olindo Guerrini under the title *Postuma di Lorenzo Stecchetti.* The latter, less severe in style and appealing to a wider and less exacting public, had for the moment a much greater success ; within two years seven editions of the *Postuma* were called for, and only three of the *Odi Barbare.* Undiscouraged by adverse criticism and want of appreciation, Carducci continued to write in this form. A second volume appeared in 1882 and a third in 1889, each new issue being furnished with additional odes.

Attempts to adapt classical metres dependent on quantity to modern languages in which quantity has no value, and whose poetical measures are governed by stress and accent, had been made from time to time from the

period of the Renaissance onwards, but never became a natural and instinctive vehicle for the expression of poetical thought. In Italy, as in other countries, most writers return to those metrical forms which are the spontaneous outgrowth of the changed conditions of the language. Italian lends itself more easily to such manipulation than English from the greater elasticity allowed in construction, owing to the more highly inflected nature of the grammar and to the wealth of words ending in an unaccented syllable. Was Carducci's experiment any more successful than those of his predecessors? It is difficult for a foreigner fully to appreciate the effect on an Italian ear. Opinions of Italian critics differ. The majority of those who estimate most highly the power and genius of the poet regret that some of his noblest compositions are clothed in a form which is "caviare to the general."

Carducci himself, in describing these poems as *Odi Barbare*, frankly acknowledges that classical measures cannot be reproduced, and that his imitations would sound harsh (*brutto*) to ears trained in the original. In later life he counted this venture among the mistakes of youth. Though such metrical forms have not been generally adopted, these attempts have done much to vary, enlarge and harmonize modern Italian versification.

Besides his literary work Carducci began, as we have already said, to take a more prominent part in public affairs. In 1876 a political career opened before him which might have diverted him from the pursuit of letters. At the request of the electors of Lugo, he consented to stand for that place as member of the House of Deputies. He was duly returned, and his speech on the occasion of his success is remarkable as a political manifesto denying the incompatibility of politics and poetry, and as the last direct statement of his adherence to the Republican form of government. But though elected, he never took his seat, since only a certain number of members holding official posts are eligible for the Italian Chamber, and that number was already complete.

Carducci's friends rejoiced that his great powers should not be wasted in the political intrigues that characterized the Italian Parliament of the period, and he himself cheerfully accepted the decree of fate (the number of the officials elected who might take their seats being chosen by lot).

In 1877 he undertook the work of inspector and examiner in the *Licei* (public colleges and high schools). This gave him occasion to visit many Italian cities as a point of duty which his narrow means and laborious life had prevented him from doing for pleasure, and enabled him to go to Rome henceforth every year for the meetings of the Council of Education. It is really remarkable, considering the facilities for locomotion then available in Italy, how very little our poet had travelled even in his native country, and to the end of his life he hardly went beyond the Italian frontiers, which may perhaps help to account for the strongly national character of his work.

One of his first visits in his new capacity of examiner was paid to Perugia. The beauties of the Umbrian country made a profound impression upon him. Who indeed can visit Umbria without realizing that here we enter the very heart of Italy, where more than once the fate of the nation has been decided, and where all the various epochs of its life are represented. To the emotion excited in the poet by Perugia and the surrounding country, we owe two of his finest poems, *Love's Canticle*, the most popular and most beautiful of his *Canzoni*, and the *Ode to the Fountain of Clitumnus*, by many considered the finest of the *Odi Barbare*. While he celebrates in the one the Revolution and in the other the classical ideal, the mediaeval associations with Assisi and St. Francis, though alluded to in his letters, were never expressed in a poem except in the one sonnet, *S. Maria degli Angeli*.

In 1878 came a change of reign and the hopefulness with which the young monarch Umberto I. was greeted

by the nation, together with the fact that a Liberal Cabinet was in power, induced Carducci to take a more sanguine view of affairs and of the Government.

At Ravenna he met some of the Ministers, amongst them his friends Cairoli and Zanardelli, who told him there was a wish on the part of the authorities to show their great admiration for his genius and his work by offering him the Order of Civil Merit, and to induce him to accept it Zanardelli added that it was the Queen's special desire, that her Majesty highly appreciated his poems, and had recited to him, Zanardelli, the *Ode to the Victory of Brescia*. Nevertheless, Carducci refused the Cross of Civil Merit, mainly on the ground of the form of oath of allegiance which had to be taken at the ceremony of investiture.

It may be well here to review Carducci's position as a political thinker. In his early youth, under the influence of his father and of Mazzini, he had been a theoretical Republican. In 1859 he accepted the House of Savoy with enthusiasm, evinced by his spirited ode on the *Croce di Savoia*, and other poems of the period. The reaction and disappointment of the 'sixties,' following on the frustration of the high hopes for the completion of Italian unity, threw him into the ranks of the extreme opposition. The softening influence of years and experience, and the growing popularity of the Monarchy, which proved itself to be not incompatible with Democratic ideas, had already reconciled many of that party before the death of Victor Emmanuel. The sympathy evoked by the personal character of the young king and queen undoubtedly had its influence on Carducci's political opinions. It no longer seemed to him a contradiction in terms to have a king as chief Magistrate of a Democracy, and the personal fascination of Queen Margherita completed a change that had been begun before.

In November, 1878, King Umberto and Queen Margherita visited Bologna in the course of their progress through the cities of Italy after their accession. To this

visit, on which took place the first interview Carducci had with the Queen, we owe the *Ode alla Regina*. This poem made a great sensation at the time, and was looked upon by many even of his friends as false to the Republican sentiments he professed, by his enemies as flattery to those in power, and as the price paid for favours to come. Carducci defended himself in the *Eterno Femminino Regale*. It may be as well to quote his justification in his own words :

" The Rector begged me to go to the formal reception, urging that the Queen had expressed a desire to see me, etc., etc. His Excellency the Rector, my good friend Senator Magni, had no need to use many words. That the Queen really wanted to see me, seemed to *me* a trick of my friends in the Ministry to hit me in the weakest part and capture me. But I, who had sought and observed and studied so many queens in history, in epics and in the drama, wasn't I just curious to see a real live Queen, a Queen who took delight in poetry and art !

" Well, they came. It was one of those days which I think November never brings but to Bologna, muddy the ground and muddy the sky ; it dripped from the roofs, it trickled down the walls, it splashed on the houses. Everything was ash-colour and grey, and from the uniform monotony of the clouds filtered a fine rain, slow, cold and persistent, which could not be seen, and yet penetrated the marrow of your soul : which could not be felt, but filled all quarters of the city with mire, a soft clinging mire, greasy, sticky and clogging, like parliamentary eloquence . . . one of those days that make you desire to kick the people that get in your way. ' Look, there's another column of mud moving along.' On that wretched evening of the 4th of November, there was a strange confusion at the entrance of the Via Galliera. . . . I was amongst the crowd which crushed under the arcade, and in this tumult the form of the Queen passed before me white and fair like a romantic figure in the midst of a realistic description. . . . In the evening, on the Piazza

S. Petronio, the crowd was less and one could move about, and when across the dark Piazza flashed the varied colours of the Bengal lights, one of the windows in the old red brick palace was opened, and the King and Queen, called forth by the applause, appeared on the balcony, and behind them the brilliance of the room grew pale before the dense darkness and the fantastic mingling of red, white and green Bengal fires. . . . I beheld the Queen standing in the foreground in white, fair and jewelled, amid the darkness, broken but not overcome by those strange lightning flashes, and below her the fluctuating roar of the crowd. . . . And the next morning I went to pay my respects to the Royalties of Italy. As I was leaving the house, my youngest child Titti said : 'Give my love to the Queen!'—Her name is Libertà . . . a good omen!"

On Carducci's entering the audience chamber he saw the Queen, who was standing upright in the middle of the room, and the King was passing round, shaking hands and talking to everybody in the circle. He goes on :

"The Queen, without appearing to intend it, and without there being even the suggestion of a throne, nevertheless throned it there in the middle of the room. Amid the swallow-tailed coats and white cravats, the ridiculous emblem of equality under which disguise the cynical envy of the middle class levels the hero with the waiter, she stood out with a rare purity of line and pose in her bearing, and with a simple elegance both in her ornaments and in her dress (of a dove colour, I think), falling in full folds. In every gesture and in the rare movements of her person and bending of her head, and in the inflexion of her voice and in her words, she showed a dignified kindliness. . . . She, the descendant of the Amedei and of Witikind, is courteous to the people : in the palace she is Queen. . . . Such are my impressions and remembrances of the Queen of Italy, which I carried away from the palace and preserved. Those gentlemen covered with

orders, and Colonels glittering in gold lace surrounded me, and caressed me and smoothed me down like a wild beast henceforth domesticated. . . . I refused to write an address to the Queen from the ladies of Bologna, that not being in my line. The ode I had already composed, inspired by the thoughts and feelings I had gathered in the Piazza and the streets. As I was raising my hand from writing the last verse, my eldest daughter ran into my study, announcing with horror : 'The king has been fired on at Naples!' Here, thought I, is one of the evils of the realized ideal. When my ode, not yet published in book form, was being sold in the streets, I met Aurelio Saffi under the Paviglione, and he said to me : 'You have done something entirely worthy of Italian courtesy (*gentilezza*)'."

I omit the expressions of praise and of abuse of the ode quoted in Carducci's apology, but perhaps the following is worth preservation

"I think, however," he says, "the gentleman was right who sent me a post-card to this effect : 'The undersigned, having read your *Ode to the Queen*, and not having understood it, would like a translation in prose. Thanking you in anticipation, etc'." . . . "My three reasons for writing this ode," he goes on, "are these. First of all, the Queen liked the *Odi Barbare*, and knew some of them by heart. She was pleased to recite the *Ode to the Victory of Brescia* to the Minister Zanardelli. Now it is one of the greatest satisfactions to a poet when an amiable and cultivated lady admires his work. If this lady had not been the Queen of Italy, no one would have counted it a crime in me to have shown my gratitude. Am I therefore prohibited from being polite because she is a queen and I am a Republican? Because I am a Republican must I be a boor?

"In the second place, it was the Queen who persuaded the Minister of the Interior to offer me the Civil Order of Merit of Savoy. I refused the honour and the annexed pension. After that it seemed to me I was free to show

the Queen that I was grateful for what from her was the highest token of her esteem.

" In the third place, the Queen is a beautiful and most amiable lady, who speaks well, who dresses superbly. Now it should never be said that a poet, a Greek and a Girondin, could pass before beauty and grace without rendering homage to them." (*Eterno Femminino Regale*, Opere, vol. iv. pp. 341-350.)

In the same year Carducci paid a visit to Trieste, and was enthusiastically received by the Italian part of the population. The ode *Saluto Italico*, and the *Miramar* are some of the fruits of this visit, the former showing his strong sympathy with the Irredentist party, who at that time still hoped that the Eastern side of the Adriatic might be once more included in United Italy. (This hope is now fulfilled, 1918.)

1880-1888

From 1880 to 1885 Carducci continued to pour forth numerous compositions in prose and verse, which appeared in various periodicals before being collected into volumes. In addition to the Inspectorship of Schools and Colleges, in 1881 he was nominated member of the Council of Education, an appointment lasting for five years, and renewable after an interval of one year. Carducci retained this position until the decline of his health. The Council held its meetings in Rome, which obliged him to make frequent journeys there. Rome had now been the capital of Italy for ten years, and was beginning to attract to itself the young men of talent from all parts of the country. It was beginning to expand and to assimilate itself to the other capitals of Europe, which it unfortunately did with the loss of some of its most characteristic beauties. The old villas and gardens disappeared to make way for commonplace streets, till over-building and speculation brought about in the last years of this period a collapse and a severe financial crisis.

A group of young men of literary and artistic talent had formed themselves into a club or association in imitation of *Le Cénacle*. These were accustomed to meet at the Restaurant Morteo in the Corso, which stood on the site now covered by Bocconi's large shop, in rooms known as the *Saloni Gialli*. These young writers brought out the *Fanfulla della Domenica*, *Capitan Fracassa* and other papers. Amongst those who were attracting attention in literature, music, painting, and sculpture, it happened that d'Annunzio, Tosti, Michetti and Barbella were all from the Abruzzo district, hence the name *Abruzzo* was given to the whole group. Mathilde Serao and other ladies frequented the *Saloni Gialli*. From this club Carducci received an enthusiastic welcome on his visits to Rome, and often spent his evenings with them, though he hated to play the lion in general society.

In 1880 a young man of parts and enterprise, Angelo Sommaruga, who had had some curious experiences in Milan and Turin, came to Rome to make, if not a fortune, at all events a sensation and a career. He introduced himself to the *Abruzzo* as intending to start a publishing business, and in connection with it a literary periodical which should rival and outshine all those then appearing in Italy. Sommaruga's fascination and eloquence soon obtained for him the co-operation of several of the younger literary men. He was introduced to Carducci and gained him over to promise his support to the new undertaking, which was to be called the *Cronaca Bizantina*, the name being taken from Carducci's lines given as motto :

> " Impronta Italia domandava Roma,
> Bisanzio essi le han dato."
>
> From the *Elegy on Vincenzo Caldesi*.

Sommaruga induced Carducci to promise contributions in prose and verse for each number, and during its short-lived career this brilliant periodical and the publishing house of Sommaruga were the principal channels through which his compositions reached the

public. Many of the *Odi Barbare*, the *Ça Ira*, the *Eterno Femminino Regale*, *Confessioni e Battaglie*, and other prose works were brought out by Sommaruga. Many amongst the most talented of the *Abruzzo* also contributed. Some of the early works of d'Annunzio first saw the light in the pages of the *Cronaca Bizantina*. Sommaruga took premises for his publishing business in the Via Due Macelli, and in the salon above meetings of the literary circle were held in rivalry to those of the *Capitan Fracassa*. Amongst those who frequented them were Pascarella, Scarfoglio, Guerrini, Panzacchi, Mazzoni and many others who have since attained a considerable reputation. The *Cronaca Bizantina* appeared twice monthly, and Sommaruga, who knew that Carducci's name was the best to conjure with, was insatiable in his demands for copy. The poet, who hated working to order, grew restive under the pressure, and sometimes declined, or only sent a trifling contribution. The *Cronaca Bizantina* was a great success, having the largest circulation of any literary periodical in Italy, and the shelves of the publishing house were loaded with the volumes of the young aspirants to literary fame. The rival Salon had eclipsed the original *Saloni Gialli*, and attracted to itself the most brilliant of the group of the *Abruzzo*, as also the fascinating actress Adèle Mai, for whom Carducci conceived a great admiration, and to whom he wrote verses, amongst others *Ragioni Metriche*, which appeared in the first number of the *Cronaca Bizantina*. The pecuniary profits, however, did not satisfy the desires and impatience of Angelo Sommaruga. He started a daily paper called the *Nabab*, a name taken from the popular novel of Daudet as *Capitan Fracassa* had been taken from that of Theophile Gautier, and unfortunately allowed himself to become entangled in a scandalous publication, the *Caudine Forks*, which obtained an unenviable notoriety. All these publications, for which Sommaruga was more or less responsible, were coloured by the political controversies of the day, and supported the Republican propaganda

of Cavallotti, from which Carducci wished to hold himself aloof. He protested in letters to Sommaruga against his name being mixed up with them, or his being held responsible for their revolutionary tendencies. But besides political controversy, these publications indulged in sensational scandal and gossip, and made enemies for the editor among those in power both in society and in politics. At last some more unguarded action gave certain of these an opportunity, and Angelo Sommaruga was arrested on the charge of blackmailing. Into the merits of the case it is not necessary to enter here. The verdict was given against him, but he always protested his innocence of a charge he declared to be trumped up by political or personal envy Some of his best friends continued to support him, and Carducci corresponded with him to the last years of his life. This is the more remarkable as Carducci never received the full payment promised for his contributions. Sommaruga did not remain in Italy to pay the penalty of his sentence, but escaped to South America. On his passing through Bologna, Carducci met him at the station at two o'clock on a snowy morning to bid him farewell. This was their last meeting, for though Sommaruga returned to Europe after some years, he settled in Paris, where a few months ago (1911) being interviewed on the subject, he showed the packet of Carducci letters, extracts from which have appeared in a recent article. Sommaruga also declared that some of the letters, having mysteriously disappeared from the packet, had been published without his consent.

THE "ÇA IRA" AND ITS DEFENCE

Of the many battles fought over the Carducci productions, none raged more fiercely than that over the *Ça Ira*, which at first appeared in a booklet published by Sommaruga in 1883. These twelve sonnets are undoubtedly among the most original of Carducci's

compositions, representing as they do an innovation in historical narrative verse. Carducci, like Macaulay, considered that the age of epic poetry is past, but that nevertheless certain historical episodes could be more tellingly embodied in verse than in prose. He therefore makes the experiment of the sonnet form, which should give a series of detached pictures, allowing the omission of all details that might become wearisome in narrative. Many poets have given us sonnet cycles, but these have been almost exclusively used for the expression of emotion, or of single thoughts, and not to give a continuous picture of any poetical episode whether in history or in fiction. Wordsworth's series of *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* may perhaps suggest itself as an exception, but cannot claim to have achieved general acceptance. Carducci, on the other hand, not only tried a novelty in literary form, but in it attained at one bound a complete success.

The series of sonnets is included in my translations, and in the Introduction and Notes I have explained the sources from which Carducci drew his material, and the object he had placed before himself. The prose defence, in which he answers his critics and justifies his own views, was first published by Sommaruga in 1884, and from it I add to the passages quoted in the Notes the following extract :

" I have told in verse what the September of 1792 was in action. The action was two-fold, the defence and the slaughter : the defence of the Fatherland, inspired by the noble traditions and by the heroic spirit of the French nation ; the slaughter, suggested by fear, and carried out with that delirium of fanaticism, of grim frivolity, of headstrong ferocity, which is in the Celtic blood, and is renewed at fatal periods in all the revolutions through which that race passes, and has passed, whether Pagan or Christian, be it in tumult of the people, or in conspiracies of the monarchs, the same in the South as in the North, in the Courts of Love or in the Renaissance, or after the Encyclopaedia . . . I will reply to my

critics not from vanity or from a desire to prove myself always in the right, but to demonstrate to them that devotion to a republic and to rhetoric, does not override in me my faithfulness to historical truth. . . . As things stand, I should not now desire, only from love of a republic, a republic in Italy, because such a change in the adjustment of the country and of its needs, could not but produce in the present division of party strength, weakness at home, even if only temporary, and isolation abroad." (*Confessioni e Battaglie*, pp. 989-1281.) He held to the end of his life the opinion that Italy was not ripe for a republic.

This defence of the *Ça Ira*, republished in the *Confessioni e Battaglie*, is acknowledged to be a masterpiece of Italian prose. It is distinguished not only by the acumen of its criticism and the eloquence of the defence of his own position, but its combative character is lightened by passages of most graphic description of the beauties of Italian scenery, one of which is quoted in the Notes to the *Sirmio*.

On September 20th, 1880, Carducci's eldest daughter Beatrice (Bice) was married to Carlo Bevilacqua, belonging to a family of small proprietors, who lived on their own land in the Lucchese. Carlo had taken his degree, had entered on the teaching profession, and was master in a school at Arezzo, but the year after he received an appointment at Leghorn, where the young couple spent the whole of their married life.

The second daughter, Lauretta, was married on the same date in 1887 to Giulio Gnaccarini. The choice of day, the anniversary of the Italian troops entering Rome, marked Carducci's pleasure in associating the events of his family life with those of the national history.

For the marriage of his eldest daughter Carducci wrote the ode *Alle Nozze di Mia Figlia*. This poem, like the few others concerned with his family, shows his tenderness and affection. The life the Carduccis lived in Bologna was characterized by extreme simplicity:

the economic conditions of his earlier life forbade indulgence in any luxuries, nor does he seem to have desired any except books, which in his case may be looked upon as a necessity of his work. For these, indeed, he was prepared to make any sacrifice, and he succeeded in acquiring a library of considerable value. His ideal of family life was that of plain living of the respectable middle class, and he educated his daughters to be good mothers and housewives. This he looked upon as being as much the duty of the one sex as that of carrying on the progress or defence of the Fatherland was that of the other.

Shortly after the marriage of his daughter Bice he paid a lengthened visit to the family of his son-in-law, and in a letter to Chiarini he dwells upon the advantages moral and physical of country life over that of town. Throughout his works we may notice his desire to lead men back to closer relations with nature, and to greater simplicity of life, and freedom from the conventional trammels of an artificial civilisation. He writes :

" Here—good kind laborious folk ; I feel as if I could renew my strength here amongst these old people, honest, upright and hard-working ; amongst these robust young men and honest workmen ; amongst these women kind and frank, who speak such good Italian " (in Lucca and its neighbourhood the purest Italian is spoken) ; " amongst these children who often run about bare-foot. What would I not give to be one of them, and not to be myself ! If that wretch of a grandfather of mine had not wasted everything foolishly, I might have been in this position, a small landholder, a good labourer in my own fields, and not a man always quarrelling with his critics ! "

In 1879 he had visited the home of his boyhood, Castagneto in the Maremma, where he renewed old friendships, and was received as a hero by those who had followed his career with pride. He had left Castagneto a poor boy of thirteen, and returned a successful man and

a great poet. The scenery of the Maremma, where his early youth was passed, has coloured many of his poems. *Before San Guido*, the *Summer's Dream*, the *Martinmas*, which are included in this volume, as well as the sonnet *Colli Toscani*, all describe this wild and fascinating district.

Carducci paid another visit to Castagneto in 1885, and the result of this renewed intercourse with his native province of Tuscany was the request that he would stand for the Pisan division as member of Parliament. He made a speech at Pisa, May 19th, 1886, which is much more concerned with the politics of the day than the oration he delivered at Lugo on a similar occasion. He stood as a candidate in opposition to the Ministry. He defines his position in the address and speech thus: "I am, if we may accept the English denomination, a Radical, but really a Radical in the English sense . . . that is, not a dilettante in revolutions for revolutions' sake. I desire the evolution of all the democratic reforms required by the historical needs of the time, but with every guarantee for political and social order, and for the maintenance of Italian traditions." (*Confessioni e Battaglie*, vol. iv. p. 470.)

Carducci, however, was not elected, the candidate of the moderate party then in power receiving the majority of votes, and thus once more, as his friend Chiarini expresses it, he escaped being drawn into the vortex of political life.

Hitherto Carducci had enjoyed robust health, but in 1885 he received a warning that he was over-taxing his nervous strength. Medical advice enjoined on him absolute repose in his holidays, and mountain air. In accordance with this advice he spent several successive holidays in the Alps, mainly on their southern slopes. The magnificent mountain scenery strongly affected his imagination. He writes from Caprile: "Here I am amongst the real Alps! real Alpine torrents, in the sound of whose roar I fall asleep reading Shakespeare's

Richard III. and *Julius Caesar*; long, steep, narrow Alpine roads, shaded by woods of pine and larch, under whose shade I study the Georgics. Mountains truly stupendous, dolomite masses, which seem like the architecture of Titans whom Michael Angelo and Brunellesco strove to imitate after their fashion—the Civetta, the Pelmo, the Marmarole, one more beautiful than the other—the Civetta which I see, and indeed have just before my window, most beautiful. I think and feel many things, but have no desire to make verses, because now I realize that form is inferior to conception, and what I imagine and feel is belittled and becomes false by endeavouring to force it into words. I have tried to touch up a few lines; I have done with other poems." (*Chiarini*, p. 265.)

In spite of this disclaimer, new poems were inspired by the Alpine scenery, such as the *Ode on Cadore*, *Piedmont* and *Courmayeur*.

In 1887 a motion was introduced in the Chamber of Deputies to found a Dante Professorship in the University of Rome. This was brought in with the double object of providing a suitable and dignified position for Carducci, and securing a propaganda of anticlerical doctrines in opposition to the Vatican. This latter aim became manifest in the speeches made on the occasion. The motion was passed before Carducci had been approached to know whether he would accept the Professorship or not. It was then offered to him in a letter couched in very flattering terms by the Minister Bovio. It was courteously but firmly declined by Carducci, who, in a letter addressed to the editor of the *Gazzetta dell' Emilia*, made public his reasons for the refusal. The chair thus provided has remained vacant till the present day, probably because it was impossible at once to fulfil its political objects and to give a true exposition of the doctrines of Dante.

Carducci states his reasons as follows: "The intentions for and by which the motion was dictated appear

in the speeches of its proposer and supporter, and are such as would require from whomsoever should accept the professorship a new view of the political and religious doctrine of Dante which I do not hold. . . . For me the greatness of Dante is enclosed within the circle of the Middle Ages and of the strictest Catholicism. The reform which Ugo Foscolo imagined he desired to make in the Church in no way touched on doctrine. He aimed at a Catholicism more rigid, more ascetic and more overbearing. No one dreamed of ideals more than Alighieri ; no one would have approved more than Alighieri of a reconciliation between the Papacy and the Empire. This reconciliation, moreover, is an old Italian Utopia, which need no longer be feared. . . .

" These reasons ought to excuse me in the opinion of good men. For even if the exposition of Dante from the Roman Chair could resolve itself into purely aesthetic teaching, which I do not think it could, I should not be able for other reasons to accept the office, because I do not think that a State should make an extravagant outlay to maintain a Chair for a fluctuating public, because in a word, from a deficiency in any faculty of academic eloquence, and from an intractable temperament, I should be the last man fitted to give such instruction. Besides, the gratitude that I owe for the kindness extended to me in Bologna, and the affection which I feel for that city where, during twenty-seven years, I have lived the true life, admonish me not to try another dwelling-place. If I am still to play the Professor, I feel that I cannot do it usefully except on the condition of being able to greet the Tower of the Asinella every time I go and come from the schools " (*Confessioni e Battaglie*, 2nd Series, vol. xii. pp. 348-9).

The Ministry, perhaps in order to veil the fiasco of the Dante Chair, instituted a series of lectures, and begged Carducci to give the opening one, which he did (Jan. 8, 1888), on " Dante and his Work." These lectures had no very signal success, except the first, which was an

event of great literary importance. In the same year he delivered a lecture on " Geoffrey Rudel " at the Palombella.

In the Municipal elections of the following year at Bologna, Carducci headed the list of successful candidates by a large majority. He had been a member of the Municipal Council since 1869, but the extraordinary number of votes he received on this occasion was a kind of plebiscite by which the Bolognese desired to show their appreciation of the great man, and the gratitude they felt for his having resisted the many temptations to transfer his residence to Rome.

On the 12th June, 1888, Bologna celebrated the eight hundredth Centenary of her University. The festival was honoured by the presence of the king and of deputies from all the principal European Universities. It was an occasion of both national and international importance ; national, in that it saw the inauguration of the monument to Victor Emmanuel, the founder of the Italian nation, twenty-nine years after the freeing of the Emilia from its foreign rulers ; international, because the creation of the University of Bologna represents the emergence of law and order out of the chaos of the Dark Ages, following on the overthrow of the Roman Empire by the barbarians, and the revival of the study of that Roman law to which all modern European jurisprudence looks as its origin. Carducci delivered a glowing and eloquent oration worthy of Bologna's ancient learning and of its new-found freedom.

The poet had already conceived the idea of issuing through Sommaruga a collected edition of his works in poetry and prose. On the failure of that publisher its production was entrusted to the house of Zanichelli. Nicola Zanichelli, founder of the firm, had died in June, 1884, and the business was carried on by his two sons Cesare and Giacomo, with whom Carducci continued the friendly and intimate relations that had existed between

him and their father. The publication of this edition, which finally consisted of twenty volumes, extended over several years, and changes were made from time to time in the order and arrangement of the works ; but it became the definite edition issued in the poet's lifetime, and represents his own wishes as to the way in which those works should be given to the public. He personally supervised the first seventeen volumes with the exception of the fourteenth, which was not published until after his death. The twentieth, which completed the edition, did not appear until 1909. It has been followed by two volumes of letters.

1889-1907

In 1890 Francesco Crispi was at the head of the Government, having succeeded Depretis in 1887. Crispi, a Sicilian by birth, had taken an active part in the Revolutionary movements, and in 1860 acted as secretary during Garibaldi's dictatorship in Palermo. He was the most capable man that Italian politics had produced since Cavour. He greatly admired and was an intimate friend of Carducci, by whom he was trusted and esteemed as the most honest and able of the public leaders. Like the poet he had held Republican opinions, and had been the leader of the Radical party, but also like the poet he had modified his views, and was now an adherent of the monarchy. "The Republic would divide us, the Monarchy unites us" was his favourite saying. In common with many others of his party, he had become convinced that a monarchy might be as democratic as a Republic, while giving greater stability and continuity to the Government. Crispi desired to nominate Carducci to the Senate, but had to postpone his wish until the Professor should have fulfilled the necessary qualification of thirty years' service ; this was not attained until 1890. Carducci's new duties, in addition to the meetings of the Council of Education, made his visits to Rome more

frequent. During his stay in the capital, he was generally the guest of one of his many friends. His senatorial avocations do not seem to have been purely political. His favourite place in the Senate was the Library, where he was generally to be seen bent over the table, making corrections for the press, or writing verses or letters.

Among the rising young literary men in Rome were several of Carducci's old students, who delighted in welcoming and entertaining their Professor, whose geniality and *bonhomie* with young people was one of his greatest charms. In 1891 one of these, Dr. Innocenzo Dall' Osso, being in Rome, and desirous of renewing acquaintance with his old master, a few of his former fellow-students arranged to give a supper to which they invited Carducci and Dall' Osso. The latter had given up a learned profession for the more profitable business of dealer in *tortellini* (various forms of maccaroni paste used for soups and entrées). The supper was to be at the same time an advertisement of the *tortellini*, which were served with every variety of cooking. The guests all met at the Trattoria Borghese in high spirits, the Professor being in excellent form, when unfortunately, the supper half through, information was brought of the defeat and fall of Crispi. This entirely unexpected event dashed the poet's spirits, for he saw in it the disappointment of all the hopes of reform which had been founded on the energy and ability of the minister. Chiarini gives the following description: "His brows grew black, and he exclaimed: 'It is not possible!' When, however, he understood from the detailed account that it was a fact: 'Wretches!' he roared, 'he is the only statesman who can govern Italy and make her name respected . . . wretches!' and rolling his eyes flaming with anger, and fixing them from time to time on Lodi (who had brought the news, and who belonged to the opposite party) it seemed as if he wanted to grind him to powder, to annihilate him with a look. Somebody, I forget who, uttered a few words intended to soften the

effect produced on the mind of Carducci by the unexpected news. I, who knew him well, held my tongue, being sure words would only precipitate the bursting of the storm, instead of dispersing it, and at each fresh sentence, reply or observation, of Lodi, I expected to see Carducci spring to his feet and hurl himself upon the offender. Lodi must have perceived that it was not prudent to continue the conversation on that subject, and whether under the pretext of returning to the Chamber, or with some other excuse, he went away. It was not possible to renew the gaiety thus interrupted. Carducci remained gloomy and silent for all the rest of the evening. . . . The supper ended in a stillness of the grave, and when we went out, we had the appearance of people returning from a funeral."

The unexpected event of the fall of Crispi was owing to the fact that the majority which supported the Ministry was composed of several groups, each caring only for the advancement of its own interests, and the defection of one or more left the Ministry in the minority, and forced its resignation. Such a secession had just taken place in February, 1891.

Up to the time of the publication of the *Ode to the Queen*, the Republicans had considered Carducci as their poet and champion, hence a great part of the hostile criticism that that poem aroused. Since then several other indications of his change of opinion had further irritated the party. One such cause of ill-humour had been two lectures delivered before the Queen in Rome at the *Palombella* (a Society founded by her for the Higher Education of Women), the second of which, on *Italian Poetry in the Fourth Crusade*, ended with a graceful tribute to her Majesty. Another cause had been that in the third book of the *Odi Barbare* appeared a second tribute to the Queen, *Il Liuto e la Lira*, published in 1889. Other causes were that in 1890, to celebrate the anniversary of the Italian entry into Rome, Carducci wrote the ode *Piedmont* with its fine peroration to the memory

of Charles Albert, and that he accepted the nomination as Senator. This irritation culminated in March, 1891, when Carducci invited Crispi to Bologna to preside at the inauguration of the banner embroidered by the ladies of that city for the University Monarchical Club, the feeling of animosity being strengthened by the fact that Crispi was also looked upon as a renegade.

The Republican party of 1890 was very differently constituted from that of 1870. Many of the older members had either disappeared, or given in their adhesion to the Monarchy, and with the younger men who still carried on the Republican tradition were joined the Socialists and other parties subversive of public order. These sections were largely represented among the students of the University, and on the other side was the Monarchical Club to which Carducci had invited Crispi. The Republican students, to show their displeasure, gathered outside Carducci's house on the evening of the 10th March, 1891, to the number of three hundred, and made a noisy demonstration. Carducci himself was absent. The next day the Radical students assembled in large numbers at the University to await the Professor's arrival. As soon as he made his appearance, they broke into hisses and cries of "Down with him!" (*abbasso*). Carducci elbowed his way through the throng, looking as if it had nothing to do with him. The unruly mob followed him into the class-room. Surrounded by several of his own students, young men and young women, he took his place at the desk, but was unable to proceed with his lecture owing to the noisy interruptions of the crowd. He quietly lighted a cigar, saying: "It is useless to cry out 'Down with him!' Nature has set me up; you should rather cry out 'Death to him!'" When to the hissing and cries succeeded howlings and vulgar abuse of all kinds, Carducci mounted on the table in front of the desk, not to speak to the students, but that he might expose himself more completely to receive the missiles and abuse of the infuriated youths. The crowd

became so dense round the desk, and pressed the Professor and his pupils against the wall so closely that they were almost suffocated. One young woman fainted and was taken out through the window. Several Professors came and tried to quiet the irritated mob and induce them to leave, but without effect. Carducci declared that he was on his own ground, and would only leave after everyone else. Finally, getting tired of their futile noisy demonstrations, they gradually dispersed, Carducci leaving the room, as he had said, the last of all. In a letter to the *Gazzetta dell' Emilia* a week later, after thanking his correspondents, too numerous to answer personally, for their sympathy and expressions of indignation, he gives a detailed account of the scene, from which has been taken the above description. In another letter written somewhat later to the editor of the *Resto del Carlino*, he explains and justifies the development of his political views. " I by education and habit a republican after the antique mould, by a continuous development of historical and political comparisons felt myself once more attracted and genuinely converted to the Monarchy, by the help of which alone, I now am firmly convinced, Italy can maintain herself united and strong. Besides, I confess myself affectionately devoted to the civic virtues and great humanity of Humbert I."

A question on the subject of the scene at Bologna having arisen in the Chamber, Professor Villari, the historian, then a member of the Ministry, said : " When we are face to face with incidents such as those that have taken place at Bologna, in which the man, the citizen and the master is insulted with impunity, I seem to see sons who are insulting their father ! " The Radical students attempted to justify themselves in a printed leaflet, saying : " We all admire the poet and the man of letters : we hissed the deserter from a flag ! " but this was no justification of their violence, and only shows they failed to understand that a great poet is not a partisan, but is above all parties. The incident made no lasting

impression on Carducci, and failed to cause any break between the Professor and the majority of his students.

Carducci did not speak very frequently in the Senate, but in 1892 he spoke to defend the Secondary Schools from unjust reproaches, and at the same time to plead for more liberal treatment of their under-paid teachers. He said: "Could these worthy teachers, who for so many years have worked like martyrs, and have been paid like—I do not dare to put into words the term of comparison !—who are bandied about derisively from promise to promise, from reform to reform, and are besides held in such slight esteem by the many—could they but see their lot bettered, could they but see themselves considered by the Nation as they merit ! If this does not take place, and that right soon, the progress which we are beginning to see in these schools will be checked, that faith will be chilled which now many, I above all, have cherished, of a brilliant future for Italian education and culture. To expect that young men of twenty, coming from the University after the great expense bestowed on their education, should be ready with enthusiasm to spend the best years of their life in drumming into unwilling pupils the literature of Homer, of Virgil and of Dante, in teaching universal history, including geography and the whole of philosophy, the whole of mathematics and the whole of physics, and whatever besides the Minister of Education may take it into his head to add, and all that with the hope of possibly reaching the salary of five francs a day some time or other . . . Honourable Colleagues, this is an expectation founded on a social iniquity !" (*Opere*, vol. xi. p. 369.)

The only other important speeches made by Carducci in the Senate were that of April, 1897, on Candia, and that of March, 1899, for the University Convention of Bologna, printed in vol. xi. of the works.

In 1896 the citizens of Bologna desired to celebrate

the thirty-fifth year of Carducci's connection with that city. The idea of such an ovation had arisen at the time when Carducci had refused the Dante Chair in Rome, but had been postponed. The celebrations began with the students of Literature offering him on January 24th an address, accompanied by an album containing portraits of his pupils from the first year of his Professorship up to that day. To this address Carducci made the following reply, which I quote as giving the best possible summary of his aims and aspirations as a teacher. He said : " I thank you. Your thought is most kindly. It makes me live again in the days of my youth, of which certainly the best part was that which I passed with my young people. . . . Although I may sometimes have treated them roughly, I have always felt myself happy amongst them, and by dint of living with them and talking with them, I seem to have preserved in myself that light of youth which will not set. I declare to you that of that part of my life I certainly have no need to repent. I have not to reproach myself with anything unless it be an occasional outburst of temper, but never with anything that could injure the purity of your minds and hearts. Certainly you may not have learnt many things from me, but this is the conception with which I have always endeavoured to inspire myself and to which it has been my aim to raise you. *In Life*, while laying aside the worn-out garments of an effete society, to place being above appearing, duty before pleasure : *in Art*, to aim high, rather at simplicity than at artifice, rather at grace than at mannerism, rather at strength than at show, rather at truth and justice than at fame. This is the ideal which I have always endeavoured to hold before you, and I feel fully conscious that I have done so. As for that which has been the speciality of my office as a teacher, while making full use of all that the two great forces, modern science and historical research, have given me, I have nevertheless always striven to raise myself to the ideal, and to preserve and nourish and bring once more

to light in you the great national tradition of which a teacher of Italian literature should be the defender and guardian. It is our duty as teachers to preserve, to defend, to support in the realm of the spirit that unity and liberty which our glorious fathers and brothers conquered for us with so much generous blood spilled on every foot of ground of the sacred peninsula. The idea of our common humanity is a great thing, and certainly it is fine that there should be a fraternal Council of European literature, but to attain that high assembly, to be worthy of that embrace, it is not necessary to lay aside national sentiment, it is not necessary to wear the livery of servants or to masquerade as courtiers. It is our duty to take up afresh the tradition of our masters, Virgil, Dante, Petrarch, who discovered modern art and the new world; it is our duty to continue and amplify this tradition without making ourselves the slaves or the apes of anyone." (*Confessioni e Battaglie*, Opere, vol. xii. p. 572.)

On the 6th of February Carducci was presented with the freedom of the city in the hall of the old University building, which now contains the public library and other offices, but is no longer used for the ordinary classes. The city was represented by the Sindaco and by all the highest municipal officials, the University by the Rector, and other public institutions by their head officers, and the leading members of the society of Bologna were present as well as the Sindaco of Pietrasanta, the poet's native commune. The deed constituting Carducci honorary citizen of Bologna and the gold medal struck in his honour were presented to him by the Sindaco in an admirable speech, which was followed by complimentary addresses from the Dean of the Faculty of Letters and the Professor of Latin, after which the Sindaco of Pietrasanta handed him an address engraved on parchment, with the congratulations and homage of his fellow townsmen. The Senator, Count Pasolini, then in a graceful act not included in the programme, offered

the poet a branch gathered from the laurel growing by the tomb of Dante at Ravenna. To these the poet replied in an eloquent speech beginning with the words: "To your city, O Bolognese, I came along with the freedom and unity of Italy" (that is, in the year 1860). "I came poor, young and wanting in self-confidence, but the city with its serene welcome took me into its arms, the University protected and nourished me under the broad shadow of its glory. I found in the University first fathers, and then brothers, rather than colleagues. . . . I found in the city wise and ardent friends, who now spurred me on and now restrained me; I found everything that your ancient escutcheon promises, and your city, endowed with new youth, loyally maintains—*Libertas*. Yes, the liberty of solitude for my studies, liberty of scope and direction for my thoughts, liberty, I repeat, for ideas, and freedom from the fret of straitened circumstances, without which independence no wholesome service is possible for a writer. . . . In this hour, full of such solemn significance for me, I remember the past and foreshadow the future. In the midst of the honours conferred upon me I recall, almost with a feeling of remorse, those patriotic master-spirits passing unknown and unheeded, growing old in sadness and poverty, fading in the desolation and misery of exile. . . . Those were the times of the servitude of Italy. Now, listen to me, young men, and mark, see what rewards the fatherland and liberty offer to minds devoted to well-doing. This is the sign that the Italian Revival, both in discipline, in morals and in the ideal arts, is already mature and an accomplished fact. Make ready the ways for the lord who is coming, for the genius of Italy, great, free, just and humane, for the genius, the beating of whose wings I hear approaching. In those longed-for days, in the pure and holy glory of Italy, may the glory of Bologna flourish ever more brightly, the glory of this tender mother of learning, of this benign protectress of the studious. May she gather the fruit and flower of

the happy season, and I will end with the verse of the poet :

' E trovi uom degno poi che si l' onora.' "

(And may she then find a man worthy to be thus honoured.)

Commendatore Alberto Dall' Olio, the *Sindaco* of Bologna who presided on this occasion, has given the following anecdote of his first meeting with Carducci. In 1865 when he was a boy at the Liceo (public school), the newly appointed Professor of Literature having failed to arrive, Carducci was asked to supply his place for a few lectures. At this time his person was but little known in the town, although he had attained considerable reputation in literary circles. For the former Professor of Literature, who was of a distinguished personal appearance and was an eloquent reciter, the boys had a very great admiration. Commendatore Dall' Olio shall narrate what followed in his own words : " We saw a little man making his way between the double line of desks with a manner between timidity and boldness. He had a great shock of hair and a short untrimmed black beard. He wore a rather short overcoat buttoned up to the chin and carried in his hand a *gibus* (opera hat). He ascended the desk, and the first thing he did was to make the *gibus* collapse with a bang. There was nothing extraordinary in this, but we boys began to look at each other, and a smile went round the class room. Carducci perceived this, and his face darkened. And in fact, when he began to speak, his voice was so uncertain and his words came with so much difficulty, that our laughter, for the moment suppressed, could no longer be restrained. '*Cet âge est sans pitié* !' So it is, and the more the Professor hesitated, the more we laughed. From a slight ripple, it grew, it rose and increased to a rude and unrestrained outburst of laughter. It was evident that things could not go on in this way, but the solution was sudden and decisive. The timid Professor became bold in a moment ; he rose, gathered his papers together, with an energetic punch expanded the ill-omened *gibus*,

clapped it on his head, and muttering broken invectives rushed impetuously out of the room. We all perceived that we had gone beyond the limit. In a few moments the Headmaster came in surprised and indignant, and told us who the man was whom we had received so badly (it would have been better if he had told us before). Very much mortified, we asked how we could make amends for our rudeness. It was decided to send a deputation of which I, as the youngest, was chosen speaker." It is hardly necessary to say that the boys were indulgently received by Carducci, who readily condoned their offence.

The Royal Historical Society of Bologna, of which Carducci had long been President, on the 13th of February presented him in a public meeting with an illuminated address in testimony of its gratitude for the distinguished services which he had rendered to the Institution for more than six lustres.

The death of one of Carducci's oldest friends, Enrico Nencioni, with whom he had been on most intimate terms since their school-days, cast a cloud over the brightness of this year.

A sorrow that affected him even more closely befell the poet in the year 1898, in the unexpected death of his son-in-law, Carlo Bevilacqua, the husband of his eldest daughter, who died after a few days' illness at Leghorn. Carducci hastened to his daughter, and brought her and her children back to Bologna, where he undertook their maintenance and education.

The next two years were occupied largely with critical and exegetical work on the poems of Parini and Leopardi; he also delivered lectures on these poets, and wrote articles for the literary reviews, such as the *Nuova Antologia*.

In 1898 he published a volume entitled *Rime e Ritme*, which included all the poems recently written that had not appeared in any of the previous volumes. These proved to be the last of his poetical compositions. The

volume closed with the following *Farewell* . . . was it a presentiment ?

" Fior tricolore,
Tramontano le stelle in mezzo al mare
E spegnono i canti nel mio cuore."

(" Flower of the colours three,
In the sea the stars are setting,
Spent in my heart is poesy.")

Several of his summer vacations at this period were passed at Madesimo on the Splügen, where he took the baths, but did not take the rest that his health required. One of the poet's old pupils, in an account of his life at the little watering-place, tells how he came laden with books and worked eight hours a day, against the advice of the doctors. He was accustomed to dine at a simple Hotel in the place, where the cooking was good, and where the host treated him with special consideration, and the guests felt themselves honoured by being in such distinguished company. The anniversary of his birthday (July 27th) often fell while he was staying at this retreat, and the event was marked by a special sweet dish and by a bouquet of flowers at his place at the head of the table. The day was made a little fête by the guests. On one occasion they wrote a letter which was signed by all the visitors, for which he returned thanks, and they drank his health in good Valtellina.

On Carducci's return from this cure in 1899, his friends all remarked that he did not seem to have reaped the usual benefit from it, and shortly afterwards (Sept. 25th) he was taken ill, the trouble being nervous paralysis of the right hand, and though the disease yielded to treatment, the recovery was only partial. He was able to resume literary work, and to give some of his lessons, but could not use his hand with ease, and was obliged to dictate or to write slowly with a pencil. The task that chiefly engaged his attention was revising the collected edition of his works then in course of publication, and writing

literary and critical articles for reviews and magazines, especially on the literature of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. He had during his whole life been collecting materials for writing a detailed history of this subject, and intended to close his literary labours with it, but his ill-health and the pressure of professional and other business prevented him from fulfilling what was really the desire of his heart, and the materials he had collected for the great work are left amongst his papers, only a small portion of them having been utilized.

In 1901 the students wished to celebrate the fortieth year of his Professorship by a jubilee. This coming to Carducci's ears, he hastened to publish a letter in the *Gazzetta dell' Emilia* to discourage any such celebration. He said: "That the students should wish to commemorate the fortieth year of my teaching in this University would be pleasant to me, especially for the unostentatious way in which they propose to carry it out, if it were not that newspapers, letters, to say nothing of verses, come threatening me with what is now always called a jubilee. A jubilee, according to the sacred writers, means a year of absolute rest, during which the Church promises absolution for sins to all who fulfil certain acts of penance. Now am I in a condition to do penance? I doubt it! Besides, between one jubilee and another fifty years ought to elapse according to the Mosaic law, reduced by Christian law to twenty-five. But it is hardly five years since a jubilee was celebrated for me. To repeat it after so short an interval would be to exceed every facility of indulgence. In short, seriously, I thank you with my whole heart, but the condition of my health and spirits is such that the slightest noise, literal or metaphorical, disturbs that tranquillity without which there can be no jubilee."

The remonstrance was in vain: the young men wanted a jubilee and determined to have one, but it took the form of a speech delivered by Giuseppe Picciola at a meeting held in a public hall in Bologna, and in no way interfered

with the poet's tranquillity. Congratulatory telegrams were also sent to him from the Queen Mother and the Premier, to which he courteously replied, but with the "jubilee" held against his wishes he was little pleased.

The passion of Carducci's life had been the collecting of books both ancient and modern, and he had accumulated a very fine library. So strong was this passion in him that his friends jokingly said they hardly dared show him a fine edition. One of them ruefully relates how, on asking his opinion of some specially fine copy, Carducci fondled the volume tenderly, then casting a look never to be forgotten at the owner, said: "Never will I give it back to you," and walked off with it! In his youth too the friends who desired to give him an acceptable present made him offerings of special editions, and he was in the habit of asking "What book are you going to give me to-day?" He was a great connoisseur both in bindings and in printing, so that his collection was one of very considerable value both from the point of view of the collector and of the reader, as it contained many rare and even unique specimens. When it became known that Carducci contemplated the sale of his library, the Queen Mother purchased it in 1902, and secured it to the poet for his lifetime. Since his death she has assigned his collection to the City of Bologna, where it is thrown open to the public, together with the poet's house, which is a national monument.

Carducci's health now continued to fail, and one by one he had to give up his occupations. Though his brain remained clear and active, the paralysis of his hand was an impediment to production, as he found difficulty in dictating and was irritated by the slowness with which he could write, even with a pencil. He still continued to give a few lectures, but Severino Ferrari, who had now been made full Professor, undertook the greater part of his teaching work. For this friend Carducci felt a paternal affection, and entertained great hopes of his future career. The recently organised Dante Society in

Florence invited Ferrari to deliver one of the course of lectures given annually in the Hall of Or San Michele. Carducci went to Florence especially to be present on this occasion, the 31st of January, 1901. The Hall was crowded. The fact of Carducci's presence got bruited about, just as the audience was on the point of dispersing. All eyes were turned on him, and he was greeted with a spontaneous outburst of applause. Always shy and disliking public recognition, he entreated the Signora Mazzoni (daughter of his friend Chiarini) who accompanied him, to help him to escape. They hurried down the steep flight of stairs leading to the street, and took refuge in the Church of Or San Michele.

A year later Ferrari was taken seriously ill, but after some months was able to resume his work. The malady, however, returned, and in 1905 he died, to the great grief of Carducci, who had insisted on visiting his friend, in spite of the difficulty of ascending the steep stairs that led to his apartment. He mourned for Ferrari as for a son, and the grief he felt undoubtedly contributed to hasten the progress of his own infirmities.

In 1904 Carducci resigned his Professorship. The Minister Orlando proposed to the House of Representatives that they should grant a special annual pension of 12,000 Lire (480 pounds sterling). The motion was presented by the Hon. Ferdinando Martini, eminent in literature and politics, in a speech concluding with the following words: "The decision of Parliament will secure to the illustrious veteran quiet repose, and will encourage the hope of new works of beauty, and the glorious poet of regenerated Italy, the strong and trustful seer of her high destiny, he who so benignly invoked happy fate for wearied humanity, may hear in the homage of the National Assembly the voice of admiration and blessing of future generations." The motion was adopted unanimously by the Chamber. Only two such special pensions have been voted by the Italian nation; this to Carducci and one to Alessandro Manzoni.

In reply to his friend Rava, who had informed him of the decision of the House, he wrote: "Dear Rava, Your letter overwhelmed me with surprise and emotion. Who am I, that a national pension should be assigned to me? What have I done, beyond loving my country, that poor, great and beautiful Italy, even when I seemed most exasperated with her! This indeed I have done, and nothing else . . . but it is little. Much on the other hand I owe, indeed everything, to the kindly opinion my friends have formed of me. Thanks, dear Rava, I press your hand and end because my emotion overcomes me. Your very affectionate, G. Carducci" (*Letters*, vol. i. CCLIV. p. 370).

The disease from which Carducci was suffering pursued its inexorable course; he gradually lost all power of motion and even his speech was affected, so that intercourse with his friends became difficult and painful. He was watched over with the most affectionate care by his family, and received the devoted attention of Doctor Boschi.

Carducci's name had been suggested to the trustees of the Nobel prize by King Oscar of Sweden as early as 1901, but it was not until 1906 that he was elected as the recipient of the prize for literary merit. As a general rule the prize is received in Stockholm, but the conditions of Carducci's health prevented such a journey, and at the king's special request the Swedish Ambassador in Rome, Baron von Bildt, was commissioned to present the decision of the trustees to Carducci, simultaneously with the announcement in Stockholm. I have taken a few details from the account given by him to Barone A. Lumbroso, and published in the *Miscellanea Carducciana* (1911), and where I could do so, I have preferred to use Baron von Bildt's own words. He tells us how he first met Carducci in Rome in the house of the Countess Ersilia Lovatelli: "I felt immediately a great liking for this man, so frank, so simple, so free from all snobbishness (*snobismo*) and affectation. It appears that this liking

was mutual, since the poet sent me from Bologna an autograph copy of his little poem, *Nettuno*, as a remembrance of him." Five years after this meeting, Baron von Bildt went to Bologna to fulfil the mission entrusted to him. "It was towards evening on the 10th of December, 1906, when the Marchese Tarchese, pro-Sindaco of Bologna, came to the Hotel Brun to take me to Carducci's house. When we arrived at the badly-lighted road in which the poet lived, we found a few townspeople standing in front of the house, which seemed quite illuminated. . . . We were courteously received by the son-in-law of the poet, Signor Gnaccarini, and were immediately ushered into the room in which the famous old man was seated expecting us. It was between six and seven in the evening. He was in his library, known to everyone from photographs, a large square room, lined with books from floor to ceiling. The room was brilliantly lighted with large candelabra. . . . My first impression as I came forward was painful. I had seen him so vigorous, so strong, and I found him broken down, conquered by disease. The head still preserved the accustomed Carduccian expression of force and energy, but there was in his eyes a look of melancholy that I had never seen before. He stretched out his hand to me, remaining seated, and uttered a few hesitating words with great difficulty, from which I understood, or rather guessed, that he referred to having met me in the house of the Countess Lovatelli. He made me a sign with his hand to sit down, and I read in Italian my short speech . . . but before reading it I presented to Carducci the telegram from my king: 'Félicitez de ma part M. Giosuè Carducci du prix Nobel, qu'il a si bien merité.—Oscar II.' My commission only extended to presenting the king's congratulations; the prize itself was given, not by the king, but by the trustees, the cheque and the medal were conveyed to the poet some days later. As I read my speech, passages in it were applauded by Carducci by tapping on his chair with his fingers, and nodding

approvingly. I too was much moved and my voice trembled. I spoke for about five minutes at the most. He showed special pleasure at the two following passages : ' Your whole work, illustrious Master, has been devoted to the cult of the highest ideals that there are on the earth, ideals of patriotism, of liberty and of justice.' . . . ' To us men of the North our churches are dear, though they may be rough and rude in aspect, like the Church of Polenta, but they are symbols to us of peace, fraternity and charity. Our freedom of thought is not confined within Gothic vaults, and that is why we have felt that we can, without falling short of our faith, stretch out our hands to you in reverent homage. The severe morality of your verses, the austere simplicity of your life, the lofty summits to which your song rises in its candid purity, all are exalted merits before which we bow our heads, to whatever religious belief or party we may happen to belong. They are divine gifts, gifts of God, who under whatever form He may appear, is always the same, and from whom we implore that He may continue to pour down on your venerated head the holy benediction which we call Love.'

" The whole ceremony in its moving simplicity was a great success. The poet was surrounded by his family and by University and Municipal officials, and by some of the most distinguished citizens of Bologna, who had been invited to do him honour. When I had finished, he took my hand, pressed it firmly and raised it to his lips, before I could put in a word or intervene with a gesture. ' Ah,' I said, ' Master, that kiss ought to be given from me to you, not from you to me ! ' and I raised his hand and kissed it. The poet had prepared a few words of thanks, but his emotion so overcame him that his son-in-law, Signor Gnaccarini, spoke for him, expressing his thanks to me. But Carducci was not satisfied, he wanted to speak himself, and with a great effort he succeeded in saying : ' Greet for me the people of Sweden, noble in thought and in action.' He said

the first few words with difficulty, but uttered the last six rapidly, as though he feared not to be able to finish the sentence. Each word was detached but clear. I felt the deepest compassion at seeing with what difficulty Carducci could endure the want of power to speak and express himself. The whole ceremony lasted about three-quarters of an hour, by the desire of the doctor that the patient should be fatigued as little as possible. . . . I left Bologna with the impression that the poet had received this evidence of the universal appreciation of his work with profound joy, not less profound from the fact that he could not express it."

The end was not far off. The winter passed without more suffering than usual until the beginning of February when Carducci had an attack of influenza from which he seemed to rally, but a relapse followed by bronchitis ensued, and he died on February 16th, 1907. The news of his death caused profound sorrow throughout the kingdom. All felt not only that Italy had lost her greatest poet, but that they themselves had lost a personal friend.

There was a competition between Florence and Rome for the honour of receiving the remains of the poet, but his own wishes, and the undoubted rights of Bologna, where he had lived so long, prevailed. The family, yielding to the earnest desire of friends and fellow-citizens, allowed the public to view the remains on the afternoon of the 17th. A long procession of mourners filed up the narrow stair and into the library where the body lay. Some of the more intimate friends lingered long over that last farewell, and one described the wonderful beauty and peaceful expression of the poet's countenance; all the lines of care and pain had been effaced, and only the "rapture of repose" remained.

The funeral took place on the following day. The very simple coffin was laid on a car, the head slightly raised, and the face visible through a pane of glass inserted in the coffin. The sun shone out, and it is said that the

rays striking the bier produced the effect of light radiating from the poet's face. During the last days of his illness his one desire had been to see the sun, and every morning he had said, "It will shine to-morrow," but there had been no gleam till now it shone upon the eyes forever closed.

"The cortège," says Mazzoni, "was not a funeral procession, but the passing through the whole of Bologna of a triumphal car." It was followed by the representatives of the king, the Parliament and the people as mourners, by banners of various associations and by cars bearing the wreaths. There was one from Trieste, with violet ribbons, in sign of mourning for its still deferred union with Italy; from Rome came one of laurel, intertwined with red and yellow, the civic colours of the city, and one of green leaves from the Queen Mother, with the inscription "Margherita to Giosuè Carducci." From d'Annunzio came a branch of pine gathered on Monte Matrone, and from a student a branch of laurel plucked beside Dante's tomb at Ravenna. The long procession passed through streets lined with the populace, decorated with tapestries and garlands, the piazzas draped in black, the windows filled with spectators, who showered down leaves of laurel and flowers, narcissus and violets. The route from the poet's house to the Porta S. Isaia occupied three hours. Outside the gate the car halted: the Count of Turin, the representatives of the Chamber and of the Senate and the Municipal authorities closed round, while the various associations filed past, lowering their banners. The official part of the procession then dispersed without futile speeches. The car proceeded to the Certosa, followed only by the family and near friends. They arrived there just as the sun was setting, a white mantle of snow lay on the whole of the beautiful cemetery, and the last rays of the sunlight cast a glow on the snow-covered hills around. The body, reverently lifted from the car by some of Carducci's students, was placed in the mortuary chapel, and was laid to rest in the vault

beside his mother and little son on the following day, February 19th. On the 21st appeared in the *Corriere della Sera* the fine elegy of Gabriele d'Annunzio *Per la Tomba di Giosuè Carducci*, from which I venture to translate the following extracts :

" O towered Mother ! what triumphal notes
Resound to-day within thy solemn porch ?

. . . . . .

Raise, people, of Bologna, raise aloft
The bucklers of thy youth above the bier
Of this, the last of all thy Consuls fallen,
And let thy trumpets round him sound as when
In May they sounded on Foss'Alto's field
Thy glorious triumph o'er a king enchained.

. . . . . .

Let not his bier be drawn in empty pomp
Of sable trappings and of nodding plumes
By horses trained to solemn tread and slow,
But let the car be drawn by oxen huge,
Emilia's breed, that mid the battle lowed.

. . . . . .

O nation, listen to thy heart and pause :
For thou, perchance, wilt see across the plain
From yonder desert, cumbered by great Fate,
In silence rise a solitary Shade,
There where Ravenna broods above her tombs.

. . . . . .

There in the paling sky shalt see arise,
Above the forest and the bristling towers,
The Shade disdainful of eternal peace.
From silence infinite thou shalt behold
Him bend as though he recognized the track
Himself had made upon those frail remains.
Then see with beating wings the light increase
About the prostrate Hero's brows, who knew
From him how man may make his name etern,
And in the sunshine of eternal spring
Assume as with the rush of eagles' wings
Strength to survive in that great song which makes
The holy name more holy still to us."

CARDUCCI THE POET AND THE MAN

Many commentators complain that in his play of *Julius Caesar* Shakespeare has made his hero do nothing, say nothing, to show his greatness, his superiority over the rest of the characters represented. But it is by the effect of his personality on the minds and actions of these that the ascendancy of Caesar is made manifest. The spirit of the "mightiest Julius" acts and controls the event after as before his death, and his influence is not less but more potent.

So it is with the genius and personality of Carducci. The appreciation of the one and the influence of the other have grown and strengthened in the years that have passed since his mortal remains were followed to their last resting-place by mourning crowds. Nothing is more striking than the continual and increasing number of books, articles and pamphlets that issue from the press, and of lectures, addresses and orations delivered throughout the peninsula, all dealing with the great teacher and poet.

It is still too early to determine what rank may be finally assigned to Giosuè Carducci in the hierarchy of poetic literature. Will he count among those who attain to the highest place, not only in their own age and country, but for all time and all nations? Or is he too peculiarly Italian, too much penetrated with the spirit of his own time, to wield that universal and immortal influence which it has been given to only a few to exert? Of his acceptance by the present generation of Italians as the leading and most representative poet of the Third Italy there is no doubt, nay, by many even as the greatest and most national poet since Dante Alighieri. Still

more than the great artist he is the great teacher, Vates, prophet, no " idle singer of an empty day."

A short and somewhat thick-set figure with a leonine head crowned by a shock of grizzled hair ; delicate hands, almost feminine in their beauty, capable of most graceful gestures ; dark eyes of extraordinary vivacity, the general expression one of genial kindliness, but flashing at times with passion, so as to inspire actual terror in anyone unlucky enough to excite his wrath or indignation—such was the appearance of the man in later life, as described by his friends and contemporaries. What were the qualities of mind and heart that have obtained for him his supreme influence ?

Great intellectual astuteness combined with an almost child-like simplicity ; a full sense of his powers and of the value of his work, united to great modesty, even shyness ; an ambition that his literary success never completely satisfied ; a dynamic force that released and set in motion other forces, far-reaching activities beyond the circle of his immediate influence, a force the result of the struggle between two opposing elements enclosed within the narrow bounds of one body . . . the contest between aspirations and limitations, ambition and circumstances. In his case the struggle was also between his admiration for and his desire of political and military activity, and his true vocation, the intellectual life of study and creation, between the man of affairs and the poet. His ideal was action, he felt condemned by circumstances to confine himself to the career of the man of thought. Out of this contest between his ideals and his realisations comes the melancholy that colours a great deal of his life and writing. Endowed with both critical and creative faculties, he destroyed but also built ; he shattered the idols of the decadent Romanticism ; he pricked the bubbles of contemporary self-complacent conventionalities, but he opposed no less severely the unveiled coarseness of the realistic school of Zola (the *Veristi*). He demonstrated the emptiness and futility of popular literary art, hence

the violence with which he was assailed by the minor critics and literati of his early years. People do not like their idols broken, and the vacuity of their fine phrases and sentimental platitudes exposed.

What was Carducci's attitude towards life, art and religion? What his convictions and the doctrine he taught? In *Life*, return to simplicity, to the fundamental principles, to family affections, to patriotism. In *art* also a return to simplicity, to beauty, to truth. In *religion*—the Church as he had seen it administered during his youth, as he had felt the results of its exercise of civil power in his native land, filled him with hatred and contempt. In it he saw only hypocrisy, tyranny, obstruction of all progress, denial of historical and moral truth. He has been reproached with change of opinions both in religion and politics. That his ideas on these subjects were modified by the changing circumstances of the day, and by the softening of time and experience, is true. What would be the use of life did it not produce such effects? In both cases the modification is a broadening of views first taken up with the passionate vehemence of youth, but in neither case is the alteration brought about by interested motives or subservience to authority. In youth he reflected the prevailing opinions. The works of Strauss and Renan, especially the latter, largely moulded his views of Christianity. He made no special study of such subjects, he adopted the conclusions of the Higher Criticism as popularized by these writers. He was antagonistic to the ecclesiastical establishment, not to the Founder of Christianity, only to those who claimed to be His exclusive successors and representatives. In the Elegy on the deaths of Monti and Tognetti, executed after Mentana by order of Pio Nono, he thus addresses the Pope:

"E pur tu sei canuto: e pur la vita
Ti refugge dal corpo inerte al cuor,
E dal cuore al cervel, come smarrita
Nube per l' alpi solvesi in vapor.

. . . . . .

Deh, perdona a la vita ! A l' un vent' anni
Schiudon, superbi araldi, l' avenir ;
E in sen, del carcer tuo pur tra gli affanni,
La speme gli fiorisce ed il desir.

. . . . . .

Crescean tre fanciulletti a l' altro intorno,
Come novelli del castagno al piè ;
Or giaccion tristi, e nel morente giorno
La madre lor pensa tremando a te.

. . . . . .

Oh, allor che del Giordano ai freschi rivi
Traea le turbi una gentil virtù
E ascese alle città liete d' olivi
Giovin messia del popolo Gesù.

. . . . . .

Non tremavan le madri ; e Naim in festa
Vide la morte a un suo cenno fuggir,
E la piangente vedovella onesta
Tra il figlio e Cristo i baci suoi partir.

. . . . . .

Sorridean da i cilestri occhi profondi
I pargoletti al bel profeta umil
Ei lacrimando entro i lor ricci biondi
La mano ravvolgea pura e sottil."

. . . . . .

" And yet thou art grey-haired and already life is retreating from thine inactive body to the heart, and from the heart to the brain, as a cloud which has lost its way among the Alps dissolves in vapour. Ah, spare their lives ! To the one his twenty years are the proud heralds that open to him the future, and in his bosom hope and desire blossom even amid the afflictions of thy dungeon. Three young children grew around the other, as shoots spring up at the foot of the chestnut. Now they lie down in sadness and in the declining day their mother trembling thinks of thee. It was not thus that tender virtue attracted crowds to the cool banks of the Jordan, when Jesus, the young Messiah of the people ascended to the hill cities, joyful in their olive groves. The mothers did not tremble, and Nain rejoicing beheld

Death flee at a sign from Him, and the good widow weeping, divided her kisses between her son and Christ. And from their deep-blue eyes the children smiled on the fair humble prophet. He, with tears in His eyes, laid His pure and slender hand on their clustering golden locks."

It is noticeable that these verses are almost contemporary with the passage in the *Fonti del Clitumno*, v. 29.

Towards the end of his life (Dec. 5th, 1905), the poet wrote to Contessa Pasolini a letter which confirms the above view, written before I had access to the letter, from which I make the following extracts :

" I desire to make my confession, that is, I wish to make a statement that after my death will remove every doubt as to what I thought and believed. Let us begin at the beginning, with God, or with Him who is held to be God. When little more than a boy I began a hymn to Christ in the words of Dante : ' Non so chi tu sia,' etc. . . . ' I know not who thou mayest be nor in what fashion thou didst come here below,' applying to Christ the words which Dante puts into the mouth of Ugolino (*Inferno*, Canto xxxiii., 10). Later when I became a man, I made clearer that at which I had formerly only hinted, signally in the *Chiesa Gotica* : ' O inaccessible King of Spirits, thy temples shut out the sun : a crucified martyr thou torturest men, thou dost contaminate the air with sadness.' And in the *Fonti del Clitumno* :

. . . . . un galileo
Di rosse chiome il Campidoglio ascese,
Gittole in braccia una sua croce, e disse :
" Portale e servi ! "

" And these are certainly strong and unforgettable words. I acknowledge that I allowed myself to be carried away by the Roman spirit which was most ardent in me. I said too much. But also at the same time I thought tender things of Christ and wrote them : ' Oh allor che del Giordano ai freschi rivi,' etc. The

sum of the matter is that whenever I was drawn to declaim against Christ, it was through hatred of priests, and whenever I thought of Christ as free and unconnected with the priesthood, this tenderness was my inmost feeling. This does not mean that I repudiate what I have done: what I have written I have written, and the divinity of Christ I do not admit. But some expressions I have used are certainly too strong, and without adoring the divinity of Christ, I bow before the great human martyr. This I desire to be known, and I write it to you to make it public" (*Carteggio Inedito*, pp. 151-153).

More than once in his works and conversation he asserts his belief in God and in immortality, as when looking over the beautiful view of city and sea from the heights above Genoa, he exclaimed: "I believe in God." In all his historical poems he dwells much on the Divine justice which sooner or later overtakes political crime, as in *Ça Ira*, vii.-ix., *Eugene Napoleon*, v. 7, *Miramar*, vv. 13-15. He was altogether out of sympathy with mediaeval asceticism; he considered it contrary to the natural instincts of humanity, treating as sinful the most innocent pleasures, and withdrawing large numbers of citizens from their duty to the family and to the State. Nor did he approve the ideals of feudalism and chivalry; he looked upon all three as non-Italian; asceticism as Semitic and Oriental, feudalism and chivalry as Teutonic, and was altogether out of patience with the artificial revival of these ideals in the Romantic School.

An analogous development and modification can be traced in his political opinions.[1] In 1859 he writes the *Croce di Savoia*, enthusiastic for the liberator of Italy, but his earlier Republican enthusiasm revived when on the peace of Villafranca he thought his country betrayed, fair provinces bartered to France, and only half of the promised liberation accomplished while Rome and Venice

[1] To this I have already alluded in the earlier part of the Introduction, pp. xxvii, xxxvi, xlvii, and li.

remained bound under the odious tyranny of the Pontiff and the Austrian. But wider experience convinced him that the Monarchy was not incompatible with democratic freedom, giving better guarantees of stability and unity, and being moreover capable of inspiring those feelings of personal affection and loyalty which he has so nobly set forth in the stanzas on Charles Albert. See *Piemonte*, vv. 30-33.

In those lines indeed we may find the final expression of Carducci's attitude both to politics and religion.

With regard to the influence of woman, there is no evidence either in his writings or in the incidents of his life of any over-mastering passion. The "bionda Maria," the "Lydia" and "Lalage" of his poems made evidently only ephemeral impressions. He remained on terms of close friendship with many women of distinction. To him the normal healthy position of woman was that of the helpmate of man in domestic matters and the mother of the family; this was his attitude to his own wife and daughters, for whom he shows a warm, equable and tender affection throughout his life.

Capable of inspiring and feeling strong attachment he formed many friendships, and remained in constant and intimate relations with the companions of his early youth, until they dropped one by one into "death's dateless night." Nor did he lose the power of forming new friendships in his later years. His warm attachment to Severino Ferrari has been described. He had the sorrow of surviving many even of the younger generation, but his oldest and dearest friend Chiarini survived him, though only for a short time, dying on August 4th, 1908.

The strongest passion of his life was patriotism, by which he understood not only the duty of the citizen to the State, but also that of service and self-sacrifice to his neighbours. He writes as follows to Chiarini during the epic of cholera in 1855: "As regards our studies, of which you have written to me such kindly words, I have

given them up for the last fortnight, occupied as I have been in helping the cholera patients, of whom there are so many in this village. For want of people who would give any help (for all, either from cowardice or ineptitude, refused) I, my brother and two young men from Siena voluntarily offered our assistance in the first cases. After which the municipality thought it best to form us, together with others, into a committee for gratuitous help, charging me with the direction and compilation of sanitary regulations for other vigilance committees on food, cleanliness, help for the indigent, disinfection and burial. And I, as is the duty of a good citizen, put aside the contemplative for the active life, which as our great Leopardi teaches us, is more worthy of and more natural to man than the former. And this I will do in all circumstances in which public needs demand it, as I have given myself to the contemplative life only because the active life was forbidden me under the condition of our most unhappy country." (*Letters*, vol. i. Letter 6.) He personified Italy, and endowed her with all that is most beautiful in woman; he revered her as a mother, he adored her as a mistress, for whom it is a duty to live, a privilege to die. It is to Italy that his most impassioned verse is addressed. It is against her enemies, those of her sons who were false to her, that his fiercest invective is directed. See *Love's Canticle*, vv. 12-27; *Rock of Quarto*, vv. 3-7; *Cadore*, vv. 30-31.

A democrat in politics, in art Carducci was aristocratic. With Victor Hugo he saw no *raison d'être* for the mediocre. Only the best work of the best minds is worthy of acceptance. At this high standard he always aimed. The models he set before himself were only such as have attained in the estimation of the most competent to that perfection of form and sense of proportion which we call classic. His education and his patriotism induced him to seek the most complete realisation of his ideals in the Latin poets, especially Horace and Virgil. He began his poetic career with imitations of the former, but in

one of his latest letters he declares that it is for Virgil he has the highest admiration. He dwells upon the fact that the Italian genius and language are developments of the Latin, and he everywhere expresses his strong sense of continuity in the national characteristics, and deprecates the introduction of foreign elements, which he looks upon as weakness, and as a sign of declining vitality. But no modern nation can develop altogether unaffected by the contemporary tendencies of its neighbours. Nor is Carducci himself uninfluenced by foreign literature, and in spite of his theoretic opposition to the Romantic School, the influence of Victor Hugo is perceptible in much of his work. For this leader of the French Romantics he professes his admiration in several passages.

Some German writers he greatly appreciates, notably Goethe, whose *Elegies* written after his Italian journey were one of the first incitements to the writing of Carducci's poems in classic metres. Of Heine he has written an admirable critical estimate, and for Platen, who has been called the classic of the Romantic School, he has shown his appreciation by translations of his works, and by the choice of a quotation from this poet as a motto to the *Odi Barbare*. He shows knowledge of and admiration for English literature, but there is little trace of its direct influence on his works. Though reminiscences of other writers may be detected by the industrious carper, his work is in the true sense original—that is, the thought is always moulded by his own personality. He might have said with the great French writer : " Je prends mon bien où je le trouve," but like him Carducci gave new beauty and vitality to whatever he borrowed.

An artist in words, of the polish and purity of his language I have been able to give only a very faint reflection. The packed concentration of his thought is not less conspicuous than the music of his lines. He may be said to combine the characteristics of Tennyson and Browning, the grace and precision of the one with the suggestiveness and depth of the other. Like

Browning he has many somewhat obscure historical and mythological allusions. Perhaps their frequency, which has given him the reputation of a learned poet, may have impeded his popularity.

Certain of his earlier poems of revolt have however found their way to the people, and on Labour Day (May 1st), the *Inno a Satana* is hawked about the streets as a broadsheet. Cheaper editions of his poetry and prose are now appearing, and will doubtless help to increase the number of his readers. Mr. Bagot in *My Italian Year*, tells how he found shepherds on the Roman Campagna who read and recited the poems of Carducci as well as those of the earlier Italian Classics, but it is doubtful whether the difficulties presented by the writings of such men as Browning and Carducci will not keep them always writers for the few rather than for the many. It is curious to note that though Browning was living in Florence during the years of Carducci's residence there, after he had left S. Miniato al Tedesco, they do not seem to have been aware of each other's existence, although both were animated by the same aspirations for Italian freedom.

Of the prose work I have not attempted any translations. The style is clear, incisive and vigorous, both in attack and defence. Passages of great eloquence and beauty are to be found even in his controversial writings, yet never marred by the preciosity which is the bane of so much modern prose. "The man who can say a thing in ten words and says it in twenty, I consider capable of evil deeds" is amongst Carducci's *obiter dicta* to his students. His public orations, which are models of such compositions, in addition to eloquence and beauty, show passion and deep feeling, and their effect when recited in his resonant voice is described as overpowering. In quantity the prose exceeds the verse, and there are not wanting critics who think that his future reputation will rest as much upon the one as upon the other.

Can we look to Carducci as a guide through the dangers

and difficulties of human life? Does he offer us any solution of the great problems of existence? Only that suggested by his own career. He has never written a base line, he has kept before him and urges that we should keep before us, the highest aims, following after truth in all sincerity, whithersoever the search may lead us, and in the truth of life finding its beauty, or as Keats says:

> "Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

POEMS

SONNET XXXVI

INTRODUCTION

THERE is a song of Heine's which bears a strong resemblance to this Sonnet, but which was unknown to Carducci at the time of writing. It was subsequently translated by him, and is to be found in the collected edition of his poems (xlviii. *Rime Nuove*, p. 606).

Alone my bark sails o'er the storm-tossed sea,
Amid the white-winged gulls' lamenting cries;
The thund'rous waves around her threatening rise,
And on her flash the lightnings ceaselessly,

While towards the shore for ever lost to me
Memory looks back with straining tearful eyes;
Hope, vanquished by the weary view that flies,
Droops o'er the splintered oar despondently.

But on the stern erect my Genius stands,
And scanning sea and sky his song rings clear
Above the whistling wind and creaking mast:

"We sail, sad mariners, for misty lands
Of dumb forgetfulness: howe'er we steer
Our course must lead to Death's pale reef at last."

HYMN TO SATAN

INTRODUCTION

I HAD not at first intended to include a translation of the *Satana*, partly deterred by the popular idea of its subject, and partly by the great difficulties presented by the metre used by Carducci. On further reflection, however, it seemed absolutely necessary to a representative selection of the Carduccian Poems. I have spoken in the General Introduction of the occasion of its appearance and of its immediate effect.

The Satan that Carducci eulogizes is not the incarnation of evil, not the spirit of presumption as represented by Milton, nor the Spirit who denies, as represented by the Mephistopheles of Goethe, but the embodiment of modern progress. What Satan is represented as opposing is not the true spirit of Christianity, but the spirit of ecclesiastical and of mediaeval asceticism as opposed to the natural instincts of humanity, of Papal obscurantism as opposed to the progress of knowledge and science, and of autocratic authority as opposed to liberty.

1. To thee of all being
   The first cause immense
   Of matter and spirit,
   Of reason and sense.

2. Whilst in the full goblet
   Shall sparkle the wine,
   So bright through the pupil
   The souls of men shine,

3. Whilst earth still is smiling,
   And the sun smiles above,
   And men are exchanging
   Their sweet words of love,

4. Thrills mystic of Hymen
Through high mountains course,
And broad plains are heaving
With life's fertile force,

5. On thee in verse daring,
From tight rein released,
On thee I call, Satan,
The king of the feast.

6. Away aspersorium,
With priest who would bind !
Priest, not at thy bidding
Gets Satan behind.

7. Behold, rust is eating
The edge of the blade
In the hand of great Michael
The faithful displayed.

8. The displumed Archangel
Descends to the void,
The thunderbolt's frozen
Jehovah employed.

9. Faint pallid meteors,
Wan stars void of light,
Like rain down from heaven
Fall angels in flight.

10. In matter aye sleepless
Of forces the spring,
King of phenomena,
Of forms lord and king.

11. Here only lives Satan,
His power supreme
In a dark eye flashes
With tremulous gleam,

12. Whether it languidly
Retreats and rebels,
Or bright and audacious
Provokes and compels.

13. In gay blood it sparkles
That's pressed from the vine,
Whose gift of swift pleasure
Shall never decline,

14. Which can to our fleeting
Life new strength impart,
Which puts off our sorrows,
To love gives a heart.

15. 'Tis thou that inspirest
The song that doth rise
In my bosom, O Satan,
When that god it defies,

16. On whom guilty pontiffs
And cruel kings call;
Men's minds thou so shakest
As when lightnings fall.

17. Ahriman and Adonis,
Astarte,[1] to thee,
Canvas, marble and paper
All lived and were free.

18. When Venus new risen
From billowing seas
Serenely made happy
Ionia's breeze.

19. On Lebanon quivered
The trees at thy name,
When to gentle Cypria
Her risen love came.

20. Thee chorus and dances
In joy celebrate,
Love pure and virginal
To thee dedicate

21. Mid the palm-trees fragrant
Of Araby's land,
Where whitens the sea-foam
On Cyprian strand.

22. What matter if fury
Of fierce Nazarene
From ritual barbaric
Of love-feast obscene

23. Hath set with blest torches
The temples on fire,
And Argolis' idols
Hath hurled in the mire.

24. In cottages lowly
A refuge dost find,
Amid household Lares
Folk keep thee in mind.[2]

25. The God and the lover
A woman's warm breast
With his ardent spirit
Once having possessed,

26. Thou turnest the witch
Whom long searching makes pale
To lend succour to nature,
O'er disease to prevail.

27. Thou to the motionless
Eye of the alchemist,
In sight of the magus
Who dares to resist,

28. Beyond the dull cloister
Its gates set ajar,
Revealest in brightness
New heavens afar.

29. In lonely Thebaid
The wretched monks hide
From thee and things worldly
In safety to bide.

30. Ah, doubtful soul standing
Where life's roads divide,
See, Satan is kindly,
Heloise at thy side !

31. In vain with rough sackcloth
Thy flesh dost maltreat,
From Maro and Flaccus
He verse will repeat

32. Betwixt psalms of David ;
Twixt weeping and dirge
He causes beside thee
Delphic forms to emerge.

33. Amongst those companions
Though garbed in black weeds
With rosy Lycoris [3]
Glycera [3] he leads.

34. But other the phantoms
When finer the age,
At times he awakens
From Livy's full page,

35. When tribunes and consuls
And vast crowds that thrill
With ardour and passion
That sleepless cell fill,

36. He to the Capitol
Thy land to set free
Of Italic pride dreaming,
O monk [4], urges thee.

37. And you, Huss and Wycliffe,
No fury of flames
Could stifle your voices'
Prophetic acclaims.

38. Send forth on the breezes
Your watch-cry sublime
" A new age is dawning,
Fulfilled is the time ! "

39. Already are trembling
Both mitre and crown,
And cloistered seclusion
Rebellion breaks down.

40. Then fighting and preaching
Under the stola
Comes Fra Girolamo
Savonarola.

41. The cowl Luther cast off,
And freedom he brought :
So cast off thy fetters,
Be free, human thought !

42. And shine forth resplendent,
Encircled with flames,
Arise Matter, Satan
The victory claims.

43. A beautiful monster,
A terrible birth,
Runs over the ocean,
Runs over the earth.

44. Volcano like flashes
Through dim smoke it lowers,
It scales lofty mountains,
Broad plains it devours.

45. It spans the abysses,
In caverns it hides
And through the deep cleft ways
Invisible glides ;

46. Then comes forth undaunted,
From coast to coast hies,
As from some fierce whirlwind
It sends forth its cries.

47. As breath of the whirlwind
Spreads out on the vast
Expanse, O ye nations,
Great Satan goes past.

48. From place to place passes
Beneficent he
On his chariot of fire
Untrammelled and free.

49. All hail to thee, Satan !
Rebellion, all hail !
Hail, power of reason,
Avenge and prevail !

50. To thee arise incense
And holy vows paid,
Thou, Satan, hast vanquished
The god by priests made.

NOTES

(1) Verses 17, 18, 19. Lines 1, 2. Allusions to the Persian and Greek gods, and to the freedom of artistic expression whether in

sculpture, painting or literature, enjoyed in ancient times in contrast with the restrictions imposed by ecclesiastical authority.

The allusion (v. 19) is to the ancient myth of Adonis who, after he was killed on Mount Lebanon, was revived every year to pass the summer season with Venus. This, like all the cognate myths, represents the sowing of the seed and its revival in the harvest.

(2) V. 24. The old Pagan beliefs which survived through the Early Christian and Mediaeval periods, and even to our own day in the gnomes and fairies of rustic superstition, such as Puck, and in the beliefs in witchcraft.

(3) V. 33. *Lycoris*, a name for Venus. *Glycera*, "The sweet one," a favourite name for courtesans.

(4) V. 36. *O monk.* Arnold of Brescia, a priest who made an abortive attempt to establish a republic in Rome during the reign of Frederick I. (Barbarossa), 1152-1190.

(5) V. 43. *A beautiful monster . . .* the steam-engine. Gregory XVI. had denounced the invention of the steam-engine as diabolical, and Papal prejudice much delayed the laying down of railways through the Pontifical territories.

MAZZINI

(1872)

As from the barren rocks above the sea
A marble giant lone doth Genoa stand,
So rose in dark days[1] he, austere and grand,
Unmoved above a heaving century.

From rocks whence would the child Columbus see
New mountains springing from a wave-washed land,
With Gracchus'[2] heart and Dante's thought expand
Glimmering in heaven the third Italy

He sees, toward her he pressed with fixèd eyes,
And forward through a graveyard was his way.
Behind him a dead people[3] on he drew.

To heaven now lifts his face that exile gray
Benign and grave, where ne'er did smile arise:
"Ideal," thinks he, "thou alone art true."[4]

NOTES

(1) Verse 1. Line 3. *Mazzini* was born in Genoa in June, 1805. The reference is to the long succeeding period in which Italy groaned under foreign tyranny, and to the many fruitless struggles she made to free herself.

(2) V. 1. L. 7. *Caius Gracchus*, who sacrificed himself for the liberty of the Roman plebeians (121 B.C.).

(3) V. 2. L. 3. *A dead people.* Lamartine called Italy the land of the dead. It was Mazzini's strenuous enthusiasm which breathed new life into the dead, and drew them after him in his conspiracies and exile, and spurred them on in the struggle for liberty.

(4) V. 3. L. 3. The reference is to Victor Hugo's words in *Les Misèrables*: "O toi! O idéal! Toi seul existes!"

LOVE'S CANTICLE

INTRODUCTION

In July and October, 1877, Carducci made official visits to Perugia for the purpose of holding University examinations. The impression produced on him by the Umbrian landscape is best expressed in a letter addressed to his friend Chiarini, and quoted in the latter's life of the poet:

"Here the country is indeed lovely, and such as to enable one to understand the Umbrian School. What lines of the horizon! What misty shading of mountains into the distance! I was at Assisi—how great and beautiful it all is, the country, the city and the sanctuary, for one who appreciates Nature and Art in their harmony, with imagination and with human affections. I am tempted to write two or three poems on Assisi and on S. Francis."

Unfortunately *Love's Canticle* and a sonnet on *S. Maria degli Angeli* are the only pieces directly attributable to this impetus of love and reconciliation so characteristic of S. Francis.

1. In its great days the Pauline fort[1] fair-wrought
   With rampart long and cross-wise glacis rose:
   Thus the third Paul sketched it one morn in thought,
   Twixt Bembo's[2] and his missal's Latin prose;

2. "Blithely from me strays this Perugian flock
   To strange ravines," said he, "for admonition
   The Eternal Father hath His thunder-shock,
   I, His Vicegerent, cannon in position:

3. "'Coelo Tonantem'[3] Horace sang, and Jove
   Speaks through the rain-clouds o'er the north wind's track.
   I to my flock through cannon say: 'Don't rove,
   Back to Engedi, and to Sharon[4] back,

4. " 'But, since th' Augustan age we now renew,
See to it, Sangallo, that a fortress bold
For me you raise worthy of Rome and you,
And worthy our pontificate of gold.' "

5. He spake: Sangallo all the stronghold's might
Rounded and shaped like limbs of comely bride,
Then o'er her threw a veil of marble white,
And with a tower garland crowned her pride.

6. In Latin couplets Molza [5] sang its praise:
Gifts more than seven by his mystic powers
In bombs and shells the Paraclete conveys,
On the Perugians pouring them in showers.

7. The multitude 's—a dog—you know full well,
On stones he cannot break, he teeth employs:
To whet his iron fangs, historians tell,
On fortresses he specially enjoys.

8. Their stones he crunches, then, with joyful bark,
Himself upon the ruins stretches, till,
Rousing once more he on his way doth hark,
'Spite blows upon new stones to work his will.

9. So in Perugia did he [6]. Where the proud
Mole cumbering the soil, its shade did fling,
Now chatt'ring women, laughing children crowd
In sunshine there. Love smiles, and smiles the spring.

10. The bright sun blazing in the blue immense
Makes distance white far as Abruzzi's chain,[7]
And with desire of love yet more intense
Smiles on the Umbrian hills and verdant plain.

11. The mountains calm rising in rosy light
Each other contemplate, till they enfold
Themselves in undulating vapours bright
And cloak their forms in violet and gold.

12. Perhaps, Italia, 'tis thy fragrant hair
That stirs, upon the nuptial couch serene,
Beneath the eternal lover's kisses, where
It spreads across thy breast, two seas between ?

13. For me to-day, wherefore I can't surmise,
I feel my thoughts with sapphire radiance glow,
I feel through every vein to-day the sighs
From heaven descend, arise from earth below.

14. Each prospect new within my heart awakes
An old affection, till my tongue doth move
Of its own self,[8] and into language breaks,
Cries to the heavens and to the earth : Love, Love !

15. Do I embrace the heavens, or in the All
Am I absorbed again ? How to divine ?
That note I heard did from the poem fall
That is eternal ; now 'tis one short line.

16. From gloomy hamlets that in Umbria's land
In mountain gorge to hide themselves delight,
From lone Etrurian citadels that stand
Above the flow'ry slope on watchful height,

17. From fields 'mid arms and bones the ploughs uncover.[9]
Rome still doth threaten in misfortune's spite ;
From Teuton towers,[10] seeming aloft to hover,
Like falcons bent on predatory flight ;

18. From civic halls,[11] that in defiance rise
Black-turreted, and to confront them dare ;
From fanes that stretching upwards to the skies
Long marble arms, entreat the Lord in prayer

19. From little towns that up the hill-side haste ;
And gaily to the city dark repair,
Like villeins, who would plenteous harvest taste,
Which, after reaping, with their lords they share ;

20. From monast'ries, whose sombre sites are resting
'Twixt towns and cities 'neath their belfries' chimes,
Like cuckoos singing, mid the sparse trees nesting,
The joys and griefs of other lands and times.

21. From narrow streets, from many a glorious square,
Where free the art of our forefathers flourished,
As forest oaks, or garden roses fair.
That for our day a blithesome May hath nourished;

22. Through crops that deck the plains with tender green,
Through vines that sloping terraces o'erclimb,
Through lakes and distant rivers' silvery sheen,
Through woods that clothe the snowy peaks sublime;

23. Through cottage smoke gay curling in the sun,
Through clattering wheels of mills that full and grind,
Arise a thousand hymns in unison,
A thousand voices in one prayer combined:

24. "Hail, weary peoples of the human race!
Too much we suffer and too much we hate.
Nothing can die, though all things change apace:
Love! fair is earth and holy future fate."

25. What is it that above the mountains shines?
A new Aurora flushing all the West?
Or do Madonnas trace with glowing lines
Their rosy path athwart the mountain's crest?

26. Madonnas fair whom Perugino saw,
Descending through the April sunsets clear,
Their arms above the Babe in pious awe
Outstretched, in sweet divinity appear?

27. Another vision she, an ideal[12] bright
With justice, radiant with tenderness,

I bless each one who for her falls in fight.
And each one who for her will live, I bless.

28. What care I now for priests' or tyrants' sway ?
They older are than are primeval gods.
Ten years ago I cursed [13] the Pope : to-day
I with the Pope would be no more at odds.

29. Oh, poor old man,[14] who knows ? Some lone desire
May him assail ; to love his heart may crave.
Perhaps his Sinigaglia doth inspire
His memory, mirrored in Adria's wave.

30. Open the Vatican ! I'll give its host
An arm, poor captive to his own decree.
To Liberty, come ! I propose a toast :
Citizen Mastai, drink a glass with me ! [14]

NOTES

(1) Verse 1. Line 1. *The Pauline fort.* In the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuel in Perugia formerly rose the strong fortress (rocca) built at the bidding of Pope Paul III. (Farnese, 1534-1550) by the famous Tuscan architect, Antonio da Sangallo.

(2) V. 1. L. 4. *Cardinal Bembo.* The humanist, who wrote Latin and Italian verse, and is especially distinguished for the Ciceronian eloquence of his Latin prose.

(3) V. 3. L. 1. *Coelo tonantem.* Horace (*Odes*, Bk. iii. 5), in praise of Augustus.

> " Coelo tonantem credidimus Jovem
> Regnare."

The quotation is put into the mouth of the humanist Pope to indicate that even God and His ministers are most revered when they inspire terror.

(4) V. 3. L. 4. *Engedi and Sharon.* Valleys of Palestine mentioned in the Song of Solomon, and here used as representing the fold of the Church.

(5) V. 6. L. 1. *Molza.* Francesco Maria Molza, born at Modena, 1489, died 1544. A polished poet in the vulgar and Latin tongues. He wrote Latin verses in praise of Paul III. and his achievements, though none of the published poems refer precisely to the building of the Pauline fort at Perugia.

(6) V. 9. L. 1. Relates to the destruction of the Pauline fort by the populace, commenced in December, 1848, during the temporary triumph of the Revolution in that year, and completed in September, 1860, on the collapse of the Pope's temporal power in Perugia, and the inclusion of the town in the Kingdom of United Italy. On the site of the fortress a public garden is now laid out.

(7) V. 10. L. 2. The wide view from the heights of Perugia extends as far as the peaks of the Abruzzi, the Gran Sasso and Maiella, generally covered with snow.

(8) V. 14. L. 3. Compare Dante, *Vita Nuova*, chapter xix.

> " Allora dice che la mia lingua parlò quasi per sè stessa mossa, e disse: ' Donne che hanno intelletto d'amore.' "

(9) V. 17. L. 1. The poet himself explains this somewhat obscure passage as referring to the weapons and bones still at times turned up by the plough on the battlefield near Lake Thrasymene, where the Romans, it is true, were routed by the Carthaginians, but may be regarded as warning their conquerors of the ultimate victory over Carthage.

(10) V. 17. L. 3. *Teuton towers.* Typifying Germanic feudalism.

(11) V. 18. L. 1. *Civic halls.* The municipality which opposed and finally overcame that feudalism.

(12) V. 27. L. 1. The *idea* is of course Italy freed and united by the sacrifice of the heroes of the *Risorgimento*, looking forward to a future of justice and industry.

(13) V. 28. L. 3. *Cursed* refers to Carducci's poem on the death of Edoardo Corazzini, who died of wounds received during Garibaldi's attempt to free Rome in 1867.

(14) V. 29. L. 1. *Pope Pius IX.*, Conte Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, born at Sinigaglia on the Adriatic, 1792, elected Pope in 1846; died at the Vatican in 1878.

THE SONNET [1]

Dante a cherub's motion to it gave,
In azure floating, compassed round with gold;
Petrarca [2] his heart-sorrow to it told,
River divine, each verse a murmuring wave.

Tasso for it from Tibur's Muse did crave
Venusian honey and he made it hold
Mantuan ambrosia.[3] Alfieri bold [4]
Smote with its diamond shaft tyrant and slave.

Ugo [5] to it lent notes of nightingale
In cypress groves Ionian; acanthus blooms
To gird it gathered in his mother's land.

Not sixth but last I count me in that band,
Rapture and wrath, plaints, fragrance, art, their tombs
Recalled in lonesome days my verses hail.

NOTES

(1) Compare Wordsworth on *The Sonnet* (No. II.), and the Sonnet of Platen, the classic among German romantics, who also refers to himself as "the last, not the fourth" of the Sonneteers whom he celebrates. Only Dante and Petrarch are cited by all three.

(2) Verse 1. Line 3. Compare . . . . "The melody of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound." See Wordsworth, *The Sonnet* (No. II.).

(3) V. 1. Ll. 5, 6. Reference to Horace's favourite residence near Tibur (Tivoli), to Venosa, his birthplace, and to Mantua, the birthplace of Virgil, indicating the classical style of Tasso.

(4) V. 1. L. 6. Alfieri used the sonnet in protest against the oppressive government of his day.

(5) V. 2. L. 1. Ugo Foscolo (1778-1827), whose mother was a Greek, and who was born on the Island of Zante.

THE OX

(1872)

I love thee, kindly ox; a sense serene
Of strength and peace thou dost infuse in me;
How like a solemn monument art seen
At gaze athwart the fertile fields and free!

The yoke to take contented thou dost lean,
To man's light work thou addest dignity.
He urges, goads, and thou with placid mien
And eye's slow turn dost answer patiently.

Thy spirit through thy nostril moist and black
In vapour issues. Like some glad refrain
Thy lowing dies upon the tranquil air.

Within thy sombre eye is mirrored back
The green reflection of the ample plain,
Austerely sweet, and in the silence fair.

VIRGIL

(1870)

As when the gentle moon low in the sky
O'er the parched fields cool summer dew distils,
The river in the pale light gleaming fills
Its shallow banks as it glides murmuring by.

The nightingale from leafy ambush nigh
Floods the vast calm with his melodious trills,
The wanderer listens, time forgets, as thrills
With thoughts of fair locks loved his memory;

And bereaved mothers who have grieved in vain,
Turn from a grave toward brightening heaven their eyes
And soothe their souls in the dawn's spreading shine.

The mountains smile and smiles the distant main,
And through tall trees the warm wind softly sighs,
Such is thy verse to me, Poet divine.

FUNERE MERSIT ACERBO[1]

O thou[2] who 'neath the flower-clad Tuscan hill
Dost slumber, by whose side our father lies,
Hast thou not heard e'en now a soft voice thrill
The grass upon thy grave with plaintive cries ?

It is my little son who at thy chill
Door knocks ; he who renews thee in the wise
Great name. The life that thou to bear didst still
So bitter find, O brother, he too flies.

Ah no, 'mid painted flower-beds he played,
Laughed at blithe visions, till the shadow fell
On him, and thrust him downwards to your cold

Lone shore. Receive him thou, for he must dwell
In the dark seats ; the sweet sun to behold
He turns, and to his mother cries for aid.

NOTES

(1) Written on the death of his only son Dante, who died in 1870 at the age of three. The title of the sonnet is a Virgilian hemistich (*Aen.* vi. 429).

(2) Line 1. *O thou* refers to his brother Dante Carducci, who died by his own hand, 4th of November, 1857, and, as well as the father of the poet, is buried at S. Maria al Monte, in the Val d'Arno.

FIESOLE

(Published in the *Rime Nuove*, 1874 ?)

Where Fiesole saw from her citadel
The livid Arno once stagnate,[1] the place
Where flowers Sulla's city,[2] now slow of pace
Franciscans climb,[3] recalled by clanging bell.

Among the Etruscan ruins lizards dwell,
Their fixed eyes watch through every crannied space;
While Hesper shines in solitary grace,
From cypress groves wind-wearied moanings swell.

The joyous belfry dominates the plain
From moon-shaped curve,[4] as when Italians rose
In the dread year [5] their glories to restore.

O Mino,[6] thou in marble dost attain
To Nature, in thy curl-crowned boys she glows,
Maiden and mother smiling evermore.

NOTES

(1) Line 2. In Etruscan times, when Fiesole was already a fortified city of some importance, the site of Florence was still a marshy plain, the Arno not yet being restricted to its present bed.

(2) L. 3. *Sulla's city.* Roman colonists were first sent by Sulla, and later on by the second Triumvirate, to Fiesole, and some settled in the plain. This, according to Macchiavelli, was the origin of Florence.

(Macchiavelli, *Le Storie Fiorentine*, ii. 2.)

(3) L. 4. A Franciscan monastery now occupies the site of the Etruscan Citadel.

(4) L. 10. *Moon-shaped curve.* The hill on which Fiesole stands presents the effect of a curve on the side towards Florence.

(5) L. 11. *The dread year.* The cathedral of Fiesole, dedicated to S. Romolo, was founded in 1028, after the Italic race had recovered from the terror inspired by the universal expectation of the end of the world in the year 1000.

(6) *Mino da Fiesole.* Sculptor (died 1484). Many of his works are to be seen in Florence and in Rome. In the cathedral of Fiesole there is a beautiful example, representing the Madonna with the Infant Christ and S. John between S. Romolo and S. Leonardo. Mino was particularly successful in his representations of the grace and beauty of childhood.

NOTE

A marble tablet with this Sonnet engraved on it in letters of gold was inserted into the old wall on the hill of Fiesole on the 5th of March, 1911, in commemoration of the Jubilee of Italian Unity.

This tribute to the great poet and to his enthusiastic support of Italian liberty is the gift of Sig. Alberto Sandrini, in the name of the "Università Popolare."

S. MARIA DEGLI ANGELI

O brother Francis, how much airy space
Vignola's noble dome doth close restrain !
Where naked on the bare earth thou didst place
Thyself, arms crossed, wrestling with life's last pain.

'Tis hot July. Over the labouring plain
Rises love's canticle. O that some trace
The Umbrian song may give me of thy strain,
The Umbrian sky some brightness from thy face.

On the horizon of that hill-girt land,
Its splendour softened by the mountain haze,
As of thy Paradise it were the portal,

With outstretched arms may I behold thee stand,
Singing to God : " O Lord, to Thee be praise
For Death, sweet sister of our body mortal ! "

DANTE

(Before 1871)

Dante, how comes it that my vows I pay
To thy proud image? Still I meditate
The verse that made thee lean, till sundown late,
And new dawn finds me pondering thy lay.

Yet not for me doth fair Lucia [1] pray,
Nor doth by healing stream Matilda [2] wait,
And vainly Beatrice with her hallowed mate
Godward from star to star pursues her way.

I hate thy Holy Empire: [3] I had cast
With sword the crown from thy good Frederick's [4] head
To earth, there where the vale Olona bounds.[5]

Empire and Church are in one ruin sped;
Thy song above them soars, to heaven resounds.
Jove dies, the poet's hymn unscathed shall last.

NOTES

(1) Line 5. *Lucia.* See *Purgatorio*, canto ix.

(2) L. 6. *Matilda.* See *Purgatorio*, cantos xxviii.-xxxi.

(3) L. 9. Reference to the Mediaeval ideal of government held by Dante that there should be a single universal head for the temporal as for the spiritual power—the former being represented by the Emperor, the latter by the Pope.

(4) L. 10. Dante calls Frederick Barbarossa "good." See *Purgatorio*, xviii. 119.

(5) L. 11. This refers to the Battle of Legnano, May 29th, 1176, when Barbarossa was defeated by the Milanese. See Carducci's "Song of Legnano."

CROSSING THE TUSCAN MAREMMA

(1885)

Sweet country side whose impress I retain
In my wild ways and my disdainful song,
My breast where love and hate ne'er slumber long,
How leaps my heart beholding thee again :

I see familiar forms of hill and plain
With eyes uncertain, as I trace the throng
Of magic visions that to youth belong,
If they should glow with smiles or gloom with pain.

O vain was what I loved and vain my dream,
Ever I ran, but never reached the goal.
To-morrow I shall fall ; but far-off gleam

The hills above the mists that round them roll ;
Thy verdant plain where morning showers beam
With laughter, speaking peace unto my soul.

NOTE

Carducci spent some of his early childhood in the Tuscan Maremma at Castagneto, and this Sonnet was suggested on his passing through the same country between thirty and forty years later. The strong impression which the landscape made on his young mind is evinced by the frequent descriptions and allusions which we find in his poems, as may be seen in the " S. Martino," " San Guido," and " Summer's Dream."

PIANTO ANTICO

(1871)

"OLD WOE"

I HAVE retained the Italian title here as only to be translated by the "old woe" of which Shakespeare writes:

"And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste."

The poem was written in the summer of 1871, after the death of his only son Dante. The pomegranate tree still stands in the small garden behind the house in Via Broccaindosso in Bologna, where the poet was residing at the time. The sonnet "Funere Mersit Acerbo" was written very shortly after the child's death. An affecting allusion to the event is found in a letter to his friend, Chiarini, quoted in the Biographical Introduction.

The pomegranate green in the garden,
Towards which thy baby hands
Thou didst reach out, still stands,
The tree of the scarlet flower.

The orchard now lonely and silent
Renews its green with spring;
And June once more will bring
Back light and warmth as her dower.

Blossom art thou of my tree, withered,
Struck by the cruel blast,
Of this vain life the last
Thou art, and its rarest flower.

Now 'neath the cold earth thou art lying,
Beneath the dark cold earth,
The sun brings thee no mirth,
To wake thee Love hath no power.

PANTHEISM

1. Not to you, ye watchful stars, have I told it,
Nor, all-seeing sun, have I told it to thee;
Her name flower of beautiful things I hold it,
Which only my silent heart echoed for me.

2. Yet one of those stars my secret's repeating
To another, throughout the darkness of night,
The sun with a smile recounts it on meeting
Just as he is setting, his moon-sister white.

3. Over shaded hills, on glad plains it is ringing,
As each bush and each flower to tell it compete;
"O sad Poet," birds in their flight are singing,
"Then at length Love has taught thee his dreams full sweet."

4. I ne'er told it, yet with what god-like clamour
Earth and heaven call out that loved name to me;
'Mid acacia blossoms' odorous glamour
Doth the Great All proclaim: "She loves, she loves thee!"

EVENING GREETING

INTRODUCTION

THE metre used here, and in the "Morning Greeting," is the same as that familiar to Carducci in the folk-songs (*rispetti*) of the Maremma, sung by the girls over their reaping and wood-gathering.

The stars that wander o'er the sea are saying :
" O fair moon, do not sleep, we bid thee wake ;
Deign, O fair moon, to rise, no more delaying,
For we would round the world our journey make.
We o'er the chamber would our watch be keeping
Wherein our dark-haired sister bright lies sleeping,
Our sister who, by the magician's art,
Was forced, O mother moon, from us to part."

The pine-trees from the hill-tops are replying,
From river-banks the alders too complain :
" O stars with tiny bright eyes ever prying,
Alas, why make ye such discourses vain ?
To us she showed herself in May-day splendour,
Betwixt a glorious beech and laurel slender,
A nightingale sings and a rose hath its birth
Wherever her light foot hath printed the earth."

When every star has set upon the ocean,
On plain and mountain reigns a silence deep ;
Earth seems a chamber dark where all emotion
Of human sorrow sinks at last to sleep.
Short is the night, the little birds awaking
Chirp in the holt ; " fair mistress, dawn is breaking."
Thy lattice opened, this first morn of May
Brings thy heart greeting from the world to-day.

MORNING GREETING

The sun knocks at thy lattice : " Lady fair
Arise," he says. " 'Tis time to love ! From choirs
Of roses hymns I bring, and to thee bear
When thou awak'st the violets' desires,
And from my shining realm to homage pay
Thy servitors April I lead and May
And the young year, who on the fragrant flower
Of thy sweet youth arrests the flying hour."

The wind knocks at thy lattice : " Much," he says,
" O'er mountain have I travelled and o'er plain ; "
To-day the earth in unison doth raise
With dead and living one harmonious strain.
From every nest, from every greening grove
They cry, " Spring is returning, let us love ! "
And from the blossoming graves come murmured sighs,
" Oh love ye, love ye ! for behold Time flies."

My thought knocks at thy heart, a garden rare
With flowers filled : " May I come in ? " it says.
" A wayfarer am I oppressed with care,
A weary friend, who for refreshment prays.
Among these blossoms gay I fain would rest
To dream of bliss that ne'er shall be possesst.
I fain would rest in holy joy like this
To dream of never yet obtainéd bliss."

MARTINMAS IN THE TUSCAN MAREMMA

Grey mists climb the shaggy hills,
Fall in rain upon their crest,
'Neath the wind from the North-West
Bellows and whitens the sea.

But from wine that seethes in vats,
Through the town in ev'ry street
Floating odours pungent sweet
Fill all men's hearts with glee.

Sputt'ring loud with heat the spit
Turns above the glowing brands ;
At his door the huntsman stands
Whistling, watches, o'er the lea,

'Gainst clouds of sombre rose relieved,
Flocks of birds dark plumaged stream ;
How like exile thoughts that seem
Toward the setting sun to flee.

HELLENIC SPRING

(Doric)

INTRODUCTION

The poem, written in 1872, is one of three bearing the general title of *Hellenic Springs*, which may be looked upon as precursors of the *Odi Barbare*, exhibiting the poet's growing preference for classical models, though still retaining the modern rhyme. In the first ("Æolian") he invites his lady (the "Muse") to assimilate the purely Greek spirit. The second ("Doric") here translated, illustrates the union of the Greek with the Italic Muse as represented by Sicily. The third ("Alexandrine") embodies the longing of the poet for immortality with the classic writers in the Islands of the Blest, an idea still more fully worked out in the *Ode to P. B. Shelley*. In a letter to Sclavo he says: "From time to time you must allow me this return to the serene or almost idolatrous contemplation of the pure aesthetic forms of Greece naturally divine; from time to time you must allow me to refresh myself with these labours of the chisel which withdraw me from a reality that would end in suffocating me with anger and boredom."

(*Lettere*, vol. i. Lett. lxxviii. p. 181-2.)

1. Know'st thou the island fair[1] upon whose strand
The Ionian sea's last fragrant kisses light?
Calm sea where Galatea dwelleth and
Acis upon the height?

2. Pelasgian shades of Eryx[2] high above,
Eternal Aphrodite laughs and reigns,
And all the coasts around thrill with warm love,
When she to bless them deigns,

3. With love they thrill, with love, both hill and field,
When she of Enna,[3] from the infernal powers,
Is to her mother's tearful eyes revealed
Once more mid furrow flowers.

4. "Love! Love!" the waters whisper as they rise;
To green beds Alpheus Arethusa[4] woos
To swim entwined. Achaean harmonies
Call the Italian Muse.

5. Love! Love! the towns from poets take the strain.
Through Doric forums,[5] down the flower-strewn street,
Bacchantes hurry forth, and the refrain
Upon the lyre repeat.

6. I ask not for the towers of Syracuse
Or Agrigentum high.[6] Loud swells and falls
The Theban hymn; a hundred palms diffuse
Their shade o'er regal halls.

7. Where can be found the solitary vale
The fair Nebrodian mountains[7] crown with pine,
Amid whose fountains Daphnis told his tale
In poesy divine?

8. [8] "To hold the land of Pelops[9] I'm not meet,
Nor yet to gather store am I destined
Of golden talents, nor with agile feet
May I outstrip the wind.

9. "I'll sing upon the solitary crown
Of this high rock, my arms enfolding thee,
Watching the white lambs from afar go down
To the Sicilian sea."

10. The while the happy Dorian boy hath sung,
The nightingales were silent—To that shore,
O Argive soul,[10] a fair veil round thee flung
That Beatrice wore,

11. I'll carry thee in verse and when the rest
Of noontide leisure all the land hath stilled,
And with their bright effulgence every breast
By sea and sky is filled,

12. For thee upon the sun-lit hills I'll wake
The fair-haired Dryads, light of foot and fleet,
And Homer's ancient gods admirers make
Of thy pure form so sweet.

13. [11] The other gods are dying, those of Greece
Know not decline; they, in maternal trees,
In flowers, mountains, rivers, sleep in peace,
And in the eternal seas.

14. Before the face of Christ their beauty's flower
Naked and pure in marble rigid grew.
In verse alone, O Lina, breathes their power
Of youth for ever new;

15. Or if the face of some enamoured fair,
Or heart of poet call them up awhile,
From sacred nature they come everywhere
Forth-flashing with a smile.

16. Behold the Dryads come on dancing feet,
And: "In what age," the Oreads ask, "art grown
So fair? And from what land, O sister sweet,
Dost come, to us unknown?

17. "But in those stars, thine eyes, sad care[12] is seated,
Perhaps the Cyprian[13] hath wounded thee,
A goddess cruel, who fair forms hath treated
Oft with malignity.

18. "Among[14] you mortals Helen only may
Nepenthe mix in cups for heroes dressed,
But we well know what hidden mysteries lay
Enclosed in Gea's breast.

19. [15] " For thee we'll gather mystic balsams shed
As tears, when lives in lives transmuted are,
And pearls by Amphitrite ocean-fed
From cruel men afar.

20. " For thee we'll cull the living flowers that know
The joys and sorrows of the human lot,
They shall o'ertell thee tales of long-ago,
Loves ne'er to be forgot.

21. " For thee the rose's plaint they shall recite,
That with desire faints on thy bosom fair,
And hymns repeat, her haughty sister white [16]
Chants, nestling in thy hair.

22. [17] " Then to refulgent caves we'll carry thee
With us where amethyst and crystals shine,
Where elements and forms eternally
In mazy dance combine.

23. " We will immerse thee in each shining river,
Where swans and Naiads harmony unite;
Their sides in silver on the waters quiver
As doth the soft moon's light.

24. " We'll carry thee to peaks which Zeus benign
As father looks on; they to heaven aspire.
There in the temple's consecrated shrine
Quivers Apollo's lyre.

25. " To our most fragrant halls we'll welcome thee,
And give thee for a spouse in beauty matched
Hylas,[18] that fairest Grecian boy whom we
From Death's dark shadow snatched."

26. [19] Ah me, from that sunsetting of your day
Descended on earth's cradle sorrow's pall!
Grudge not, O maids of Greece, that this one ray
Of love on me should fall.

27. That unknown care which her fair bosom stings
I'd purge with Ascrea's [20] honey pure and rare,
I'd lull her pain to sleep with Theban strings
If I Alcaeus [21] were.

28. Her gracious being with the vital power
Of those bright hymns I would irradiate;
And her soft locks with the immortal flower
Of gods incoronate.

29. And while on hyacinths my arm doth rest,
My branch of laurel shading us above,
I'd murmur as I lean upon her breast:
"Lady, 'tis you I love."

NOTES

(1) Verse 1. Line 1. *Island fair.* Sicily. Reference to the story of Acis and Galatea. (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xiii. v. 750, &c.)

(2) V. 2. L. 1. *Eryx.* The modern Monte San Giuliano near Trapani, on the summit of which stood a temple dedicated to Venus Aphrodite, there worshipped as Ericina.

"O hear us from thy temple steep
Where Eryx crowns the Dorian deep."
From *Hymn to Aphrodite*, by Lord de Tabley.

(3) V. 3. L. 2. *She of Enna.* See *Paradise Lost*, Bk. iv., lines 263, &c.

". . . not that fair field of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis was gathered. . . ."

(4) V. 4. L. 2. *Alpheus, Arethusa.* Compare Ovid (*Metamorphoses*, v. lines 572-611). This mingling of the waters of Alpheus and Arethusa symbolises the blending of the Greek and the Italian Muse.

(5) V. 5. L. 2. *Doric forum.* Sicily was colonised by the Dorians, hence in the cities the prevailing style of architecture is Doric.

(6) V. 6. Ll. 1 and 2. *Syracuse and Agrigentum* were called "the two eyes of Sicily." Hiero, tyrant of Syracuse (B.C. 478-467), was a great patron of literature. Pindar, the Theban poet, dwelt at his court, and wrote the Ode here referred to.

(7) V. 7. L. 2. *Nebrodian mountains.* The chain of the Apennines which reappears in Sicily. *Daphnis* is the legendary

Sicilian shepherd, sung by Theocritus in his *Idyls*. Carducci probably intends by the figure of the fabled herdsman Theocritus himself.

(8) Verses 8 and 9. These verses are translated from Theocritus (*Idyl*, viii, verses 53-56).

(9) V. 8. L. 1. *Pelops* is the prehistoric conqueror of that part of Greece which takes its name of Peloponnesus from him.

(10) V. 10. L. 3. *Argive soul.* The poet's own Muse, the lady of V. 1., who is to combine with Greek and Latin classic forms the spiritual inspiration of Dante, typified by *Beatrice*, and thus become the impersonation of Italian poetry.

(11) Verses 13, 14 and 15. These verses express Carducci's Pantheism, which finds immortality only in the forces of nature as incarnated in the Greek deities, and the nymphs of ocean, woods and waters, the

" fair humanities of old religion " (Coleridge, *Wallenstein*).

Their loveliness once realized in the arts of the ancient world, but repudiated by the asceticism of mediaeval times, lives now only in song and in the face of beautiful and loving woman. See the same thought introduced into the *Ode to the Fountain of Clitumnus*, verses 33 and 34.

(12) V. 17. L. 1. *Sad care.* The melancholy of the Italian Muse due to the political subjection of the country (compare Filicaia, Leopardi, &c.).

(13) V. 17. L. 2. *The Cyprian.* Venus, who is often described in mythology as taking malignant pleasure in torturing her rivals.

(14) V. 18. Ll. 1 and 2. See *Odyssey*, iv. 219-226.

(15) V. 19. The Muse would revive by a return to simplicity and the natural joys of life.

(16) V. 21. L. 3. *The haughty sister white* of the rose is the camelia.

(17) V. 22. Refers to the perpetual transmutation of elements and forms in the working of Nature.

(18) V. 25. L. 3. *Hylas.* The beautiful son of Theodamantis and the nymph Menodicea, sailed with the Argonauts to the shores of the Troad. Having landed to fetch water, the nymphs of the fountain were so enamoured of his loveliness that they carried him off to dwell in immortality with the gods.

(19) V. 26. The triumph of asceticism.

(20) V. 27. L. 2. *Ascrea.* Honey of Ascrea, means the sweetness of Greek poetry. Ascrea was a city at the foot of Helicon, the mountain sacred to the Muses. Hesiod was born there.

(21) V. 27. L. 3. *Alcaeus.* The patriot singer of Mitylene, B.C. 640-560, *circa*. The Alcaic metre invented by him is largely used by Carducci.

AT HIGH MASS

" Da la qual par ch'una stella si mova."
" From whom it seemed as though there rose a star."
Guido Cavalcanti.

It was a day of festival, July
Burnt down through fleecy clouds in sultry heat,
Within the church through the triforium high
Fell yellow light on pulpit, desk and seat ;
While through the door, which pointed Gothic arch
On antique granite lions [1] loved to load,
Came sounds of joyous song and rhythmic march
And lowing herds from market-place and road.

It was High Mass ; the organ poured a flood
Of music forth, and called upon the Lord.
Far in the background two young soldiers stood,
Their fixed eyes turned to where the altar soared ;
There they 'mid lighted tapers' festal sheen,
'Mid many-hued brocade and pomp of gold,
Their village church as it so oft had been
With flowers decked for Mary's month behold.

Beneath the brown curve of an arched recess,
Between two slender shafts in crimson dressed,
The lady knelt in all her loveliness,
With her fair hands ungloved together pressed.
The liquid lustre gleamed from her dark eye
Beneath her black-plumed hat's protecting shade,
And in a flash of faith her mystery
This flower of youth to God an offering made.

To me, as once to Guido,[2] it had seemed
A star had issued from those upturned eyes,
And from those lips that scarcely moved I deemed
A wingèd angel mounted to the skies.
The star all tremulous with holy light
Now smiled and smiled, at what I do not know.
The suppliant angel Godward winged her flight,
" Thanks unto Thee, O Lord," her actions show.

Then, as the priest the " Ite "[3] turned to say,
The strong sun broke through the obscuring cloud,
And on the lovely lady cast a ray
To crown her as she rose, her head still bowed.
A scarlet flush as though of shame then passed
O'er each Byzantine Saint imaged above,
But the Madonna fixed her eyes down cast
Upon her Son, and softly murmured " Love."

NOTES

This poem was written not earlier than 1887.

(1) Verse 1. Line 6. The church indicated is the Cathedral of Modena. The columns of the porch at the main entrance rest on granite lions couchant, a characteristic feature of the Lombard style of architecture.

(2) V. 4. L. 1. *Guido* . . . The allusion is to a poem by Guido Cavalcanti, beginning:

" Cosa m' aven' quand' io le son presente."

The line alluded to is that quoted by Carducci as a motto to the poem:

" Dalla qual par che una stella si muova."

(3) V. 5. L. 1. *Ite* . . . The closing words of the mass as the priest, turning to the congregation, says: " Ite, missa est."

BEFORE SAN GUIDO

(1874)

INTRODUCTION

In this poem, as in the Sonnet *Crossing the Tuscan Maremma* and in the *Summer's Dream*, the poet reproduces the scenery familiar to his early youth. During the short stoppage of the train at the station of Bolgheri, whence can be seen the line of cypresses stretching for over three kilometres to the little church of San Guido, he passes in review his childish sports, and the old fairy tales listened to at his grandmother's side, and a strong desire awakens in him to linger amid the old familiar surroundings, but family ties recall him to the present.

The poem was actually composed during a railway journey in the year 1874, and published in the *Rime Nuove* (1886).

1. The tall straight cypresses in double row
   Troop from San Guido down to Bolgheri;
   Like giant striplings at a race they go
   Bounding to meet and gaze once more on me.

2. Straightway they knew me. "Welcome back again,"
   Bending their heads to me they whispering say,
   "Why dost thou not alight? Why not remain?
   The evening's cool, familiar the way.

3. "Oh, sit thee down beneath our odorous shade,
   Where breathes the North-West wind from off the sea.
   We bear no malice for thy cannonade
   Of stones once hurled, they wrought no injury.

4. " We carry still the nests of nightingales,
Alas ! Wherefore wouldst speed so soon away ?
The sparrows round us still when evening pales
Circle in mazy flight. Ah, prithee, stay ! "

5. " Fair cypresses, sweet cypresses so dear,
True friends of better times now far from me,
How gladly would I tarry with you here,"
Gazing I answer : " Ah ! how joyfully !

6. " But oh my cypresses, pray let me go ;
This day is not as those, nor is my age.
To-day. . . . However can I make you know ?
I'm a celebrity and quite the rage.

7. " I can read Latin now and even Greek,
I write and write as many volumes show,
In other qualities I am not weak ;
No more an urchin, hence no stones I throw,

8. " Especially at plants." [1] All the long file
Of tree tops with a doubtful murmur swayed
And the declining sun with gentle smile
Between green peaks its rosy hues displayed.

9. Between the sun and cypresses 'twas clear
A kindly thrill of pity for me ran ;
Then 'stead of murmurs, words distinct I hear :
" We know it well, poor friend, thou art a man.

10. " We know it well ; we from the winds have learned,
The winds that gather up and waft men's sighs,
How in thy bosom feuds eternal [2] burned
For which nor wit nor skill a balm supplies.

11. " To us and to the oaks thou mayest confide
Thine own heart's grief and all that mortal sadness.
Behold how calm, how blue yon ocean wide,
As therein sinks the sun with smiling gladness.

12. " How full the sunset sky of birds in flight,
And how the swallows twitter in their glee ;
The nightingales will sing the livelong night.
Then prithee stay, those evil phantoms flee.

13. " Those evil phantoms from some dark recess
Of your hearts battered by incessant thought
Rise, as in graveyards flitting flames distress
The passer-by, from foul miasma wrought.

14. " Ah, prithee stay ! To-morrow at noontide
When 'neath the spreading oak-trees' ample shade
The horses gather closely side by side
And all the sultry plain's in silence laid.

15. " Anthems that ever pass 'twixt heaven and earth
We cypresses will for thee still recite,
And nymphs who in the hollow elms have birth
Will come to fan thee with their veils of white ;

16. " And Pan,[3] who on the solitary height
And o'er the plain at this hour lonely fares,
Shall drown in god-like harmony's delight
The dissonance, O mortal, of thy cares."

17. And I reply : " Nay, let me go ; since me
Beyond the Apennines Titti [4] expects ;
Much like a sparrow-nestling is Titti,
But her no feather robe from cold protects.

18. " She must eat more than cypress berries rough,
Nor do I reap like the Manzonian strain,[5]
A fourfold payment, for insipid stuff.
Good-bye, my cypresses, good-bye, sweet plain."

19. " Then at the churchyard what wouldst have us say,
Where in her grave thy grandam sleeping lies ? "
They fled, and seemed a train in black array
That hasting and lamenting onward hies.

20. Then from the hill-top down the road between
Those cypresses, that from the churchyard leads,
Methought grandmother Lucy, sad of mien,
To meet me came, tall in her sable weeds.

21. Sweet mistress Lucy, from whose lips there fell,
Beneath her silvery locks, the Tuscan speech,
Not such as the Romantics fondly tell,
The *stentorelli* [6] could the learned teach.

22. Versilia's [7] accents musical and sad,
That in my heart abide like some old strain
Of Mediaeval song, that in it had
The strength and sweetness of our joy and pain.

23. Oh grannie, grannie, those were joyous times,
When you to me, a child, that old tale told,
Tell me, grown wise, of her [8] who in strange climes
Her lost love sought 'mid perils manifold.

24. " Full seven pairs of shoes have I worn out
Of iron made, to find thee once again ;
Full seven staves of iron strong and stout
Have I ground down in that long journey's pain !

25. " Full seven vials with tears I made o'erflow
Through seven long years of bitter, bitter weeping !
Thou sleep'st, my desp'rate cries unheeded go,
The cock crows loud, but still thou wilt be sleeping."

26. Ah grandmother, how beautiful, how true
This tale is still. For many, many a year
Have I sought thus, nor ever found the clue,
Though toiling morn and eve ; perchance 'tis here,

27. Beneath these cypresses, where I to rest
No longer hope, to dwell no longer crave,
Haply 'neath those above is hid my quest,
Beside, dear grandmother, thy lonely grave.

28. The engine snorting sped upon its way,
While I thus wept within my heart of hearts.
A group of gamesome colts with joyful neigh,
Pleased with the din, run as the train departs.

29. But a grey ass nibbling a purple thistle
Aloof, maintained his meditative mood,
Nor deigned to glance where shrilled the strident whistle,
But slow and stolid still he chewed and chewed.

NOTES

(1) Verse 8. Line 1. Carducci here alludes to the well-known vigour of his attacks on the poetasters, and superficial critics of the day.

(2) V. 10. L. 3. *Feuds eternal.* The many literary and political controversies in which the poet was involved.

(3) V. 16. L. 1. *Pan* is here more than the pastoral god; he personifies the spirit of life in the eternal harmonies of nature.

(4) V. 17. L. 2. *Beyond the Apennines.* Where lay Bologna, the poet's home at the time. *Titti* was the pet name of his youngest daughter Libertà, then two years old.

(5) V. 18. L. 2. *Manzonian strain.* This adjective is employed by Carducci to describe the writers of the day, who, pandering to the literary and political sentimentalism then in vogue, made large profits, and obtained lucrative official posts. Carducci shows no mercy to the weakness of the then decadent Romantic School.

(6) V. 21. L. 4. *Stentorello* was the clown who spoke the Tuscan dialect. To these recitations, and in the chatter of the market-place the romantic writers of Manzoni's school traced the origin of the true "Lingua Toscana," and not to the language of the cultivated classes.

(7) V. 22. L. 1. *Versilia* is the district in which is situated Val di Castello, where Carducci was born. His intention is to contrast the picturesque sentimentalism of the romantic writers with the directness and simplicity of the old "Serventesi," or popular ballads and poems.

(8) V. 23. L. 3. The allusion is to one of the many popular versions of the Psyche Legend, which the poet had heard from his grandmother.

A NIGHT IN MAY

INTRODUCTION

THIS Sestina appeared in the *Domenica del Fracasso*, May 17th, 1885.

A Sestina is "a rhymed or unrhymed poem with six stanzas of six lines and final triplet, each stanza having the same words as the others ending its lines, but in different order." (*Oxford Dictionary.*)

Never the calm of a more tranquil night
Was greeted by the scintillating stars
On brink of running stream's translucent waves,
While dewdrops tremble on the pastures green,
Breaks through the shadow cast by rugged hills
The ancient, wandering, solitary moon.

What vaporous mists, O chaste, austere, pale Moon,
Rise through the warm soft air of the deep night
To thee from woodland glades and pine-clad hills ?
'Twould seem as rivals to the virgin stars
The nymphs were waking on the pastures green,
And that a tender whispering thrilled the waves.

Never in such a calm upon the waves
Did lovers sail forgetful 'neath the moon,
As I, no lover, now stretched on the green,
For only on the good shines such a moon.
Meseems that from the tombs and from the stars
Spirit friends I see wandering on the hills.

O ye who sleep in the maternal hills,
Ye who, in lonely tombs, beside the waves,

Behold in heaven the passing of the stars,
Ye who, beneath the fixed rays of the moon,
I saw again peopling the silent night,
Go lightly gliding o'er the yielding green.

Alas ! how much did I see of my green
Youth on the tops of those illumined hills,
While at their foot seeks refuge vanquished Night,
When I beheld approach me o'er the waves
Clearly depicted by the fulgent moon,
A shape through whose eyes shone the rays o' the stars.

" Remember "—said it to me—then the stars
Were veiled and shadows spread athwart the green,
Suddenly in the heavens sank the moon,
And shrilly chants re-echoed through the hills,
And left alone beside the heaving wave
I felt as from a tomb grow chill the night.

When heaven at night is thickest set with stars
I joy beside the wave, stretched on the green,
To watch the moon descend behind the hills.

THE FIELD OF MARENGO

(SATURDAY IN HOLY WEEK, 1175)

INTRODUCTION

THE subject of this poem is an incident of the sixth expedition of Frederick Barbarossa into Italy, narrated and commented upon by Quinet in *Les Révolutions d'Italie*, Bk. i. Ch. iv.

On this expedition (1175) Frederick fell upon Italy; crossing the Mont Cenis, he took Susa, Turin and Asti, and moved in haste against Alessandria, a fortified town six years before erected out of hatred to him by the Lombard cities at the confluence of the Bormida and Tanaro. The account given in the Chronicles is that Frederick, repulsed after an endeavour to take Alessandria by undermining the walls, drew up his army on the plains of Marengo, surrounded by the forces of the League. He despaired of being able to cut his way through them either towards the Alps or towards Pavia. The two armies remained stationary for the night in face of each other, the one paralysed by terror, the other hesitating to attack the Imperial Suzerain, held back by the spell of the ancient Roman insignia, and the mediaeval theory of feudal loyalty. At dawn the Italian army opened its ranks, allowing Frederick and his German host to pass freely through; they then went to recover themselves in Pavia. (For further particulars see Quinet.)

The watchers during the night are representative of the various types of the German invaders, each individualised by a satirical or sentimental touch. The date is Easter Eve, April 14-15, 1175, hence the allusion to the "Holy Night."

1. The moon shines on a darkling wood; the wood's a flying crowd
   Of horses, men and halberdiers, that stirs and bellows loud;

'Twixt the Bormida and Tanaro upon Marengo's field,
They fly from Alessandria's walls they could not force to yield.

2. Fires from Alessandria down slopes of the Apennines
Light up the Caesar's headlong flight, Lord of the Ghibellines,
Watchfires of the League from Tortona make reply,
While through the Holy Night arise the songs of victory.

3. "Close is the Swabian lion mewed by civic Latin blades;[3]
Tell it, O fires, proclaim it to the hills, the seas, the glades;
To-morrow Christ arises! Thou shalt see how much new fame,
O Sun, we add to-morrow to the sons of the Roman name."

4. Listening as he leans his head upon his tall broad-sword,
Thinks to himself in scorn the Hohenzollern's grey-haired lord,[1]
"To die by the hand of traders, who ne'er till yesterday
Had girded their vile fat paunches with steel for knightly fray."

5. While a hundred Rhenish valleys fill the Bishop's vats in Speier,
And a hundred brawny Canons are seated in his choir,
"Ah," groans he sadly, "Who for you, my fair Cathedral towers,
"On Christmas night will sing the Mass, or keep the holy hours!"

6. Thinks Ditpold, County Palatine, whose flowing flaxen hair
Waves round his neck so supple, like rose and privet fair :
" The Elfin songs rise from the Rhine, borne on the stilly night,
Where Thekla wanders, dreaming dreams, beneath the wan moonlight."

7. Says the Bishop Prince of Mainz : " I carry here beside
My crozier with its iron top the unction sanctified.
There's plenty for us all—I would, with their Italian load
Of silver, my poor mules were safe across the Alpine road." [2]

8. Says the Count of Highland Tyrol : " To-morrow's sun shall greet
But thee, my son, upon the Alps, but thee my dog shall meet ;
Henceforth they both are thine, while I, a hart trapped by villeins
Shall fall before their cut-throat knives, on these grey Lombard plains."

9. In the middle of the camp stood the Emperor alone
Near his charger, and looked upward to the sky ; one by one
O'er his grey head still the stars were passing on, while behind
The black Imperial banner was disputing with the wind.

10. Kings of Poland and Bohemia arrayed on either hand
Bearing the sword and the sceptre of the Holy Empire stand ;

Then when the stars grow weary, and the red dawn in the skies
Flushes the Alpine peaks with rose: "Forwards," the Caesar cries,

11. "To horse, my faithful lieges! Thou, Wittelsbach,[3] display
Before the Leagues of Lombardy the sacred sign to-day.
Proclaim it, herald, thou, 'The Roman Emperor goes by,
Heir of Julius the Divine and of Trajan's Majesty'."

12. Alas! between the rivers, the Tanaro and the Pò
Spread the blasts of Teuton trumpets how joyously, how fast!
When the stubborn souls and standards of Italia louted low
At the aspect of the Eagle, and Imperial Caesar passed.

NOTES

(1) Verse 4. Line 2. *The Hohenzollern.* One of the most ancient Royal families of Germany. The *grey-haired lord* might be Rudolph II. of the Hohenzollern.

(2) V. 7. L. 4. *The Archbishop of Mainz* is fearing for the Italian spoils which he had already sent on their way across the Alps.

(3) V. 11. L. 1. *Otto of Wittelsbach.* Count of Bavaria, and ancestor of the present reigning house.

ÇA IRA

(1883)

INTRODUCTION

"It is the whim of the day to belittle the French Revolution, in spite of which tendency September, 1792, remains the most epic moment of modern history. It is impossible to put its records into verse save in brief glimpses; for this reason Sonnet form has been chosen." (Carducci's Notes on *Ça Ira.*)

In his prose defence of these Sonnets (1883), Carducci says that he obtained his first inspiration for them from reading Carlyle's *French Revolution*, but that for the actual facts he was indebted rather to Louis Blanc and Jules Michelet, who both writing subsequently to Carlyle, had access to documents which had not been available to the earlier writer. One or two of the Sonnets are so close to Michelet's prose as to be almost a paraphrase.

"The prose strophes of Carlyle," says Carducci, "are perhaps less historical than my verses, for which I chose the Sonnet form, which seemed to me to lend itself to the attainment of the effect I desired to produce, and would prevent me from expanding into description and lyricism."

The twelve Sonnets present, in a series of flashlight pictures, the events of the year 1792 from March to September. The name is taken from the popular song of the period, which is understood by Carducci as expressing best the inevitable sequence of causes and effects—such as, that the incidents of the September massacres were the result of the foreign invasion and of the intrigues of the Queen with the courts of Austria and Prussia. The Sonnets aroused a great storm of criticism in Italy, both on account of the particular period of the Revolution portrayed and of the poetical form selected.

I

The gay sun shines on the Burgundian hills,
And in the vintage of Marne's vale delights,
And Picardy awaits the plough that tills
Her fallow soil, and harvest new invites.

But like an axe the wrathful sickle smites
Upon the vines, like blood their red juice spills.
The ploughman's eye strains through the eve's red lights,
Across waste lonely lands which autumn chills ;

The goad is brandished as it were a lance
Above the team, the driver holding taut
The guiding gear, shouts : " Forward, forward France ! "

The ploughshare in the furrow shrieks, fresh wrought
The moist earth reeks, from the dim mists advance
Phantasmal shapes as tho' they battle sought.

II

They are the sons of the toil-compelling earth
Who rise full-armed to reach the ideal height,
To whom for Fatherland the soil gave birth,
Plebeian horsemen blue and red and white.[1]

Thou, Kleber,[2] dark of brow, for home and hearth
A roaring lion foremost in the fight :
And thou, ablaze through perils in thy path,
Hoche[3] the sublime, thou flash of youth and light.

Desaix,[4] who duty chose and left renown
To others ; and Murat,[5] tempestuous wave,
Who stooped so low as to accept a crown,

And Marceau,[6] who in radiant death his pride
Of youth and his pure soul to silence gave,
Like one who hastens to embrace his bride.

III

In Cath'rine's [7] guilty Tuileries, where late
The pious Louis to his priests would kneel,
Where Breton [8] knights thrilled to the Queen's appeal,
Her smiles, her tears, secrets revealed of State.

When falls the sultry gloaming, fraught with fate
A shape is seen [9] : nor joy her acts reveal,
Nor grief; she twists her spindle, twirls her wheel,
The stars she reaches with her distaff great.

The crone spins through each night by moonlight wan,
She spins by light of stars, she spins, she spins.
Never she wearies, never taketh rest.

Brunswick [10] draws nigh, a gallows in his van.
Much rope he needeth to chastise the sins
Of France, by rebel spirit strong possesst.

IV

The bearers of ill tidings, post on post,
Came thick as hail : " Longwy [11] has fallen ! " cry
From their surrender vile the flying host
Who, dusty, crowding to the Assembly hie.

" We manned the walls, but we were at the most
But one man to two guns ; 'twas vain to try
To hold the town, arms failed us, we were lost.
What could we do ? " As one voice rose reply :

" Have died ! " [12]—Down sunburnt cheeks unwonted tears
Fell drop by drop ; then with their heads low bowed
They turned and went, nor cast one upward glance.

The hour of peril passes, the sky clears,
Its wing vibrates upon the tocsin loud :
" Up, people, up ! Help, help, O Sons of France ! "

V

Hear, hear, ye citizens, Verdun her gates
Has opened to the foe, her daughters base
Receive the foreign kings with flowery fêtes,
And bow before Artois [13] in courtly grace !

They quaff white wine whose sparkling draught elates,
With Uhlan escort mazy dances pace.
Verdun,[14] vile town, confectioners of cates !
Death follow shame ! Death only can efface.

But Beaurepaire[15] dishonourable mischance
Refuses to survive : his soul a last
Gaze hurls at us, the future and at fate.

In heaven to take it antique heroes wait.
To children yet unborn the cry has pass'd
" Up, people, up ! Help, help, O Sons of France ! "

VI

See o'er the Hotel de Ville the black flag[16] fly,
Avaunt ! It cries to love and to the sun.
On the dread silence breaks the minute gun,
With warning roar hear minute guns reply.

With group severe of antique sculpture vie
The people, whom each hour fresh tidings stun,
And brand men's hearts till all their thoughts are one :
" That Fatherland may live, to-day men die."

Before the face of Danton,[17] monstrous, wan,
Long files of women furies pass, urge on
Their shoeless sons before them armed with wrath,

And Marat sees in air grim groups come forth
Of men with pikes[18] who pass across the place,
And where they pass, behold ! a bloody trace.

VII [19]

A vision white, a sacrificial train
Of Druids, falling on men's souls torments
Them : while Avignon's[19a] Papal towers unchain
A whirlwind, which its turgid fury vents.

O suffering Albigenses, your laments,
And Huguenots, your slow protracted pain,
Now boils your martyr blood, boils and ferments,
Making men's hearts intoxicate with bane.

This the tribunal, this the penal fire
The new age borrows from the horrific shade !
O art thou France, who o'er thy trembling sire

Risest to take with ready hand and brave
The cup filled with thy kindred's blood, fair maid,[20]
Then drainst the draught to expiate and save ?

VIII

The Alpine winds are mourning ; on the shore
The waves bemoan Savoy's ill-fated child.[21]
Here clash of steel and shouts of fury wild.
" Lady of Lamballe, the Abbaye[22]—by yon door ! "

Naked she lies, her golden hair defiled
With soil, in the mid street ; one outrage more ;
A barber in the crowd,[23] hands stained with gore,
Stretched out the tender limbs, and looking smiled :

" A lily is her neck, like pearls between
" Carnations red her lips and teeth appear.
" How fine her skin, how white, how smooth, how soft !

" Up, eyes the colour of the sea, aloft !
" Up, curl-crowned head ! We'll towards the Temple bear,
" And Death shall bid good morrow to the Queen."

IX

Oh ne'er to King of France at his levée
Did such a crowd their salutation bring ;
The tower dark appears night-bird of prey,
Who in the noon-tide spreads ill-omened wing.

Philip the Fair,[24] that Mediaeval King,
Extended here the secular arm to slay;
And here the last Knight Templar's voice doth ring
In summons to the last Capet to-day.[25]

Now hear the howling of the horrid crew,
Upon the lofty pike the proud head sways,
Knocks at the window. And the King prostrate

Looks down from that sad house of Royal state
Upon the people: to God for pardon prays
For the dread night of St. Bartholomew.[26]

X

Beneath the trampling of barbarian horse
Awakes within his grave again Bayard?
In Orleans' smiling vale, as last resource
Erects the Maid once more her pure standard?

Who comes from Haute Saône, from wind-swept Garde
To where the felled trees bar their singing course
Repairing faulty ramparts? Is it the galliard
Vercingetorix'[27] red-haired Gallic force?

No, 'tis the spy Dumouriez[28]; in his heart
There beats the genius of Condé[29]; he throws
Upon the outspread map one burning glance:

"Those unknown hills which stretch athwart the chart
Shall be new Sparta's bulwark 'gainst her foes—
These hills are the Thermopylae of France!"

XI

In the Argonne, over the eastern hill
The slow dawn breaks with heavy mist and rain;
The tricolour flaps wet above the mill
Of Valmy,[30] craving sun and wind in vain.

Stay, stay, white miller. Destiny doth fill
Thy place to-day; the future is the grain.
To-day the shoeless civic army will
With red blood set the moving wheels in train.

His sword upraised: "For Fatherland, on, on!"
The epic columns of Sans-culottes close.
The Marseillaise, 'mid cannonade of foes,

Above the forests deep of the Argonne,
Archangel of the new-born era soars—
Then Kellerman[31] 'mid noise of cannon roars.

XII[32]

March, famous children of the Fatherland,
To songs' and cannon's harmony advance!
This day of glory did to-day expand
Vermilion pinions in the valorous dance.

Confusion dire which panic fears enhance
Encumbers Prussia's road with troops unmanned;
Hunger and cold, diseases and mischance,
Back to their refuge chase the exile band.

The pallid sunset flickers o'er the vast
Expanse of mire, the neighbouring hills secure
From the sun sinking one faint smile of glory.

Wolfgang von Goethe[33] on the turmoil cast
His eye, said, issuing from a group obscure,
"To-day from this place starts the world's new story."

NOTES

Sonnet II

(1) Lines 1-4. It is not in accordance with fact that the Revolution was in any way initiated by the peasantry of France. It was a movement organised by the middle and artizan class against the predominance of the aristocracy and of the Church.

(2) L. 5. *Kleber.* Jean Baptiste Kleber (1753-1800) joined the Republican forces, which he commanded in the Vendéan war with distinction. He was General of Division under Bonaparte in Egypt (1798).

(3) L. 8. *Hoche.* Lazare Hoche (1768-1797) at the age of twenty-five commanded the army of the Moselle. He defeated the Austrians at Weissenburg and compelled them to evacuate Alsace in 1793. He suppressed the Royalist revolt in La Vendée. Hoche is one of the noblest figures of the Revolutionary period.

(4) L. 9. *Desaix.* Louis Charles Antoine Desaix de Veygoux (1768-1800) assisted Moreau in his retreat from the Black Forest. He defended the ruinous fort of Kehl for two months against the Austrians (1797). He ranks among the most brilliant of Napoleon's generals.

(5) L. 10. *Murat.* Joachim Murat (1767-1815), King of Naples, entered the French Army in 1791. In 1796 he accompanied Napoleon to Italy, marrying Bonaparte's youngest sister Caroline in 1800. His dash and daring contributed not a little to the victories of Marengo and Austerlitz.

There is a fine portrait statue erected to his memory by his daughter in the Certosa at Bologna, close to the last resting-place of Carducci.

(6) L. 12. *Marceau.* François Severin Marceau (1769-1796) led the Republican troops in the Vendéan war. He received his death-wound at Altenkirchen. See *Childe Harold*, canto iii. stanzas lvi.-lvii.

Sonnet III

(7) Line 1. *Catherine's guilty Tuileries.* Refers to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1572.

(8) L. 3. *Breton knights.* An allusion to the well-known loyalty of the Bretons, to whom the Queen disclosed the negotiations for foreign invasion. Carducci took the worst view of the character of Marie Antoinette. He says: "Marie Antoinette was a heartless and frivolous woman, who was the chief cause of the ruin of her husband and perhaps of the Monarchy." (*Ça Ira*, iii.)

(9) L. 6. *A shape is seen.* There was a tradition that whenever disaster impended over the Royal House, the shape of a woman spinning was seen above the Tuileries. One interpretation of the vision of the Tuileries is that she was spinning thread for the rope to hang the rebels.

(10) L. 12. *Duke of Brunswick.* One of the Prussian generals, father of the Duke who was killed at Waterloo. (See *Childe Harold*, canto iii. stanza xxiii.)

Sonnet IV

(11) Line 2. *Longwy.* One of the first successes of the Allies against the French Revolutionary Army. The *Assembly* is the Convention.

(12) L. 9. *Have died.* Compare Corneille in *Horace*: Julie: "Que voulez-vous qu'il fit contre trois?" Le Vieil Horace: "Qu'il mourut!" . . . (*Horace*, Acte iii. Scene vi.)

Sonnet V

(13) L. 4. *Artois.* Charles Philippe, Comte d'Artois, the youngest brother of Louis XVI.; one of the first of the émigrés who fled from France. He succeeded Louis XVIII. as Charles X.

(14) L. 7. *Verdun.* Of the surrender of Verdun, Carlyle writes: "And lo! finally at Verdun on Sunday, the 2nd of September, 1792, Brunswick is here. With his King and sixty thousand glittering over the heights, from beyond the Meuse River, he looks down on us, on our 'high citadel' and all our confectionery ovens (for we are celebrated for our confectionery!), has sent courteous summons in order to spare the effusion of blood. Resist him to the death? Every day of retardation precious? How, O General Beaurepaire (asks the amazed Municipality), shall we resist him? We, the Verdun Municipals, see no resistance possible. Has he not sixty thousand and artillery without end? Retardation, Patriotism is good, but so likewise is peaceable baking of pastry, and sleeping in whole skins!"

(Carlyle, *French Revolution*, Bk. iii. Chap. iii.)

(15) L. 9. *Beaurepaire* was appointed Chief of the Maine and Loire Division at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. As Governor of Verdun he was summoned to surrender the fortress to the Duke of Brunswick. Rather than submit to this humiliation he blew out his brains. He was "buried in the Pantheon, with honourable pension to his widow, and for epitaph these words: 'He chose Death rather than yield to Despots.'"

(Carlyle, *French Revolution*, Bk. iii. Chap. iii.)

Sonnet VI

(16) Line 1. The black flag was hoisted to show that the country was in danger.

(17) L. 9. *Danton.* Georges Jacques Danton (1759-1794) founded the Cordeliers' Club in 1790. He allied himself to Mirabeau, after whose death he was elected one of the Revolutionary Triumvirate with Marat and Robespierre. He presided for some time over the Committee of Public Safety. Having roused the

suspicion of Robespierre by his counsels of moderation, he was condemned and executed on April 5, 1794.

(18) L. 13. *Pikes.* The lowest of the Parisian populace armed themselves with pikes. (See Carlyle, *French Revolution*, Bk. iv. Chap. iv., "The Feast of Pikes.")

Sonnet VII

(19) This Sonnet sums up the cruelties perpetrated in the name of religion, from the human sacrifices of the Druids to the persecutions of heretics by the Church of Rome.

(19*a*) *Avignon*, which had been for centuries a Papal possession, was transferred to France in September, 1791. Hostilities broke out between the Revolutionaries and Anti-Revolutionaries in the following October, with terrible scenes of slaughter and cruelty.

(20) Line 13. *Fair maid.* Mlle. de Sombreuil, who saved her father's life by drinking a goblet of the blood of the victims, presented to her by the "Septembriseurs." (See Carlyle, Vol. iii. p. 39, and Carducci's prose *Defence.*)

Sonnet VIII

(21) Line 2. *Savoy's ill-fated child.* Marie Thérèse, Princesse de Lamballe (1749-1792), born at Turin. She was a famous beauty, a friend of Marie Antoinette and head of the Queen's household. She shared her mistress's imprisonment, and refusing to renounce her allegiance, died at the hands of the Parisian mob.

(22) L. 4. *The abbaye.* The sentence pronounced by the Committee was that the prisoners should be transferred from La Force to the Abbaye, and as each one passed out at the door, he or she was murdered by the mob. (See Carlyle, *French Revolution*, Vol. iii. p. 38.)

(23) L. 7. *A barber in the crowd.* See "Michelet, Bk. vii. Chap. vi., quoted by Carducci in his *Defence* as his authority.

Sonnet IX

(24) Line 5. *Philip the Fair.* Philip IV. of France, surnamed "Le Bel," the son and successor of Philip III., and through his wife Joan, the heiress of Navarre, son-in-law to Henry the Fat. Tyranny, avarice and oppression characterised his home policy, deceit and fraud his foreign dealings. His treatment of the Jews and his destruction of the Knights Templar, in both cases for the purpose of confiscating their wealth, are well known. The *Tower dark*, or the Temple in which the Royal family were imprisoned, had originally been the Monastery of the Knights Templar.

(25) L. 8. The last Grand Master of the Knights Templar, Jacques Morlay, at his execution summoned the King and the Pope to meet him at the Judgment Seat of God.

(26) L. 14. *St Bartholomew.* For the idea of the expiation of political offences by future generations, compare Shakespeare, *Henry V.*, Act IV. Scene I. :

> ". . . . . Not to-day, Lord !
> O not to-day, think not upon the fault
> My father made in compassing the crown.
> I Richard's body have interrèd new,
> And on it have bestowed more contrite tears
> Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood.
> Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
> Who twice a day their withered hands hold up
> Toward Heaven, to pardon blood, and I have built
> Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
> Still sing for Richard's soul. More will I do,
> Though all that I can do is nothing worth
> Since that my penitence comes after all,
> Imploring pardon."

Sonnet X

(27) Line 8. *Vercingetorix.* A chieftain of Gaul who in 52 B.C. raised a rebellion against Caesar. After repulsing the Romans in several engagements, he was finally driven into Alesia and captured on its fall. He graced Caesar's triumph in 45 B.C., and was afterwards put to death.

(28) L. 9. *Dumouriez.* Charles François Dumouriez (1739-1823) became a member of the Jacobin Club in 1790. Later attaching himself to the Girondists, he held the posts of Minister for Foreign Affairs and Minister of War. He directed the Army of the North, and the victory of Valmy was largely due to his consummate strategy. He was hated by Robespierre, and the execution of the King completely alienated him from the more violent Revolutionists. In 1804 he retired to England, where he died at Henley-on-Thames. See *Memoirs of Dumouriez*, by himself (2 vols., 1794). The epithet "Spy" is taken by Carducci from a passage in Michelet to the effect that Dumouriez, who had been employed in the lower grades of diplomacy, which sank almost to espionage, was attracted by the Revolution, and raised in moral standards and inspired with patriotic enthusiasm.

(29) L. 10. *Condé.* Louis II. de Bourbon, Prince de Condé (1621-1686), "The Great Condé." He crushed the Spaniards at Rocroi in 1643. Extraordinary courage, overwhelming pride and military skill, were the notes of his genius.

Sonnet XI

(30) Line 4. *Valmy.* The first defeat of the Prussians. "The Miller of Valmy has fled, dusty, underground; his mill, were it ever so windy, will have rest to-day." (Carlyle, *French Revolution*, Vol. iii. p. 70.)

(31) L. 14. *Kellermann.* François Christophe, Duc de Valmy (1735-1820), was a native of Strasburg. In 1792 his resolute artillery defence of Valmy checked the Prussians' advance.

Sonnet XII

(32) In the opening lines of this Sonnet there is a reminiscence of the words of the *Marseillaise*, referred to in Sonnet XI.

(33) Line 12. *Johann Wolfgang Goethe* (1749-1833). Goethe accompanied the Grand Duke of Weimar with the Allied armies, and in his *Campagne in Frankreich* (19th September) he says: "Diesmal sagte ich: Von hier und heute geht eine neue Epoch der Welt-geschichte aus, und ihr könnt sagen, ihr seid dabei gewesen." These words of Goethe were printed on the title-page of the first edition of the *Ça Ira* published in Rome.

THE IDEAL

INTRODUCTION

THE first of the *Odi Barbare*, written in August, 1874, in the maturity of the poet's genius, is to some extent autobiographical. In it he expresses his conception of what should be the aim and ideal of contemporary Italian poets, namely to clothe in classical form the thoughts and aspirations of modern civilization. Carducci has passed through the stormy period of youth into the serener atmosphere of middle life. Hebe is the personification of the eternal youth of antique art, working towards the regeneration of the Italian nation through the elevation of its ethical standard, by a return to the purer and simpler occupations and pleasures of nature and country life.

1. When with the step of a goddess, O Hebe,
Thou reachest me smiling my cup of ambrosia,
And from it arising bright vapours
Float round me as onward thou passest.[1]

2. Then of time I feel the shadow no longer
On my head, nor of chill care the oppression,
But in my veins floweth serenely
The Hellenic life untroubled, O Hebe.

3. And the ruined days have arisen, O Hebe,
From the gloom of age below the declivity,
In the sweet light which thou diffusest
For renewal of life are they yearning.[2]

4. And the new years from the darkness emerging
Turn their ardent brows to thy light, O Hebe,
Which rises in tremulous radiance,
And salutes them all rosily glowing.

5. Down on these and on those, bright star, thou shinest
From above, thus amid slender aspiring
Shafts in files of black and white marble
Boldly springing in Gothic Cathedrals.[3]

6. Heavenward rising there on the topmost
Pinnacle poised calmly stands the sweet daughter
Of Jesse,[4] all in a shimmering
Brightness of golden sparkles enveloped.

7. Thus from her aerial vantage she gazes
On the homesteads, the green plain by silvery rivers
Watered, on fields where waved the ripening
Harvest, and toward the snow-clad Alpine summits.

8. Around her gathering clouds are floating ;
From amid those clouds smiles the radiant maiden
On the blossoming dawns of May days,
And on the sad sunsets of November.

NOTES

(1) Verse 1. Compare Schiller's *Das Ideal und das Leben*, verse 15 :

" Bis der Gott, des Irdischen entkleidet,
Flammend sich von Menschen scheidet,
Und des Äthers leichte Lüfte trinkt,
Froh des neuen ungewohnten Schwebens
Fliesst er aufwärts, und des Erdenlebens
Schweres Traumbild sinkt und sinkt und sinkt.
Des Olympus Harmonien empfangen
Den Verklärten in Kronion's Saal,
Und die Göttin mit den Rosenwangen
Reicht ihm lächelnd den Pokal."

(2) V. 3. Reawakening of the joys of life from the torpor of Mediaevalism and the sentimentalism of the Romantics.

(3) V. 5. There were several sanctuaries in Rome dedicated to Hebe, who represented not only Youth but the perennial rejuvenescence of the State.

(4) V. 6. Line 3. *Sweet daughter of Jesse.* The simile was possibly suggested by the statue of the Madonna, known to the Milanese as the Madonnina, on the summit of Milan Cathedral. The figure of the Virgin surrounded by a halo of golden stars looks out across the Lombard plain to the distant Alps.

ROME

ODE

For the 2630th Anniversary of the Foundation of Rome

(1877)

INTRODUCTION

Carducci paid a flying visit to Rome in 1874, but when this Ode was composed in 1877 he had made a longer stay, studying most of the historical monuments. The poem was written on his return to Bologna, and published the same year. It sums up the impressions of his sojourn, and the hopes and convictions of his life.

1. April with purple flowers crowned beheld thee
Rise up stern from the furrow of Romulus,
On the hill beheld thee, thy gaze turned
Towards the plain that as yet knew no tillage.

2. After such long succession of centuries,
April still irradiates thee, thou greatest,
Most sublime, the sun and Italy
Salute thee, Flora[1] of our race, O Rome !

3. If behind the priest the Vestal in silence
Mounts the Capitol no longer, no longer
On the Sacred Way the procession,
Four white horses a-breast, winds triumphal.

4. Yet this deep solitude here of thy Forum
Surpasses the shout, surpasses the glory,
For all that in the world is civic,
Great, august, that still to-day is Roman.

5. Rome divine, all hail ! Whoso misconceives thee,[2]
His sense and mind are wrapt in cold and darkness ;
In his heart perverse there germinates
Nought but the torpid wood of barbarism.

6. Rome divine, all hail ! With head bowed low before
Thy Forum's ruins, I follow thy footsteps
Sparse, with tender tears I worship thee,
Thou home-land goddess, holy genitrix !

7. For thee am I an Italian citizen,
For thee am I a poet, Mother of Nations,
Who on the world bestowedst thy spirit
And on Italia didst imprint thy glory.

8. Behold this country once out of free peoples
Under one single name, by thee united,[3]
Italia, to thee returns, gazes
On thine eagle eyes, to thy breast clinging.

9. Whilst athwart thy silent Forum thou stretchedst
Thy marble arms to her, and from the fateful
Hill [4] didst point thy columns, thy arches,
Out to her thy daughter bringing thee freedom.

10. Arches that now new triumphs are waiting,
Now no longer of Kings, of Caesars no longer,
Nor human arms with chains distorted
Bound to the ivory cars of conquerors.

11. But for thy triumph, people of Italy,[5]
Over dark ages, the ages barbaric,
Monster bearing, wait that from such thou
Wilt with calm justice enfranchise all kindreds.

12. O Italia, O Rome ! That day shall thunder [6]
From a cloudless sky be heard o'er the Forum :
Shouts of glory, of glory, of glory
Shall ascend the blue depths of the heavens.

NOTES

(1) Verse 2. Line 4. *Flora.* The goddess of Spring, here regarded by Carducci according to ancient ritual usage as the mystic synonym for Rome. The Floralia, festivals in honour of the goddess, were held from the 28th of April to the 3rd of May. Rome had three names, Amor (anagram of Roma) in the mysteries, Flora in heaven and Roma on earth. According to other authorities, the mystic name was never revealed.

(2) V. 5. L. 1. Carducci is here thinking of modern historians who have misconceived or belittled the civilizing and artistic influence of Rome.

(3) V. 8. L. 2. Refers to the unification of Italy completed by the possession of Rome in 1870.

(4) V. 9. L. 3. *The fateful hill.* The Palatine as in v. 1.

(5) V. 11. L. 1. The aspiration that Italy, having expelled the last of the barbarian conquerors and mediaeval superstitions (*mostri*) might once more become the leading power in the advance of civilization.

(6) V. 12. Lines 1 and 2. Thunder with a clear sky was looked upon as a good omen by the Roman augurs.

TO THE STATUE OF VICTORY AT BRESCIA

(1877)

INTRODUCTION

THIS poem, written in 1877, was inspired by a visit paid with a friend, the Lydia of the poem, in the previous year to the ruins of the Temple of Vespasian at Brescia, the cella of which has been converted into a museum, in which is preserved a bronze statue of the Winged Victory. This statue was dug up in 1826 by a labourer on the southern slope of the Cidneo, the hill on which rose the Castle of Brescia. The bronze was at once recognized by competent authorities as a specimen of Greek art of the finest period. The attitude of the figure is described in the Ode. The poet's conception is that the Victory represents the union of the art of Greece with the strength of the Latin peoples in the defence of the Greco-Roman civilization against the Teutonic invaders of all ages.

It is that of a youthful maiden with wings furled, her foot upon the helmet of a vanquished enemy, supporting on her raised knee a shield which she holds up with her left hand, while with the right she is about to inscribe some words upon it.

1. Virgin divine, didst thou spread thy propitious
Wing over the bowed helmets of the shield-bearers,
Who, with knee pressed against the bucklers,
Await with couched spears the hostile onslaught?

2. Or didst thou wing thy way before the eagles,
Before the headlong flood of Marsian[1] warriors,
Or repulse with thy shining splendour
The neighing horses of the hordes of the Parthians?

3. Or with arms folded and foot firmly planted
On the casque of the vanquished, O fierce goddess,
Dost thou inscribe some victorious
Name of the captain on the clipeum ?[2]

4. Is it the name of some archon who glorified
Over despots the holy laws of free men,
Or of a consul, who for boundary,
Name and terror of the Empire contended ?

5. I would see thee upon the Alps resplendent
Amid tempests proclaim to the centuries :
" Oh nations, thus far has Italia
Come, her name and her rights vindicating."

6. But meanwhile Lydia from the sober blossoms
Brought forth by October 'mid Roman ruins
Chooses some to weave thee a garland ;
She then at thy feet laying them gently

7. Says : " On what things, O sweet maid, didst thou ponder
Beneath the moist earth for these many ages ?
Didst thou hear the hoofs of the horses
Of Germans, o'er thy Grecian head trampling ? "

8. Said the goddess : " I did hear," her eyes flashing,
" For not only am I the glory of Hellas,
But am too the strength of Latium,
Throbbing still in the bronze through the ages.

9. " Times came and went like the fateful gyrations,
Flights of twelve vultures beheld by Romulus :
Then I rose crying : ' O Italia !
With thee are thy gods, with thee are thy dead sons ! '

10. " Rejoicing in the event Brescia received me,
Brescia the strong, Brescia the iron-handed,
Drenched in the blood of her enemies,
Brescia the lioness of Italy." [3]

NOTES

(1) Verse 2. Line 2. *Marsian.* The Marsians were an Italic people at one time opposed to Rome, but after being admitted to citizenship were counted amongst the strongest and most valiant of her legions.

(2) V. 3. L. 4. *Clipeum.* The round leather shield covered with metal plates used by the Greek heavy armed infantry. A similar shield was sometimes used by the Romans.

(3) V. 10. L. 4. *Lioness of Italy.* A name earned for herself by Brescia by her gallant defence in 1849, when after the defeat of the Italians at Novara she repulsed the Austrians under General Nugent, and resisted them under General Haynau from March 23rd to April 1st. Then, obliged to yield to superior numbers, she suffered the most cruel reprisals from the ferocity of her conquerors. A full account of the defence and sufferings of Brescia is to be found in Countess Martinengo Cesaresco's book, *Lombard Studies*, and the epithet "lioness of Italy" is also used by Aleardi in his poem *Le tre Fanciulle.*

ODE TO THE FOUNTAIN OF CLITUMNUS

INTRODUCTION

THE *Ode to the Fountain of Clitumnus*, considered one of the finest of the *Odi Barbare*, celebrates the Umbrian River (now the Maroggia), whose loveliness has inspired both ancient and modern poets and prose-writers, from Virgil (*Geor.* ii. 146) and Pliny the younger (*Letter VIII.*) to Goethe (*Italienische Reise*), Byron (*Childe Harold*, canto iv.) and many others less noted. The natural beauties still exist, and the little temple of late classic time, alluded to in the poem, is still standing, though now its altar is dedicated to the Virgin.

Altar to Carducci. A meeting of the Spoleto branch of the Dante Alighieri Society (an association for the preservation of Italian nationality and language at home and abroad), was held in that city September 15, 1910, to unveil a monument erected in honour of Carducci in the valley of the Clitumnus, to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the liberation of Spoleto, and its inclusion in United Italy. The Committee, under the advice of Sig. Ugo Ojetti, had entrusted the work to Sig. Bistolfi, a sculptor of high repute, who had already received the commission for the poet's monument in Bologna.

The memorial has taken the form of a small altar, three sides of which are adorned with sculptured figures representing on the right a nymph with a garland of cypress, at the back a faun with a garland of oak, and on the left a Naiad with a garland of seaweed. In front, in gold letters, is the following inscription, composed by Sig. Ugo Ojetti:

"By the side of the sacred stream to which in every age and from every land poets have been drawn to refresh their faith in the destinies of Italy, Giosuè Carducci, when Rome had been ours for scarcely a lustre, uttered the warning that only when conscience was free would the fatherland be free. Umbria, convinced of the truth of the prediction, raises this altar to his memory on the 50th Anniversary of her freedom, September 20, 1910."

The altar stands in the midst of a group of poplars surrounding the source of the Clitumnus, and accords well in its simplicity with the solitary beauty of the landscape.

The poem begins with a description of the rural life of the present day, which in all its features is practically identical with that sung by Virgil, passes then in rapid review Italian history from pre-Roman times, to end with the triumph of modern industries. The Ode was composed on the spot in June, 1876, during a visit to Umbria, and was first published in the same year in a newspaper of Bologna called *La Vedetta.*

1. Still from the mountain which undulates with the dim
Groves of darksome ash-trees murmuring with the wind,
And to the distant breezes wafts its odours fresh
Of wild thyme, and salvias,

2. Descend at dewy eve to thee, O Clitumnus,
The flocks from the pastures, and to thee the Umbrian
Shepherd boy drives the recalcitrant ewe to plunge
In thy waters. Meanwhile

3. From the breast of the sun-embrowned mother who sits
At her cottage door, barefoot, and sings, towards him
The suckling infant turns, and all her chubby face
In a smile expandeth;

4. Full of thought, the father, his nether-limbs encased
Like those of antique fauns in hairy goat-skin garb,
The painted waggon drives and tests the growing strength
Of the fair young oxen.

5. Of the fair young oxen square-chested, broad and deep,
Their crescent horns erect above their heads expand,
Their dark eyes full and soft, their hide snow-white such as
Loved the gentle Virgil.

6. Meanwhile the darkening clouds o'er the Apennine range
Gather like wreathing smoke; grand and austere and green,
From th' encircling hills in graded tiers descending,
Umbria watches.

7. Green Umbria, all hail! And thou, Clitumnus, hail
Presiding god! My ancient country stirs my heart,
And on my burning brow, of old Italic gods
I feel wings brushing.

8. Who did the shade of weeping willow[1] first induct
To banks of sacred streams? Let winds from Apennines
Despoil thee here, enervate plant, thou well beloved
Of lowly ages!

9. Let here to blasts of winter, to strange mystic tales,
And to May's quick'ning pulse the sombre ilex thrill
Around whose hoary trunk the clinging ivy twines,
Youth's blithesome vesture;

10. Here round the emerging god[2] in closely serried rank
Let giant cypresses, keeping their vigil, stand;
Whilst thou, from 'mid their shade, thine ever fateful song
Shalt sing, O Clitumnus!

11. O thou who hast beheld three empires,[3] tell me how
The lusty Umbrian blood-stained in that long strife
Did to the spear-armed velite yield, and how
Grew strong Etruria;

12. Tell how in after years from the subdued Cimino
Gradivus[4] by forced marches did descend upon
The leagued Cities,[5] planting on each hill-built fort
Proud Roman standards.

13. But thou, Italic deity, did'st bring to peace
Victor with vanquished, the kindred native folk,
That when the Punic fury thundered on the shore
Of lake Thrasymene,

14. [6]The cry rose up from all thy caves re-echoing,
From many a winding horn through thy reverberate hills :
" O thou who dost thy snow-white oxen lead to graze
Near misty [7] Mevania,

15. " Thou, who the glebe dost plough along the terraced hills
To the left bank of Nar ; thou who dost fell the green
Woods above Spoleto, and thou who dost a bride
Wed in martial Todi ; [8]

16. " Leave thou thine oxen fat amid the reeds, and thou
The ploughshare in the half-drawn furrow leave, leave thou
The axe fixed in the tott'ring oak, and thou the bride
Leave at the altar.

17. " And hie thee, hie thee, hie thee ! armed with club and spear
With javelin and axe and dart, for Hannibal—
Fierce Hannibal—dire foe, thy household gods insults,
Threats thy Penates."

18. Behold how smiled the sun with life-inspiring ray
Through all this valley broad by beauteous mountains closed,
Whence high Spoleto [9] sees hurled back in headlong flight
To certain ruin

19. The cruel, huge-limbed Moors and fierce Numidian horse
Mingled in frantic fray, while on them from above
Rain showers of iron darts and floods of burning oil,
And songs of victory !

20. Now silence reigns o'er all. I in the lucid pool
Behold the slender spring of water rising clear;
It quivers, and into rippling wavelets ruffles
The watery mirror.

21. Sepulchred in the depths a tiny forest laughs,
With outspread moveless branches; then t'would seem as though
Amethyst with jasper did in sinuous lines
Mingle their limpid loves:

22. While flowers like the sapphire sparkle and assume
The cold reflections of the hardest adamant
And splendorously shine, luring us to the depths
Of the green silences.

23. At the foot of thy hills, 'neath the shade of thy oaks,
There with the rivers—there is the fount of thy song,[10]
O Italia! There lived the nymphs—lived—and there
This marriage-bed divine.

24. The azure naiads rising, tall, wave arms aloft
Fluttering their flowing veils, as loudly they invite
Through the still evening air from all the mountains round
Their brown nymph sisters;

25. Beneath the pendant moon the mazy dance they lead,
And as they circle round they chant in merry choir
Of immortal Janus,[11] and how love him subdued
For fair Camesena.

26 Of heavenly lineage he, child of the soil a stalwart
Maiden she; their marriage-bed the cloud-capped Apennine;
Their close embrace whence the Italic race was born
Was veiled in showers.

27. Now all is silent, oh widowed Clitumnus, all;
And of thy fair temples [12] one sole outpost stands
Yet in thy name, e'en here no longer thou dost dwell
A white-robed deity.

28. No more do the strong bulls, proud victims, sprinkled
With waters of thy sacred streams, the trophies bear
Of haughty Rome to altars of ancestral fanes:
No more Rome triumphs,

29. Triumphs no more, since when a Galilean came
Auburn-haired. He ascending to the Capitol
Cast down into her arms the cross He held: "Bear this
And serve!" said He.

30. Then fled the nymphs to weep in the rivers concealed,
Or closed within the bark of the maternal tree,
Or moaning melted into air as vaporous clouds
Above the mountains.

31. When a strange [13] company, in long black habit clad,
With solemn step and slow, through temples white, despoiled,[14]
And broken colonnades, wended their weary way
Chanting their litanies;

32. And over fields resounding with noise of human toil,
And over hills remindful of imperial sway,
They passed, a desert made, and then that dreary waste
They called God's Kingdom.

33. Where'er the sun-god blessed they have driven away
The crowd of toilers from the holy ploughs, the sons
From expectant fathers and from their blooming brides,
Hurling their curses.

34. They maledictions hurled against the wholesome works
Of life, of love, and in delirious madness raved
Conjunctions horrible, connecting pain with God,[15]
On rocks, in caverns ;

35. Intoxicated then with tortures of the flesh
Into the cities came, whirling in frenzied dance,
Before the crucifix they supplicating fell,
Impious in abjection.

36. Hail,[16] spirit of humanity ! Whether serene
Beside Ilissus' banks or strong and true
By Tiber's soul-inspiring shores, arise and reign,
The dark days are passed.

37. Thou fecund mother of the oxen young, unwearied
To break the glebe and to replant the fallow fields,
And of the wild young colts neighing in lust of war,
Thou mother Italy,

38. [17] Mother of corn, of vines, of the eternal laws,
And of the glorious arts that make life sweet to man,
All hail ! I sing anew to thee hymns to celebrate
Thine ancient praises.

39. Green Umbria's lofty hills, her woods, her waters ring
With plaudits to the song. Before us belching forth
Its smoke in widening rings, the engine's whistling course
Pants for new industries.

NOTES

(1) Verse 8. Line 1. By the *weeping willow* is intended the Romantic School, and its sentimentality, against which Carducci led the Classical reaction, represented by the young ivy twining round the hoary ilex. (Ancient Classicism.)

(2) V. 10. L. 1. The *emerging god.* Jupiter Clitumnus (the glorious), honoured in the adjacent temple, and consulted as an

oracle, with special festivals held in May. On one occasion the Emperor Caligula himself, with great pomp, had recourse to the god for divine direction.

(3) V. 11. L. 1. *Three Empires.* Umbrian, Etruscan and Roman.

(4) V. 12. L. 2. *Gradivus* (the Strider). Another name for Mars, so called because he led the soldiers on the march.

(5) V. 12. L. 3. *The Leagued Cities.* Confederacy of the Umbrian and Etruscan cities against the growing power of Rome.

(6) Verses 14 to 19. Compare for the whole passage: Scott, *Lady of the Lake*, canto iv.

(7) V. 14. L. 4. *Mevania.* Celebrated for its pastures, where the oxen, supposed to grow specially white by drinking and washing in the waters of the Clitumnus, were bred for sacrifices and triumphs.

(8) V. 15. L. 4. *Todi.* A bronze statue of Mars, now in the Etruscan Museum at the Vatican, was found at Todi, where that god was specially honoured.

(9) V. 18. L. 3. *Spoleto.* Hannibal, victorious at Lake Thrasymene, was repulsed with great slaughter in assaulting Spoleto. His defeat is commemorated in the following inscription over one of the gates:

> "Annibal caesis ad Trasimenum Romanis—urbem Roman infenso agmine petens—Spoleto—magna suorum caede repulsus —insigni fuga portae nomen fecit."

(10) V. 23. L. 2. *Fount of thy song.*
(11) V. 25. L. 3. *Janus.* - - } To whom the Janiculum was dedicated, was a god especially honoured by the Romans. According to an extremely ancient legend (Macrobius) he wedded the nymph Camesena, who is described as the Muse of Song, from whom is derived the name Camenae, sometimes given to the Muses. From this union sprang the Italic race, according to one version. Camesena is represented by Carducci as autochthonous *Child of the Soil.*

(12) V. 27. L. 2. *One sole outpost stands.* There still remains a small temple at a short distance from the source, probably reconstructed during the late Empire.

(13) V. 31. L. 1. *Strange company.* The flagellants and other companies of ascetic enthusiasts who, starting from Perugia about 1260, joined by the various recluses who inhabited the mountain c ves, traversed Umbria and the rest of Italy, exciting a species of religious madness wherever they passed. Persons of all classes, abandoning family and occupation, accompanied these processions of self-torturing penitents. The movement spread from Italy throughout Europe like a contagion of religious frenzy.

(14) V. 31. L. 2. *Temples white, despoiled.* The allusion is to the general destruction of Pagan temples and monuments by the early Christians. See Gregorovins, *History of Rome in the Middle Ages*, vol. iii.

(15) V. 34. L. 3. *Connecting pain with God.* The reference is to the realistic and painful representations of the Passion and Crucifixion in shrines and on rocks.

(16) V. 36. L. 1. The poet turns from the asceticism of Mediaeval times to the humanism of the Greeks and Romans, and to the hope of a national revival of arts and industries in modern Italy, united and free.

(17) V. 38. L. 1. See Virgil, *Geor.* ii. 173 :

> " Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
> Magna virum, tibi res antiquae laudis et artis
> Ingredior sanctos ausus recludere fontes
> Ascraeumque cano Romana per oppida carmen."

IN THE PIAZZA OF S. PETRONIUS

(1877)

INTRODUCTION

THIS poem, written in February, 1877, was inspired by the Piazza of S. Petronius in Bologna (now called Piazza Vittorio Emanuele), where on one side rises the Palace of the Podestà, adjoining which is the prison where Enzio, son of Frederick II., was confined for twenty-four years, and where he died. Across the Piazza stands the church dedicated in 1272 to S. Petronius, erected in memory of the city's triumph over the domestic tyranny of the Visconti, as the imprisonment of Enzio was its triumph over the foreign tyranny of the Empire. This Ode, inspired by the historic spirit and by the poet's affection for the learned city of Bologna, has been much admired both by Italian and by foreign critics, and has been translated into Latin and Greek, and into German by Prof. Mommsen.

1. In the air of winter clear dark-turreted Bologna[1] rises,
   White above her the snow-clad hill[2] is smiling.

2. 'Tis the calm sweet hour when the fast-dying sun greets the high towers,
   And thy sacred fane, holy Petronius.[3]

3. The towers whose battlements the wing of time so often brushes,
   And the stately temple's lonely pinnacle.

4. With the icy splendour of adamant the heavens are shining,
   And a veil as of silvery gauze is resting

5. On the Forum,[4] softly rounding off the contours of the dark piles
The bucklered arms of our fathers erected.

6. Upon the copings of those lofty roofs the sun still lingeringly
Smiles with the paly gold of the wallflower.

7. And in thy grey stone and in thy bricks of dusky vermilion
Seems to rewaken the soul of the ages.

8. And in the frozen air a melancholy desire awakes
For ruddy Mays and evenings warm and odorous,

9. When the women fair and gay were wont to dance in the Piazza,
And consuls[5] came with vanquished kings[6] returning.

10. Thus the Muse as she departs smiles on the verse in which there trembles
For the beauty gone by a vain yearning.

NOTES

(1) Verse 1. Line 1. *Dark-turreted Bologna.* In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the city of Bologna had no less than one hundred and eighty towers. To this D'Annunzio alludes in the *Ode for the Tomb of Giosuè Carducci:*

" O towered Mother; what triumphal notes
Resound to-day within thy solemn porch."

(2) V. 1. L. 2. *Snow-clad hill.* The hill of S. Michele, on the top of which is a building which, originally a monastery, after many changes has finally become an orthopaedic hospital.

(3) V. 2. L. 2. S. Petronius, patron saint of the city of Bologna, Bishop of the See from 430-450. The present church, dedicated to him, was finished in 1390 in the Tuscan Gothic style. The original plan of Antonio Vincenzi was of very vast proportions, and had it been carried out would have given Bologna the largest cathedral in the peninsula. Many of the municipal palaces surrounding the Piazza are built of red brick, others of grey stone

(see v. 7), and date from the twelfth century onwards, many of them reconstructed in the style of the Early Renaissance.

(4) V. 5. L. 1. *Forum.* The Latin term has been used by Carducci in this passage instead of the Italian *Piazza.*

(5) V. 9. L. 2. The popular May festival when the young people danced in the Piazza, decorated with garlands. The Consuls were the municipal magistrates of the town, elected by the people, who, on the triumph of the democratic party, took the place of the counts and bishops of the feudal régime.

(6) V. 9. L. 2. The allusion here is to the return of the popular consular generals with the captive Prince Enzio, King of Sardinia, natural son of Frederick II., defeated and captured at the Battle of Foss' Alta in 1249. In the long struggle between the Imperial and Papal powers for supremacy in Italy, the city of Bologna, with most of the Communes, was on the side of the Pope, which they then looked on as representing the idea of national liberty.

THE TWO TOWERS

INTRODUCTION

THE two well-known towers of Bologna were erected about the same time, between 1109 and 1119, by two noble families, the Asinelli and the Garisendi, possibly in rivalry with one another. The precise object of their erection is unknown. Owing to an earthquake, or to some defect in the foundation or subsidence of the soil, the shorter of the two, Garisenda, leans very considerably. Gozzadini accounts for the difference in height by supposing that the Garisenda was never finished.

ASINELLA

1. I sprang from the heart of Italy, 'mid the pealing of anthems,
   What time the Alps were cleared of hordes barbarian,
   And from the poplar-fringed Pô, through the green country,
   The war-chariots[1] returned to the sounding of trumpets.

GARISENDA

2. I, remembering as I rose, I bowed my head over the ruins
   And the tombs, while Irnerio[2] sat bending
   Over the huge volumes, and spake with slow accents to the people,
   The shield-bearers, of Rome the greatness telling.

ASINELLA

3. Fair was the day in May when I beheld in glorious freedom
   The people o'er the bridge of Reno passing,

And saw thee, O Scion of the Swabian house,[3] thy fair head bending
To the fluttering red cross of Italy.

GARISENDA

4. O sad month of May, when round the lovely body of Imelda[4]
Clashed the swords of her brothers, and for forty
Long days civil fury ran riot 'mid bloodshed and slaughter,
The towers strong-built were crumbled to powder.

ASINELLA

5. Dante[5] have I seen raise his young head to gaze on us in passing,
And like the light clouds that over us are floating
Have I seen phantom upon phantom pass over him and pressing
Round him all the centuries of Italy.

GARISENDA

6. I have seen beneath my shadow the Pope and the Emperor[6]
Come by, the hand of each clasping the other.
Ah, wretched me! God's judgment did not will that I should fall, crushing
Both the fifth Charles and Clement 'neath my ruins.

NOTES

(1) Verse 1. Line 4. *The war-chariot*, or *carroccio*, was first introduced in 1039 by Aribert, Bishop of Milan, during the struggle with the Emperor, to give a rallying-point to the Episcopal troops, and was gradually adopted by the other cities as the symbol of their political liberties. It was a huge car on four wheels, painted red and drawn by four pairs of white oxen, also caparisoned in red. In the centre of the car a lofty mast was erected, bearing on its summit a gilt ball, beneath which was extended the standard of the Commune between two white sails, and below this a Crucifix. On the car were stationed some of the principal officers and the

trumpeters, with an altar at which the priest celebrated mass. The car was also used for the transport of the wounded.

(2) V. 2. L. 2. *Irnerio*, a German jurisconsult, called Lucerna Juris, reintroduced the study and practice of Roman law in the West, and is looked upon as one of the founders of the University of Bologna.

(3) V. 3. L. 3. *Scion of the Swabian house.* See Note 6, Piazza of S. Petronius.

(4) V. 4. L. 1. *Imelda.* In Bologna, as in most of the Italian cities, feuds between the noble families undermined the strength of the city, and finally brought about the loss of its freedom. The story of the Geremei (Guelfs) and the Lambertazzi (Ghibellines) is a repetition of that of the Montagues and Capulets. In 1273, Imelda, the beautiful daughter of the Lambertazzi, fell in love with Bonifazio Geremei. Her brothers, discovering that she had received her lover in her chamber, rushed in and slew the unfortunate youth with a poisoned dagger, and dragging his body into the courtyard, they concealed it under a heap of rubbish. Imelda, following the traces of the blood, discovered the body and sucking the poison from the wound, herself expired. This incident exasperated the civil dissensions which devastated the city, each party calling in allies from outside, and finally the victory remained with the Geremei, who banished the remaining Lambertazzi and their adherents, pulled down their palaces and brought the city to the verge of ruin, paving the way for Papal interference.

(5) V. 5. L. 1. According to Boccaccio, Dante pursued his philosophical and legal studies in Bologna. Many commentators have doubted the poet's sojourn in this city; the probabilities in favour of it are, first that Bologna was the great seat of learning at that period, secondly the knowledge shown by the poet himself of the city and the dialect of the Bolognese, and third the mention of Oderisi da Gubbio and Venedico Caccianemico (*Purg.* ii., and *Inf.* xviii.) who both flourished in Bologna, the one as miniature painter, the other as chief magistrate. There is a Sonnet attributed to Dante which, if accepted as his, decides the matter in favour of his residence there. Carducci in his speech delivered before King Humbert in honour of the University of Bologna in 1880 (its tenth centenary), accepts as an undoubted fact the presence of the young Dante as a student in the University.

(6) V. 6. L. 1. *The Pope and the Emperor.* Pope Clement VII. (Medici) and Charles V. (Hapsburg), after having been at variance for some time, made an alliance signed at Barcelona in 1539, by which Florence lost its liberty and came under the sway of the Medici, and Charles received the double crown of Lombardy and of the Empire. The coronation took place at Bologna in 1530, and this event is treated by Carducci as the final blow to popular liberty and national life in Italy.

SIRMIO

INTRODUCTION

THE beautiful peninsula of Sirmio has inspired poets from Catullus to Carducci, and prose-writers from the sixteenth century onwards have also given us descriptions of it. Not only Italians, but Englishmen and Germans have sung its praises. Amongst so many one can only select some of the most famous of the predecessors of our poet, Dante, Foscolo, Byron, Tennyson and Goethe.

" Sirmio " was published in the *Odi Barbare* in 1877. A prose description of this enchanting spot is also to be found in the " Defence " of the *Ça Ira*, from which I take the following. The poet is viewing the lake from his window in Desenzano: " Benacus here lies at my feet in its widest extent, from Riva far in the background, between two walls of mountains on whose summits the lightnings flash and the mists collect in giant forms; mountains which sportively descend from terrace to terrace in little hills covered with vines and olives, garlanded with groves of laurel and plantations of lemon. Over the extent of the water hangs an intense ashen melancholy; now and again comes the splash of frogs as they plunge, and continually resounding along the shore is the beating and thumping and rubbing of the women at their washing.

" The mountains to the north and west (behind a veil of bluish mist shading into white) lose the proud resolute clearness of their titanic outlines. Monte Baldo is no longer bald, and seems tired out with all the centuries and all the geology which it has to support. Monte Gù does not appear to-day like the enormous giant fallen prone in battle, in whose profile relieved against the sky the people see the features of the dying Napoleon; he is bored and says to the years: ' Let us have done with it.'

. . . . . .

" Look, suddenly a pale ray of sunlight cleaves the mass of clouds capping the mountains with huge white wreaths, and descending in long fleecy flakes like a veil down from the sky. And behold now Sirmio; scarcely does a ray of Phoebus stealing through the air disperse the mists than the pagan Sirmio recognizes

its god, and flashes into a smile between the silvery grey of the olives and the white of the fishermen's houses, while above them rises in its beauty the fourteenth century tower of the Scaligers. Sirmio smiles, and there bursts suddenly forth athwart the gloom of this sleeping-place of the waters a great confusion of lines rosy and golden, violet, peacock-blue, purple, wine colour."

1. Here behold the verdant Sirmio smiles upon the lake's calm waters,
   Fair flower of the peninsula.

2. The sun looks on her and caresses, Benacus[1] round her closes
   Like a goblet huge of silver,

3. Along whose shining marge the peaceful olive, broad branches spreading,
   Mingles with the eternal laurel.

4. This glistening goblet Mother Italy, with arms outstretched upholding
   To the gods supreme presenteth,

5. And the high gods therein let fall from the heavens above, Sirmio,
   The gem of the peninsula.

6. Baldo,[2] rugged mountain sire, from the height the fair protecting,
   Watches 'neath his eyebrows shaggy.

7. The Gu[3] resembles some Titan fallen for her sake in battle,
   Stretched supine, yet still threatening.

8. But towards her on the left from the bay like the crescent moon curving
   Salô[4] her white arms extendeth.

9. Joyous as a maiden who joining in the dance lets her tresses
   And veil float loose on the breezes;

10. And she laughs and she scatters flowers with prófuse hand, and proudly
With flowers her young brow encircles.

11. And in the distant background Garda[5] raises her dark citadel
High above the watery mirror,

12. Singing an ancient saga of buried cities long forgotten,
And of Queens barbaric telling.

13. But here, whence thou in simple joyance of the blue, O Lalage,
Dost send thy soul and thy glances,

14. Here long ago Flavius Catullus[6] his Bithynian bark moored fast
To the stones in the sunshine gleaming,

15. Sat through long days, and in the shifting phosphorescence of the waves
Saw his Lesbia's[7] bright eyes sparkle,

16. Saw the faithless smile, the multitudinous passions of Lesbia
In the glassy wavelets mirrored,

17. While she in dark suburban alleys wore out the puny weaklings,
Descendants of Romulus !

18. While to him from the watery depth the Nymph of the lake was singing :
" Come, O Quintus Valerius ![8]

19. " Come ! Behold even here to our grottos the sun too descendeth,
But white and peaceful as Cynthia.

20. " Here the never ceasing tumult of your busy life appeareth
But of bees the distant humming,

21. " And the anxious madding care and the timorous fears in this cold silence
Fade away in slow oblivion.

22. " Here the fresh coolness, here gentle sleep, here soft music and the choirs
Of cerulean water maidens,

23. " While Hesperus widens the rosy glow of evening upon the waters,
And the waves on the shore are moaning."

24. Ah, cruel Love ! He the Muses hates ; lascivious subdues, tragic
The poet's fire extinguishes.

25. But who from thine eyes that prolonged wars are waging, who can from them
Secure himself, O Lalage ?

26. Cull for the Muses pure three branches [9] of myrtle and of laurel
And to the eternal Sun wave them.

27. Dost thou not see from Peschiera flocks of swans [10] already
Down the silvery Mincio sailing ?

28. Dost thou not hear from those verdant pastures where sleeps Bianore [11]
The breezes waft the voice of Virgil ?

29. Turn and adore, where a poet great, severe, looks forth, O Lalage,
From the towers of the Scaligers.[12]

30. " Up, up, in beautiful Italy," he murmurs and looks smiling
On the land, the sky and the water.

NOTES

(1) Verse 2. Line 1. *Benacus*, an ancient name given to the lake from the town of that name on its shores.

(2) V. 6. L. 1. *Baldo.* Standing on the peninsula and looking up the lake, the most prominent feature of the landscape is the long ridge of Monte Baldo, which rises on the eastern side almost joining the spurs of the Tyrolese Alps. The rugged and somewhat forbidding aspect of the mountain indicated in this description is even more insisted upon in the lines of Arici :

> " S' erge per lungo ed ogni vista occupa
> Di pruine e di orror cinto il selvoso
> Ispido Baldo."

(3) V. 7. L. 1. *Monte Gu*, a corruption of Mont Aigu, rises on the eastern side to the north of Salò. Carducci looks on it as the head of a Titan protecting the lake from the Austrian invasion.

(4) V. 8. L. 2. *Salò.* The town of Salò stretches its white houses round a deep bay, suggesting this image to the poet.

(5) V. 11. L. 1. *Garda*, the village of Garda with the ruins of the castle above which gives its name to the lake, and is supposed to occupy the site of the city of Benacus. Legend asserts that the city is still to be seen beneath the waters. The castle is said to have been the prison of Queen Adelaide, widow of the Emperor Lothair (950 A.D.).

(6) V. 14. L. 1. The ruins of the Villa of Catullus are still to be seen on the peninsula. To this retreat the poet returned from his propraetorship in Bithynia, and here he wrote his famous lines on Sirmio.

(7) V. 15. L. 2. *Lesbia*, the name given by Catullus to his faithless mistress.

(8) V. 18. L. 2. " *Come, O Quintus Valerius ! . . .* " Compare Goethe's " Fischer " :

> " Ach wüsstest du, wie's Fischlein ist
> So wohlig auf dem Grund,
> Du stiegst herunter, wie du bist,
> Und würdest erst gesund.
>
> Labt sich die liebe Sonne nicht,
> Der Mond sich nicht im Meer ?
> Kehrt wellenathmend ihr Gesicht
> Nicht doppelt schöner her ?
> Lockt dich der tiefe Himmel nicht,
> Das feucht verklärte Blau ?
> Lockt dich dein eigen Angesicht
> Nicht her in ew'gen Tau ? "

(9) V. 26. L. 1. The poet invites his Lalage to gather three branches of laurel and myrtle, trees sacred to the Muses, three as representing the great poets whose names are connected with Lake Garda, Catullus, Virgil and Dante. Both the laurel and myrtle grow luxuriantly on the borders of the lake.

(10) V. 27. L. 1. The sailing of the swans from the lake to the Mincio represents the progress of poetry from Catullus to Virgil. Dante also alludes to the connection between Virgil and the Mincio (*Inf.* xx.).

(11) V. 28. L. 1. *Bianor*, son of Tiber and of Manto (daughter of Tiresias, the blind Theban poet and prophet), who, after many wanderings, settled in Italy, where her son founded a city on the banks of the Mincio and called it Mantua, after his mother.

(12) V. 29. L. 2. The Gothic castle of the Scaligers, still in good preservation, stands on the western side of the peninsula. Dante, who was for many years the guest of that noble family of merchant-princes in Verona, may probably have stayed at the castle as Carducci supposes, and have written on the spot the line quoted by him, " Su su, in Italia bella." (See *Inf.* xx.).

ON THE DEATH OF EUGÈNE NAPOLEON

INTRODUCTION

THE poem was written on June 23, 1879, after reading of the death of the young Prince Imperial by the hand of a Zulu during the war in S. Africa. The similar fate of the two Napoleonic princes, both dying prematurely, far from their native country, and having lost the great heritage and hopes to which they had been born, stirred the imagination of the poet, who sees in their tragic destiny a just retribution for the crimes of their fathers.

1. A barbarian assegai one laid low
   All unconscious what it did, the life quenching,
   Light of eyes on whom floating phantoms
   Smiled down from the immeasurable blue ;

2. Lulled on Austrian pillows the other,[1] with kisses
   Satiated, in chilly dawns dreaming reveillées
   And battle rolls, then drooped he as on
   Fragile stem the wan hyacinth droopeth.

3. Far from their mothers both : the bright abundance
   Of their fair young locks the touch seemed awaiting
   Of maternal hand, lightly ruffling
   With its fond caress ; but ah ! instead

4. Into the darkness leaped those young souls,
   No sound of their mother-tongue could follow them,
   Step by step telling of love and of glory ;
   Comfortless, lonely, they passed into silence.

5. Not this, O sombre son of Hortensia,[2]
   Didst thou promise to thy child before Paris ;
   But didst pray : May that fate which o'erwhelmed
   The King of Rome, be from thee averted :

6. Peace and Victory came from Sebastopol,
Lulling the young child with their white wings whirring,
And while Europe looked on in wonder,
Like beacon shone the column of Vendôme.

7. But blood-stained is the mire of December [3];
But the fog of Brumaire is perfidious;
In that air trees grow not, are barren,
Or bear fruits filled with poison and ashes.

8. O solitary house of Ajaccio,[4]
Which green branches of tall oaks overshadow,
Above the serene hills still crown it,
And before it the sea ever soundeth.

9. Here Laetitia [5]—ah, sweet name Italian,
Changed from henceforth into one of ill-omen—
Here was wife, here once happy mother,
Short was the season, alas! and hither

10. Thou, having hurled against thrones the last thunder,
Thou to the peoples just laws having given,
Thou should'st have withdrawn thee, O Consul,
'Twixt the sea and the God thou believed'st in.

11. The home-loving shade of Laetitia dwelleth
In the vacant house; by no ray encircled
From Caesar, this Corsican mother
Lived on 'twixt her tombs and her altars.

12. Her eagle-eyed son, Man of Destiny,
Her daughters bright in beauty as Aurora,
Thrilling with hope her children's children,
Lie all in far-off graves away from her.

13. See standing here the Corsican Niobe,
In the night, in the porch whence her children
Went forth to their christening, proud standing,
Towards the wild sea her arms she outstretches,

14. She calls, she calls, if from burning Africa,
If from Britain's shores, if from America,
Any of her tragic brood thrust out
By Death, might in her bosom find haven.

NOTES

(1) Verse 2. Line 1. *The other.* The young Prince Francis Napoleon, born in Paris, March 20, 1811; died at Vienna, July 22, 1832. Prevented by the schemes of Metternich from taking any part in active political life, he endeavoured to drown his disappointed aspirations in the pleasures of the Court.

(2) V. 5. L. 1. *Sombre son of Hortensia.* Napoleon III., son of Hortense Beauharnais and Louis Bonaparte, raised to the throne of Holland by Napoleon I.

(3) V. 7. Ll. 1 and 2. The allusion to the overthrow of the Directory by Napoleon I., 18th Brumaire (Nov. 9, 1799), and the "Coup d'État" of Napoleon III., suppressing the second Republic, Dec. 2, 1851.

(4) V. 8. L. 1. *Solitary house of Ajaccio.* The Bonaparte family, of Florentine origin, first clearly emerges from obscurity in the person of a certain Guglielmo, who in the year 1261 took the surname of Buonaparte during a brief ascendancy of his (the Ghibelline) party. On their subsequent defeat and exile he took refuge at Sarzana, a small town in Tuscany. Here the family seem to have remained for about three centuries, when in 1529 Francis Buonaparte migrated to Corsica, driven out by the political disturbances of Italy. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the family took part in the civic life of the island, having settled at Ajaccio. The second son of Charles Buonaparte, born August 16, 1469, received the name of Napoleon (meaning "lion of the valley"), a name borne always by one member of the house in remembrance of Napoleone degli Orsini, the defender of Florence in 1530.

(5) V. 9. *Letizia Ramolino*, mother of Napoleon I., was descended from a noble Corsican family, also originally Florentine. Her name from the Latin *laetitia*, signifying gladness, was henceforth to be of ill-omen.

THE ROCK OF QUARTO

INTRODUCTION

THIS Ode, written in 1884, had been suggested to Carducci by a visit to Genoa, and an inspection of the spot. It was written during his summer holiday at Courmayeur, whence he sent it to Chiarini, with the following words: "As a remembrance of my birthday I send you this Ode, thought out, or rather felt, in Genoa, on the spot, written here amid pine-woods, above the Dora."

On the 5th of May, 1860, an expedition under the leadership of Garibaldi and Nino Bixio set out to liberate the people of the two Sicilies from the tyranny of the Bourbons, and to effect their union with the Kingdom of Italy. This expedition, known as that of the Thousand, disembarked at Marsala on the 11th of May, joined the revolutionary party, and after a series of splendid victories succeeded in driving out King "Bomba" and freeing South Italy from Cape Boeo to the Faro, from Reggio to Naples.

For the most picturesque account of the embarkation from Quarto, with all the most recent information available, see *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, G. M. Trevelyan, chap. xi.

1. Into the calm waves stretches the low reef of
   Rocks,[1] while behind them the laurel groves spreading
   Broad foliage, breathe out their sweet odours
   With rustling murmurs into the evening.

2. Pure in her silvery splendour the full moon
   Is shining in front of them, while beside her
   The star of Venus smiling, tinges
   All the sky with her shimmering brightness.

3. Forth from this peaceful nest 'twould seem some
   lover
   Might in his little boat be outward sailing,
   Wafted by gentle zephyrs, to the
   Sweet discourse of secret love. His lady

4. Fixedly gazing on the star of Venus.
Italy, Italy, lady of ages,
Lady of poets, lady of martyrs,
Glorious widow,[2] of infinite sorrows.

5. Sailing from thence thy faithful lover sought thee
Over the sea; round him draping his ample
Poncho's folds from his leonine neck,
The sword of Rome[3] high poised on his shoulder

6. There Garibaldi stood. They came noiselessly,
By fives, by tens,[4] melted into the shadow
Dark companies, these the avengers,
The thousand avengers of destiny.

7. As when pirates seeking rich booty steal forth,
So these wander concealed from thee, Italia!
Down thy coasts, for thee death entreating
Of the ocean, of heaven, of their brethren.

8. From the marble bow of her terraced palaces[5]
Genoa, the Superb, glowed with her bright lights,
While her songs in the moonlit evening
Died away o'er the sea in the distance.

9. O house where that prophetic genius[6] stirred up
Pisacane[7] to attempt the fatal voyage!
O dwelling where Childe Harold[8] thirsted
For the heroic strife of Missolonghi!

10. A crown of Olympian light encircled
The white roofs of thy lofty palaces,
That evening of the fifth of May, when
Sacrifice was victory, O poesy!

11. And star of Venus, star of Italia,
Star of Caesar, then thou didst smile, and never
With thy radiance didst thou illumine
For Italian souls a spring more sacred.

12. Since the time when the silent prow of Aeneas [9]
Big with fateful future, Tiber's stream breasted,
And the steep rocks where Pallantium
Had fallen, saw great Rome proudly rising.

NOTES

(1) Verse 1. Line 2. The Rock of Quarto on the Genoese shore. A low reef of rocks stretches out into the sea, below the little town of Quarto, so called because it is situated on the Roman road, four miles from Genoa. This formerly obscure place has become famous by having been the point of departure for the Thousand, under the command of Garibaldi, in the two steamers *Piemonte* and *Lombardo*. A monument commemorating the event has been erected there.

(2) V. 4. L. 4. *Glorious widow*, because at the date when this was written Italy had lost Garibaldi, who died June 2, 1882.

(3) V. 5. L. 4. *Sword of Rome.* Garibaldi's sword was the same which he had used in the defence of the Roman Republic in 1849.

(4) V. 6. L. 2. The expedition was undertaken in secrecy, officially unknown to the Government, though a letter of Victor Emmanuel's to Garibaldi recently published (1911), shows that though the King did not openly support the expedition, he nevertheless was in full sympathy with it, and in frequent communication with General Garibaldi.

(5) V. 8. L. 1. *Marble bow.* Genoa is built on a semi-circle of hills surrounding the bay of the same name, and is likened to a bent bow, and the sea the string. See also the *Sonnet to Mazzini*, lines 1 and 2.

(6) V. 9. L. 1. *Prophetic genius.* Giuseppe Mazzini.

(7) V. 9. L. 2. *Pisacane* (1818-57). A Neapolitan Republican, Professor of Mathematics at Genoa, wrote on historical, political and military subjects. In 1857, instigated by Mazzini, he sailed from Genoa with a small band of followers, to attempt the expulsion of the Bourbons from Naples. He took the Island of Ponza and landed at Sapri, where he and his three hundred followers were defeated and slain. The event is celebrated in a beautiful poem called *The Gleaner of Sapri*, by Mercantini, of which a translation is to be found in Longfellow's *Poems of Places*.

(8) V. 9. L. 3. Lord Byron, frequently alluded to under the name of Harold by Carducci. Byron sailed from Genoa to Missolonghi, where he died, April, 1824. Missolonghi, on the Gulf of Patras, was one of the principal Greek strongholds which held out heroically against the Turks.

(9) V. 12. L. 1. According to tradition Aeneas sailed up the Tiber to the fortress of Pallantium, founded by Evander sixty years before the Siege of Troy. The name was taken from the city in Arcadia whence Evander migrated to Italy, giving the old name to his second home. The site of the original city can still be traced on one of the groups of seven hills near Tripolitza. This ancient Greek stronghold gave its name to the Palatine, and from it is derived *palace*, the residence of a ruler.

SALUTO ITALICO

INSPIRED BY CARDUCCI'S VISIT TO TRIESTE IN 1878.

The critic[1] sneers at my verses, of ancient fashion Italic,
Which I with care beat out on my fingers, recalling your numbers

Dispersed, like bees at the strident noise of brazen discs clashing,
They gather together again with multitudinous buzzing.

But ye, O my verses, take your flight from my heart like young eaglets
From their nests on Alpine summits at the first zephyr of morning;

Take your flight and as ye pass with anxious care question the murmur
That the winds down the Julian, through the Rhaetian Alpine passes,

From the green abysses, along by the rivers, send heavily
Laden with epic defiance, with songs of doings heroic.

Like a sigh o'er the silvery waters of Garda it passes,
'Tis a lament from Aquileia o'er the solitudes wafted.

They hear it, those dead of Bezzecca,[2] and wait in expectancy.
"When?" cries Bronzetti,[3] erect 'mid the clouds, a shadow phantasmal.

" When ? " grey veterans one to another are sadly repeating,
Who, when their locks were dark, O Trent, one day had bidden thee farewell.

" When ? " impatiently chafing, ask the young men who but yesterday
From the towers of St. Just beheld blue gleaming the waters of Adria,

Fly with the new year, O verses of ancient fashion Italic,
To the beautiful Gulf of Trieste, to the hills, to the spirits ;

With the rays of the sun that empurple the church of Petronius,[4]
From the towers of St. Just,[4] where the Roman ruins lie scattered ;

Bear greeting o'er the gulf to Giustinopoli,
Gem of Istria, to the green port, to the lion of Muggia,

Bear greeting to the god-like laughter of Adria,
Far as where Pola displays her temples to Rome and to Caesar.

Then beside the urn where rest the ashes of Winckelmann,[5] herald
Of the arts and of glory, betwixt two peoples still watching

In the face of the stranger in arms on our soil encamping
Sing, O my verses, Italia, Italia, Italia !

NOTES

(1) Line 1. *The critic.* In the original the name " Molosso " is used. It was the pseudonym of Paolo Fambri, who had criticised adversely the *Odi Barbare.*

(2) L. 13. *Bezzecca.* A town of the Trentino where, in 1866, fifteen hundred Garibaldians lost their lives fighting against the Austrians.

(3) L. 14. *Bronzetti.* Narciso Bronzetti, a native of Cavalese in the Trentino, was killed in a fight with the Austrians in 1859.

(4) Lines 21 and 22. *S. Petronius,* the most important church of Bologna. *S. Giusto* or *St. Just,* the ancient cathedral church of Trieste, dating from the age of Theodosius, erected on the ruins of a Roman temple dedicated to Jupiter, Juno and Minerva.

(5) L. 27. *Winckelmann.* Johann Winckelmann, born in 1717 at Stendal in Brandenburg. He came to Italy in 1754, and may be looked upon as the father of archaeology and of the history of art. He was assassinated at Trieste in 1768, and is buried in the church of St. Just. His tomb stands " between two peoples," the Teutonic and the Latin, as the symbol of the universality of Art.

From the *Nuovo Giornale,* Nov. 4, 1918 :

" We have the following earliest particulars of the taking of Trieste. Some squadrons of Bersaglieri and a battalion of marines, under the orders of Commander Dentice, disembarked on the mole. The Italian troops had been brought under the escort of a convoy of light cruisers and submarines, the tricolour had been raised on the tower of the Town Hall, on the tower of the Cathedral of S. Giusto and on other public buildings. At the same time the private houses displayed the Italian flag. The joy of the people at the liberation of the city is indescribable. The Bersaglieri were received with wild enthusiasm."

MIRAMAR

(1878)

INTRODUCTION

In 1878 Carducci visited the Castle of Miramar, formerly the residence of the unfortunate Archduke Maximilian of Austria, for a brief period Emperor of Mexico. The unrest of party warfare in the Republic of Mexico induced Napoleon III. to conceive the idea of establishing an Empire of the Latin races on the American continent, as a counterbalance to the Republic of the United States. Mexico having failed to repay a large loan advanced by a French banking house, gave him the opportunity of sending troops to occupy the country. After a prolonged struggle the French succeeded in entering the capital city of Mexico, and having there proclaimed an Empire, Napoleon offered the crown to the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, brother of the Emperor Francis Joseph. The Mexican deputation, at the head of which was Guthierez de Estrada, arrived at Miramar, April 10, 1864; the Austrian prince sailed two days later on the flagship *Novara* for Mexico, where he was proclaimed in the capital on the 10th of June following. Juarez, head of one of the Republican parties, supported by the United States, carried on an obstinate resistance, and Maximilian, wearied by the long guerilla struggle, pusillanimously abandoned by the French, and seeing himself unpopular as a foreigner among the people, took refuge at Queretaro, where he was taken prisoner and shot by order of Juarez, June 19, 1867. His wife, the Empress Charlotte, daughter of Leopold, King of the Belgians, became insane with grief, and returned to Europe, where she resided till her death.

This Ode and that on the death of Eugène Napoleon, as well as some of the Sonnets of the *Ça Ira*, express Carducci's theory of the moral government of the universe, that retribution, however long delayed, finally overtakes the descendants of tyrants and evildoers.

1. O Miramar, over thy white towers
Vexed by skies with rain heavily laden,[1]
Dark with the flight of birds of ill omen,
Clouds are gathering.

2. O Miramar, 'gainst thy rocks of granite
From the grim ocean frowningly rising,
Like souls tormented hurtling in battle,
Grey waves are beating.

3. Under the shadow of clouds gloomily
Stand those gems of the sea, the turreted
Cities,[2] Pirano, Egida, Paranzo,
Muggia, watching;

4. And the sea flings to that rock-built bastion
Up in foam all those bellówing furies,
Whence to both the Adrian shores thou lookest,
Castle of Hapsburg;

5. And the heavens over Nabresina[3]
Thunder along the iron-charged coast, while
Trieste below, lightning-crowned, from amid
Clouds her head raises.

6. Alas! how on that sweet April morning
All nature smiled, when came the Emperor
Forth, the fair-haired, to set sail, his lovely
Lady leading.

7. He upon whose manly form is printed
Command, with calm face, she his fair lady,
With proud eyes blue as the summer sky out
Towards the sea gazing.

8. Farewell, O castle,[4] in vain erected
A nest of love for days of happiness;
Other breezes the wedded pair hurry
O'er the lone ocean.

9. Kindled with hope they leave the storied hall,
The inscriptions wise, the pictured triumphs.[5]
Dante and Goethe to the Emperor
In vain are speaking

10. From animated busts. With enigmatic
Face a Sphinx [6] allures them o'er the waters :
He yields, the volume of the romancer [7]
Leaving half opened.

11. But not of love tells nor of adventure
Song or sound of lute that bid him welcome
To the Spain of the Aztecs. What chant comes
Borne on the breezes,

12. Through the hoarse lamenting of the surges
From Salvore's [8] melancholy headland ?
Do the dead of Venice sing ? or ancient
Fays of Istria ?

13. Alas ! on our seas, O son of Hapsburg
Novara's [9] fatal deck ill-omened mountedst,
Mounteth with thee a dark Erinnys
Thy sails unfurling.

14. Thou beholdest the Sphinx transform her seeming,
She recedes, perfidiously alluring,
It is the pale face of mad Joanna [10]
On thy wife gazing.

15. It is the skull of Marie Antoinette [11]
Ghastly grinning ; cavernous eyes glaring
At thee from the yellow face contorted
Of Montezuma.[12]

16. In the midst of the close aloe-thicket,
Never stirred by the fresh breath of breezes
Within the dusk temple pyramidal
Livid flames belching.

17. Through the dense tropical darkness scenting
Thy blood, the god Huitzilopotli [13]
Howls to thee : " Come ! ", his glance the broad ocean
Swiftly o'erpassing.

18. " Long have I been waiting; the white fierceness [14]
Ruined my kingdom, profaned my temples.
Come, from the fifth Charles thou the descendant,
Predestined victim.

19. " No offering with ancestral strain tainted,
Or royal madness would e'er content me;
Thee I waited, flower of the Hapsburgs,
Thee will I gather.

20. " To the great soul of Guatimozino
Who reigns beneath the sun's bright pavilion,
Victim I send thee, pure, strong, beautiful,
O Maximilian ! "

NOTES

(1) Verse 1. Line 2. Carducci's visit took place on a dark and stormy day of July.

(2) V. 3. L. 3. *Pirano, Egida, etc.* Towns on the east coast of the Adriatic. *Pirano* stands on the most western point of Istria, near Salvore. *Egida* (the ancient name of Capo d'Istria) hides itself in a small bay between Muggia and Paranzo. *Paranzo*, half way down the coast, is celebrated for its beautiful Byzantine temple. *Muggia* is near Trieste on the gulf.

(3) V. 5. L. 1. *Nabresina.* A town principally of miners employed in the iron works.

(4) V. 8. L. 1. *The Castle of Miramar* was built (1856-60) in an enchanting situation, at a short distance from Trieste, surrounded by gardens and decorated with considerable taste under the personal superintendence of the Archduke.

(5) V. 9. L. 2. *Pictured triumphs.* The throne-room is decorated with a large canvas representing the Apotheosis of the Emperor Maximilian, and with another showing an allegory of the reign of Charles V. All around are engraved Latin mottoes chosen by the Archduke. At the four doors of the library are placed the busts of Homer, Dante, Goethe and Shakespeare.

(6) V. 10. L. 2. *Sphinx.* Possibly suggested by the Egyptian figure of a sphinx which looks out to the Adriatic from the Mole.

(7) V. 10. L. 3. When Carducci visited Miramar, a volume of Spanish romances, *Il Romancero*, was still lying open upon the table.

(8) V. 12. L. 2. *Salvore.* The allusion is to the traditional defeat of Otto, son of Frederick Barbarossa, by the united fleets of Venice and Istria, an event celebrated by Tintoretto in a picture in the Ducal Palace in Venice.

(9) V. 13. L. 2. *Novara.* This was considered a name of ill-omen for a ship on the Italian seas, because it recalled a signal defeat of their arms. The same ship brought back in 1868 to Trieste the body of the unfortunate prince.

(10) V. 14. L. 3. *Mad Joanna.* The mother of Charles V., suggests the madness which was to overtake the unhappy Charlotte.

(11) V. 15. L. 1. *Marie Antoinette.* Also a princess of the House of Hapsburg.

(12) V. 15. L. 4. *Montezuma.* A victim of the Spanish branch of the Hapsburgs.

(13) V. 17. L. 2. *Huitzilopotli.* He was the war-god of Mexico, to whom human sacrifices were made. Now in the depths of his primeval forest he is represented as awaiting the last and most exalted of his victims in propitiation to the spirit of Guatimozin, the last Aztec Emperor, born at Mexico 1497, died 1522. He courageously defended his Empire against the Spaniards under Cortes, but was defeated. Condemned to death, he was first stretched on live coals in order that he might reveal the hiding-place of the treasures. He remained firm in his silence, and in reply to his Minister, who was suffering the same torture and implored to be allowed to speak, he said: "Do you think that I am on a bed of roses?"

(14) V. 18. L. 1. *White fierceness.* Reference to the cruelty of the white men in the conquest of Mexico.

ODE TO THE QUEEN OF ITALY

INTRODUCTION

THIS Ode was presented to Queen Margherita on her birthday, November 20, 1878. It was inspired by the visit of the young King and Queen to Bologna earlier in the year. See "General Introduction" for the criticism it aroused in the poet's Republican friends, and for his reply and defence.

On the occasion of the performance of "Oedipus Rex" in the ruins of the Roman theatre at Fiesole, this Ode was recited before Queen Margherita by the grandson of Salvini, the great actor, Salvini's son taking the part of Oedipus (May, 1911).

1. Whence didst thou come, what centuries[1] transmitted
   Thee to us so gentle and so beautiful?
   Down through the songs of sacred poets
   There where I, O Queen, one day beheld thee?

2. Was it then, in those steep rock-built fortresses,
   Hot Latin suns embrowned tawny Germania
   The blue-eyed,[2] and in new minstrelsy[3]
   The clash of arms mingled with love's lightnings?

3. Fair-haired virgins with changing colour followed
   The sorrowful lay's monotonous cadence;
   Lifting humid dark eyes to heaven
   They besought for the strong ones God's mercy.

4. Or was it in that short day when Italy
   Was all one blithesome May,[4] and all the people
   Were cavaliers, when Love in triumph
   Wound 'mid the battlemented houses,

5. Into the Piazzas, gay with white marble
Statues, with sunshine, with bright coloured flowers
And " O cloud," as sang Alighieri,[5]
" Dost in Love's shadow smiling fade away."

6. As the white star of Venus [6] in young April
Above the highest Alpine summits rises,
And on the snows still golden glowing
In her calm and tranquil radiance breaking

7. Laughs on the lowly solitary cottage,
Laughs on the fertile valley's lush luxuriance,
And in the shadow of the poplars
Wakens the nightingale and talk of lovers,

8. So dost thou with the circlet of diamond
Light crowning thy fair hair pass on resplendent,
And proud of thee the crowd rejoices,
As when a daughter goes to the altar.

9. With a smile mingled with tears of emotion
The young maiden looks on thee, and timidly
Stretching her arms as to an elder
Sister, she calls to thee : " Margherita [7] ! "

10. And around thee flies the Alcaic strophe [8]
Free-born 'mid the fierce tumults for liberty.
Three times [9] it encircles thy tresses,
Brushing them with wings that know of tempests.

11. Singing it says : " Hail, O illustrious lady,
For whom a crown was by the Graces woven,
From whom the tones of tender pity
Speak in each accent of her voice so gentle.

12. " Hail, thou kindly Queen ! As long as the visions
Of Raphael shall flit through the pure Italian
Light of the evenings, and the lyrics
Of Petrarch shall sigh 'mid the laurels."

NOTES

(1) Verse 1. Line 1. *Centuries.* The poet passes in brief review the progress of events through the changing centuries, which culminate in the beauty and virtues of Queen Margherita.

(2) V. 2. Ll. 2 and 3. *Hot Latin suns,* etc. Reference to the incursions of the Teutonic peoples into Northern Italy, and their settlement there, establishing the feudal system, together with the introduction of the poetry of chivalry, their intermarrying with the native Italians, and the consequent modification of the race characteristics.

(3) V. 2. L. 3. *New minstrelsy.* The reference is to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and especially to the " Dolce stil nuovo," brought to perfection by Dante Alighieri.

(4) V. 4. L. 2. *One blithesome May* alludes to the floral festivals celebrated during the month of May throughout Mediaeval times, of which traces still remain in popular customs in England and Italy.

(5) V. 5. L. 3. Allusion to the lines by Dante :

" Deh nuvoletta, che 'n ombra d'Amore
Negli occhi miei di subito apparisti ; "

(*Canzoniere,* Parte II., Ball. ii.)

which occur in one of his earlier poems, written in the metre and style of the May folk-songs, and addressed to Beatrice.

(6) V. 6. L. 1. *The star of Venus.* Considered by Carducci as especially the guiding star of Italy, and frequently alluded to in this sense. (See *Scoglio di Quarto,* V. 2, L. 2), and in the dedication of the new edition of the *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores* :

Alla Maestà
della
Regina Margherita
Fra la storia antica d' Italia
E la nuovissima
Stella ferma candida propiziatrice.

From this planet, called by the ancient Greeks Hesperus, the western star, the early name given by them to the Italian peninsula (Hesperia) is derived. It is also noted that at the first inauguration of the Italian Parliament in Rome in 1871, the star was still visible shining brightly at 11 a.m., as the King entered the Palace of Montecitorio, and this was looked upon by the people as a good omen.

(7) V. 9. L. 4. An incident noted by Carducci as he stood among the crowd in the Piazza.

(8) V. 10. L. 1. Alcaeus took part in a revolution in his native Mitylene to get rid of and murder the tyrant Myrsilos, and afterwards wrote an Ode to celebrate the event : " Now we may drink and drink again, and intoxicate ourselves, for Myrsilos is dead."

(9) V. 10. L. 3. *Three times.* Three always looked upon as a mystic number of good augury.

RUIT HORA

1. O longed-for solitude of greenery,
Far from noisy hum of cities,
Two friends divine with us will come thither,
Love and wine, O Lydia !

2. Behold now in the crystal-clear goblet
Laughs Lyaeus, youth eternal !
While love within thine eyes, O bright Lydia,
Triumphs, and doffs his bandage.

3. The low sun floods with level beams the bower
Breaking them in rosy brightness
Within my glass. In thy locks his gold shimmers
Tremulous, O Lydia.

4. In thy tresses dark, O white Lydia,
Faintly a pale rose languishes,
And in my heart a sudden sweet sadness
The fire of love tempers.

5. Tell me wherefore, beneath the flames of evening
Sends the sea forth mysterious moaning
Below there ? And what are the songs, O Lydia,
Those pines sing to each other ?

6. See with what yearning towards the westering
Sun their arms yonder hills stretch out,
They seem, as shadows grow and enfold them,
To crave a last kiss, O Lydia.

7. For thy kisses I crave, if the shadow,
Lyaeus, joy-giver, o'ertake me ;
I crave for thine eyes, O bright Lydia,
If falls Hyperion.

8. And the hour doth fall ; unclose, O rosy
Lips, O flower of the soul, O flower
Of desire, unfold thy close petals,
O dear arms, to me open !

AT THE STATION ON AN AUTUMN MORNING

(1876)

INTRODUCTION

In this fine Ode the poet successfully shows the possibility of treating poetically the most commonplace of modern incidents, taking leave of a dear friend at the station on a dreary November morning. No detail is omitted, from the clipping of the tickets to the snorting of the engine. An impression of profound sadness pervades the poem, which is deepened by the final lines.

1. Oh how those lamps are pursuing each other
Under the tall trees lazily yonder,
On miry road sleepily spreading
Their light through branches dripping with rain-drops.

2. Plaintively, shrilly and stridently whistles
The steam belched from the engine near by. Leaden
The sky, and the morning autumnal
Like a huge phantom over all hovers.

3. Whither and to what goal do these people
Hasten along, closely muffled and silent
To the dark cars? To what unknown sorrows,
To what vain torments of hope long deferred?

4. Thou, pensive Lydia, givest thy ticket
To the swift sharp clip of the guard; thou givest
Thy best years to Time, the pursuer,
Thy moments enjoyed, thy remembrances.

5. By the side of the black train inspectors,
Black hooded, pass along coming and going,
Like shadows ; dim lanterns they carry
And long rods of iron, and the iron

6. Brakes rapidly tested like a knell sounding,
Long and lugubrious, while a sad echo
From the depths of the soul responded
Like a spasm of pain in its dulness.

7. Then the doors harshly slammed to in the shutting
Seem insults ; mocking, the call for departure,
The last summons, sounds rapid alarum ;
On the panes great rain-drops are beating.

8. Lo ! of his metallic soul now become conscious,
The monster shudders, snorts, pants and opening
Eyes of flame, hurls into the darkness
Long whistles loud, space shrilly challenging.

9. His hideous length trailing starts the fell monster,
Bears away my love with his wings wide flapping.
Ah, that pale face and farewell flutter
Of veil vanishing into the darkness.

10. O gentle face softened in roseate pallor !
O eyes, ye stars that are with peace all radiant !
O pure white brow, by locks abundant
Shaded, in gracious attitude inclining !

11. Life thrilled the warm air when thine eyes shone on me ;
And in thy smile hot summer palpitated,
And the young sun of June delighted
In bestowal of luminous kisses

12. Between the clustering chestnut curls' warm shadow,
On the tender bloom of the soft cheek ; brighter
Than any sun my dreams surround the
Fair form with an aureole of glory.

13. Now under the rain and into the dark mist
I return, and fain with them would I mingle :
I reel as one drunk, and I touch me
Lest I too might be naught but a phantom.

14. O what a falling of leaves never-ending,
Chilly, silent, heavy on my soul ; methinks
That the world around me for ever
Has become all-pervading November.

15. Better for him who has lost sense of being,
Better this gloom, better this mist low lowering,
I would, I would lay me down in a
Dulness of calm that should last for ever.

A SUMMER'S DREAM

Mid thy battles, O Homer, and resonant swing of thy verses,
Did the heat of the day overcome me, my head sank in slumber
By the banks of Scamander,[1] but to the Tyrrhenian my heart flew.
Sweet things and placid I dreamed of, I dreamed of my earliest years,
Vanished my books and the chamber, made hot with the sun of July,
And reverberant with the rolling of heavy carts on the flint-paved
Streets of the city.[2] Then around me rose the hills that I loved well,
Wild hills that young April reflowered; down the hill-side descended
Rippling fresh murmurs a brooklet, and babbling grew to a river.
By the river, in bloom of her young years, my mother was walking.
A child by the hand she was leading, on whose white shoulders brightly
Golden locks clustered. The boy walked with short steps, joyous, exultant,
Proud in the love of his mother, his heart moved by the festival
Vast of harmonious melodies life-giving Nature was chanting.

Far above from the hamlet[3] were bells sweetly chiming glad tidings,
Announcing that Christ on the morrow would return to His Heaven.
Over the peaks and the plain, and through the branches, through the breezes,
Through the waters, rang out melodious the Spirit of Spring-tide,
And the apple trees and the peach trees were all white and pink blossom,
While in flowers beneath them the grass laughed in turquoise and yellow,
Downward sloping were the meadows, clothed all in deep crimson clover
And the gentle hills had decked themselves with broom in golden glory,
And a zephyr soft came down from the sea, those bright flowers stirring,
Wafted their odours around. On the sea four white sails came gliding,
Came gliding slowly, rocked backwards and forwards, in sunshine swaying,
Sunshine which mingled earth, sea and heaven in one brilliant splendour.
Happy and blessed the young mother gazed out into the sunlight;
Long I gazed on my mother, and pensively gazed on my brother,
He now so long lies on the flowery hill by the Arno,[4]
She too now sleeps well near the solemn Carthusian[5] hermitage,
Thoughtful, and doubting whether they still breathed the sweet air of our earth
Or if those kind ones because of my grief came back from a shore where
Over again they lived happy years amid shadows familiar.
But the dear dream images vanished, lightly passed with the sleeping.

Meanwhile Lauretta [6] with joyous music filled all the chambers,
Bent o'er her frame in silence Bice plied the swift toil of her needle.

NOTES

(1) Line 3. *Scamander.* The poet was reading the Sixteenth Book of the *Iliad* when he fell asleep, and dreamed that he passed from the banks of the Scamander, the river on which Troy was built, to the shores of the Mediterranean at Bolgheri in the Tuscan Maremma, where he had passed his childhood.

(2) L. 7. Carducci was at this time living in Bologna, in Via Mazzini, on the top storey of Palazzo Rizzoli.

(3) L. 15. The *hamlet* is Bolgheri, also alluded to in *San Guido.* It stands on a hill above the plain of the Maremma.

(4) and (5) Ll. 29 and 30. His brother Dante Carducci died in 1857 at S. Maria al Monte, in the Val d'Arno (refer to the *Funere Mersit Acerbo*). His mother died in 1870 at Bologna, and is buried in the Vault at the Certosa, where Carducci himself now lies.

(6) Ll. 35 and 36. *Lauretta*, the second daughter of the poet. *Bice*, or Beatrice, the eldest of his three daughters.

BY THE URN OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

INTRODUCTION

In 1886, Carducci, accompanied by a lady, paid a visit to the Protestant Cemetery in Rome. They remained for some time contemplating the tomb of Shelley under the Aurelian Wall. The lady was much affected by the melancholy associations of the spot. In his elegy the poet, while sharing her feelings, finds consolation in the thought of the immortal creations of the great poets, and of the singers themselves. The idea of an Island of the Blest, haunted by the shades of the heroes and heroines of the world-famous epics and dramas, had already been expressed in some of Carducci's earlier verses, *To Nœera*, in the "Juvenilia," and also in the *Alessandrine* (Hellenic Spring), but in neither was the thought so completely worked out as in the present Ode. From the grave the poet passes in imagination to the Island of the Blest, where he sees the warriors and lovers of Greek and Northern legend wandering through its myrtle groves and along its shores. At the close of the poem he reverts to the grave of Shelley, and looks out from it over the Roman Campagna.

The elegy was written in the December following his visit, and was published in a literary journal, the *Domenica del Fracassa*.

1. Lalage,[1] I know what dream in thy deep heart arises,
   know too
   What are the good things lost thy wandering eye
   doth follow.

2. Vain is the hour that is with us ; it strikes and flown
   is the moment ;
   Only in the past find we beauty, only in death find
   we truth,

3. On the mountain of the centuries the ardent Clio plants her
Agile foot, outspreading to heaven her glorious pinions.

4. Beneath the soaring Muse the world's vast graveyard illuminated
Yawns revealed, while before her laughs the sun in splendour arisen

5. Of the new era. Thou thought of my youthful years, O strophe,[2]
Fly back henceforth for ever secure, O fly back to the old loves.

6. Fly through the heavens, the heavens serene, to the beautiful
Island far out in the distant seas resplendent with fantasy.

7. Siegfried and Achilles,[3] heroes tall and fair, on their spears leaning,
Are wandering here beside the resounding deep, their songs singing.

8. Ophelia [4] from her pale lover fleeing, to the one gives flowers,
While to the other from the sacrifice comes Iphigenia.

9. Under a verdant oak-tree Roland [5] high converse holds with Hector,
While Durendal, set round with gold and gems, in bright sunshine glitters.

10. Andromache [6] once more clasps her son to her comely bosom;
Alda the beautiful motionless stands, on her stern sire gazing.

11. His grey locks wild, King Lear his woes relates to wandering Œdipus,[7]
Œdipus with uncertain eyes still searches for the Sphinx.

12. Pious Cordelia[8] calls: "Alas, O white-robed Antigone,
Come, Grecian sister, come, let us together sing peace to our fathers."

13. Helen and Isolda[9] pensive pace beneath the shade of myrtles,
While the crimson sunset laughs in the flowing gold of their tresses.

14. Helena watches the heaving waves; King Mark turns to Isolda,
His arms wide outstretching, on his full beard her fair head reposes.

15. With the remorseful Scottish queen[10] on the shore stands Clytemnestra
In the light of the moon, they in the sea their white arms are plunging.

16. And the cool sea swollen with warm red blood recoils, while the weeping
Of the unhappy queens all along the rocky marge re-echoes.

17. O far far away from the paths of the rude toiling of mortals,
Island of fair women, island of heroes, island of Poets!

18. Island around whose shore the ocean breaks in whitening surges,
And strange birds wing their way wandering through the dark blue vault of heaven.

19. Grand and sonorous, shaking the laurel trees, passes the Epic
As over the billowy plains passes in May the tornado,

20. Or as when Wagner[11] with his thousand-souled power harmonizes
Resounding brass with voices, the heart of humanity thrilling.

21. Ah but hither not one later poet as yet hath arisen,
Were it not thou, perchance, O youthful Shelley, thou soul Titanic,

22. In a virgin form enclosed, snatched from the divine entanglement
Of Thetis, thee Sophocles[12] bore in haste to dwell with hearts heroic.

23. O heart of hearts,[13] over this marble which holds thy cold ashes
Spring casts her bright many-coloured flowers, shedding warmth and perfume.

24. O heart of hearts, behold ! the sun, divine father, envelopes thee,
With his radiant beams of love, thou poor silent heart, thee surrounding.

25. Freshly in the spacious air of Rome the dark cypresses quiver,
And thou, O poet of the enfranchised world, where dost thou tarry ?

26. Thou, where art thou ? Dost thou hear me ? Mine eyes all wet with tears are gazing
Out to the sad wide plain stretching beyond the Aurelian circuit.

NOTES

(1) Verse 1. Line 1. *Lalage.* Under the Horatian name of Lalage, Carducci veils the identity of the lady who accompanied him.

(2) V. 5. L. 1. *O strophe.* Reference to the already mentioned earlier poems.

(3) V. 7. L. 1. *Siegfried and Achilles.* Siegfried, the hero of the *Nibelungenlied*, is associated with the Greek Achilles.

(4) V. 8. Ll. 1 and 2. *Ophelia* and *Iphigenia.* The heroines of Shakespeare and Sophocles.

(5) V. 9. L. 1. *Roland.* The champion of the Charlemagne Cycle, bearing his magic sword *Durendal*, is linked with the Trojan *Hector.*

(6) V. 10. Ll. 1 and 2. *Andromache*, the Trojan princess, and *Alda* in the *Orlando Furioso*, are here brought together.

(7) V. 11. L. 1. *Lear* and *Oedipus.* Two tragic kings, victims of the violation of family obligations, the *Lear* of Shakespeare and the *Oedipus* of Sophocles.

(8) V. 12. L. 1. Again the creations of Shakespeare and Sophocles, *Cordelia* and *Antigone*, both sacrificed to the sacred bond of blood.

(9) V. 13. L. 1. *Helen and Isolda.* Both victims of illicit love, *Isolda* taken from the Arthurian Romance, and *Helen* from the Homeric Epic.

(10) V. 15. L. 1; and V. 16. The sad *Scottish queen* and *Clytemnestra.* Two guilty queens; the verses are probably a reminiscence of the passage in *Macbeth*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

> " Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green one red."

(11) V. 20. L. 1. *Wagner.* The music of Wagner much admired by Carducci is specially noted here as having given modern interpretation to the old Teutonic and Celtic tales.

(12) V. 22. L. 2. *Sophocles.* A volume of Sophocles was found on the poet when his body was cast on shore near Viareggio. Carducci has made use of this fact to indicate that Shelley ranks among the epic and dramatic poets whose works he has been celebrating.

(13) V. 23. L. 1. *O heart of hearts* refers to " Cor Cordium," the words inscribed on Shelley's tomb. Compare the *Adonais*

(stanzas 49 and 50), written the year before Shelley's death, in which he describes the spot so soon to become his resting-place.

" Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where like an infant's smile over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread ;
And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds like slow fire upon a hoary brand ;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble, and beneath
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath."

SNOWFALL

(1889)

Slowly flake by flake, from a sky the colour of ashes,
Flutters the snow; no cry of life from the city resounds,

Not the cry of the vendor of herbs, not the rumble of waggons,
Not of songs joyous with love and youth rise the refrains.

Hoarsely hours are groaning from the belfry in the Piazza
Through the air like the sighs of a world remote from the day.

At my clouded window wandering birds are tapping, friendly
Spirits returning are they, come to look on me, and to call.

Oh indomitable heart, be calm! Soon, O ye dear ones,
Soon shall I descend to silence, soon in the shade repose.

GEOFFREY RUDEL

(1888)

INTRODUCTION

In 1886 Carducci delivered a lecture on Rudel and the Provençal troubadours before the Society for the Higher Education of Women, instituted by Queen Margherita, which then met at the Palombella, but was afterwards transferred to the Collegio Romano. In this lecture he discussed the question of the historical reality of the poet, as well as the literary significance of the legend which has gathered round him. Carducci, with the majority of French critics, accepts the identification of the troubadour Rudel with the Prince of Blaye, descended in the third or fourth degree from the Counts of Angoulême, who joined in the second Crusade preached by S. Bernard of Clairvaux in 1147. The oldest notice of the story of Rudel is to be found in the collection of *Lives of the Troubadours*, written in Provençal in the first half of the thirteenth century. Some poems attributed to him are still extant—two of these refer to a love episode of the more usual kind, and three to a passion for a distant lady unknown and unseen—probably the Countess of Tripoli referred to in the Life and Legend. This romantic story has fascinated many poets. Petrarch in the *Trionfo d'Amore* refers to him as :

> " Giaufré Rudel, che usò la vela e il remo
> A cercar la sua morte."

This reference to Rudel was fully discussed by the sixteenth century commentators of Petrarch, who, however, seem to have been unaware of the Provençal Life, but accepted the story as historical.

In 1570, John Nostradamus, brother of the famous astrologer, published the *Lives* of the most celebrated troubadours in which he follows the old *Life of Rudel* already alluded to, but had evidently access to other materials which have disappeared. The touching story is supposed to have inspired the *Consalvo* of Leopardi, and forms the subject of a ballad of Uhland, and one in the

Romanziero of Heine, and Rostand chose it as the subject of his drama *La Princesse Lointaine.* Amongst English writers, Browning and Mary Robinson have each given us a poem on the subject.

1. From Lebanon the cool fresh morn
   Sheds rosy tremors on the sea ;
   By Latin barque the cross is borne
   From Cyprus sailing gallantly.
   On deck stands Rudel, Prince of Blaye,[1]
   With fever faint, his yearning eyes
   Seek on the heights above the bay
   Where Tripoli's fair castle lies.

2. When he beholds the Asian strand,
   The famous song he sings anew.
   " Love hath for you from far-off land
   Filled all my heart with aching pain."
   The circlings of the grey sea-mew
   Follow the lover's sweet complaint ;
   On the white sails the sun grows faint,
   Obscured by clouds in fleecy train.

3. The ship in the calm haven drops
   Her anchor fast ; Bertrand descends
   In anxious care, naught heeds, nor stops,
   Toward the hill his way he wends.
   With mourning trappings all bedight
   The shield of Blaye is in his hand,
   He hastens to the Castle height :
   " Where is the Lady Mélisande[2] ?

4. " The messenger of love I come,
   I come the messenger of death.
   I come to seek you in your home
   From Blaye's good lord, Geoffrey Rudel.
   He caught your fame on Rumour's breath,
   Unseen he loved you, sang of you,
   He comes, he dies ; this poet true,
   Lady, to you sends his farewell."

5. With pensive mien the lady rose,
Looked at the squire, some moments stayed,
Then a black veil around her throws,
Her face and star-like eyes to shade.
" Sir Squire," quoth she, her words come fast,
" Let us go where Sir Geoffrey lies,
That we may bear the first and last
Word love may utter ere he dies."

6. Beneath his fair tent pitched along
Beside the sea Sir Geoffrey lay,
In low tones sang one tender song
That told his heart's supreme desire.
" Lord, who didst will that far away
My love should dwell in Eastern lands,
Grant that I may in her dear hands
Commit my soul as I expire."

7. Guided by faithful Bertrand's hand
The lady came, the last note caught,
Before the entrance Mélisande
Lingered, her heart with pity fraught.
But soon with trembling hand she threw
Her veil aside, her face left clear.
Near to her lover sad she drew,
And murmured : " Geoffrey, I am here."

8. Stretched on a low divan he lay,
Turning, then vainly strove to rise ;
With a long sigh the Lord of Blaye
Upon those lovely features gazed.
" Is that the face, are these the eyes
Love promised one day should be mine ?
Around that brow did I entwine
Vague dreams my waking thought had raised ? "

9. Just as the moon on some May night
Bursts through the clouds' encircling gloom,
Flooding the earth with silvery light,
Fills it with growth and with perfume,

So to the enchanted lover seems
This tranquil beauty to impart
Sweetness divine beyond all dreams,
Filling the dying poet's heart.

10. "Lady, what is this life of ours?
The fleeting shadow of a dream.
Now end the fable's transient hours,
'Tis only love that knows not death.
To one in agony supreme
Open thine arms. On the last day
I wait for thee; a kiss now may
Commend to thee my latest breath."

11. The lady held him to her breast,
And bending o'er her lover pale
Upon his quivering lips she pressed
Love's kiss of greeting and farewell.
The sun broke through his misty veil,
From sky serene shone on the sea,
The lady's golden locks set free
Like light o'er the dead poet fell.

NOTES

(1) Verse 1. Line 5. *Blaye*—the Latin *Blavia*—on the right bank of the Gironde, formed part of the Vicomté of Angoulême, and was proud of preserving in its Abbey the tombs of Roland and his companions Oliver and Turpin.

(2) V. 3. L. 8. *Mélisande*, daughter of Raymond, Count of Tripoli (in Asia, not the Tripoli in Africa) and of Odierna, named after her aunt who was co-regnant with Folco of Anjou. The historian of the Christian Kingdom in Syria, William of Tyre, relates that Mélisande in 1161 was asked in marriage by Manuel Comnenus, Emperor of Constantinople, but the almost completed negotiations were broken off by the Emperor. His notorious faithlessness and the goodness and beauty of the lady spread her fame throughout Europe, especially amongst the troubadours of Provence, so that the Lord of Blaye became enamoured of her, though unseen.

PIEDMONT

INTRODUCTION

THIS Ode, published on the 20th Sept., 1892, is the first of three written in commemoration of the entry of the Italians into Rome in 1870, the two others (*Cadore* and the *Bicocca di S. Giacomo*) appearing in the two following years.

1. On the jagged summits, sparkling in sunshine,
Leap the swift chamois ; the avalanche thunders
Down from the glaciers whirling and rolling
Through the woods pouring ;

2. Out from the expanse of the silence cerulean,
Spreading his dark wings and wheeling in circles,
Slowly descending in stately gyrations
Flies forth the eagle.

3. Hail to thee, Piedmont ! Thy rivers descending
From far in melodious sadness resounding,
Like to thy epic songs telling the valorous
Deeds of thy people,

4. Down to the valleys, full, rapid and blithesome,
Dashing they come like thy hundred battalions ;
There to the awakened villas and cities
Tell they of glory.

5. Aosta old,[1] by Caesar's walls encircled,
Thou who in Alpine pass above the fashions
Of the barbarian ages proudly raisest
The arch of Augustus.

6. Ivrea the beautiful,[2] who her red turrets
In the blue Dora's broad bosom dreamily
Mirrors, and all around is the dark shadow
Of King Arduin.[3]

7. Biella,[4] 'twixt the mountain and the growing
Verdure of the plain, down the fertile valley
Gaily looks, boasting arms, ploughs and laborious
Smoking of chimneys.

8. Potent and patient Cuneo,[5] and smiling
On the gentle slope standing, sweet Mondovi,[6]
And the land joyful in castles and vineyards
Of Aleramo;

9. And from Superga,[7] amid the rejoicing
Choir of the high Alps, Torino the regal
Crowned with victory, and the republican
Asti [8] reposing,

10. Fierce with the slaughter of Goths and the anger
Of the red Frederick, from the reverberant
River, O Piedmont, she gave thee the new song
Of Alfieri.[9]

11. He came, that great one, as cometh the great bird
From whom was taken his name, o'er the lowly
Townlet he hovers, tawny-haired, restless.
"Italia, Italia!"

12. He cried to the ears unaccustomed, to the
Slothful hearts, to the souls supine, "Italia,
Italia!" echoed from the tombs of Arqua [10]
And of Ravenna.[10]

13. And under that flight the bones in the graveyard
All the length of the fatal peninsula
Creaked, and were seeking each other to clothe them
In wrath and in iron.

14. " Italia, Italia ! " and lo, a people
Of the dead arose singing, war they demanded,
And a king[11] in his pallor and in his courage
Devoted to death

15. Drew the sword. O year so hopeful in portents,
O spring-tide[12] of the fatherland ! O ye days,
O ye last days of the blossoming May time !
O sound triumphant

16. Telling of victory first to Italians,[13]
How as a child through the heart didst thou thrill me,
Wherefore in times more propitious,[13] the Vates,
Grey-haired, of Italy,

17. Thee I sing to-day, O king of my green years,
Thee, king so much blamed and so much lamented,
Who passedst away, thy sword in hand bearing ;
Clothed with a hair-shirt

18. Thy Christian breast, Italian Hamlet. Under
The fire and the sword of Piedmont, and under
The force of Cuneo, the rush of Aosta,
The enemy scattered.

19. Languidly now the last boom of the cannon
Died away behind the flight of the Austrian,
The king on his charger rode down the slope westward,
Facing the sunset

20. In the midst of his staff gathering round him,
Glad with dusty smoke and victory, he drew forth
A missive, unfolding it said : " Surrendered
Is Peschiera! "[14]

21. O what a cry as with one voice vibrating
Arose from those breasts, of ancestors mindful,
Waving the standards of Savoy : " Long live the
King of Italy ! "

22. Red in the glory of sunset was glowing
Widely extended the plain of Lombardia,
Beyond, the lake of Virgil, like a veil fluttered
By a bride coyly

23. Opening its folds for the kiss of love promised.
Pale, erect and unmoved in the saddle
Sat the king, his fixed eyes beholding the shadow
Of the Trocadero,[15]

24. And him the misty Novara awaited[16]
And Oporto, final goal of sad error,
O by the chestnut woods silent and lonely
House by the Douro,[17]

25. With the resounding Atlantic to front it,
Fresh with camelias beside it the river,
Which beneath calm so indifferent sheltered
Sorrow so poignant.

26. The king lay a-dying, when in the twilight
Between the two lives a marvellous vision
Passed before him, and he beheld the fair-haired
Sailor of Nizza[18]

27. Who rode at full tilt from the Janiculum
Gallic outrage to encounter, around him
Shone like carbuncle gleaming in sunshine the
Blood of Italia.

28. Over the king's failing eyes came a mistiness,
The shadow of a smile on his lips hovered.
A flight of spirits come from above the
King's death encircle.

29. Before all, O noble Piedmont, he who at
Sphakteria[19] sleeps, and first at Alessandria
Gave to the breeze the tricolour, Santorre
Di Santarosa,

30. And they to God all together escorted
The soul of Charles Albert: "O Lord, we bring Thee
The king who wasted us, the king who smote us.
Now he, Lord, also

31. "Hath died, as we, O God, died for Italia.
Give to us our country. Give to the living,
Give to the dead, by the smoke of blood rising
From fields of battle,

32. "By those sorrows which level the palaces
With the cottages, O God, by the glory
Which was in past years, God, by the martyrdom
Which is in the present,

33. "To that heroic dust with life still throbbing,
To this angelic light at length exultant,
Give, O God, the fatherland! Give Italy
To the Italians!"

NOTES

(1) Verse 5. Line 1. *Aosta*, the Augusta of the Romans, founded by Augustus Caesar, built on the site and following the plan of a Roman camp. The walls are still standing, and the Arch of Augustus rises above the non-classical building of a later age.

(2) V. 6. L. 1. *Ivrea the beautiful.* The ancient Eporedia picturesquely situated on the slope over the Dora. On the height is the Castello delle Quattro Torri, three of whose towers remain, the fourth having been destroyed by lightning.

(3) V. 6. L. 4. *Arduin.* After the fall of the Roman Empire Ivrea was ruled by Margraves (Marquises), one of whom, Arduin, was crowned King at Pavia, on the death of the Emperor Otho III.

(4) V. 7. L. 1. *Biella*, on the Cervo; the old town situated on the slope of the hills looks down on the modern manufacturing town spread out in the plain.

(5) V. 8. L. 1. *Cuneo*, situated on a hill; once a strong fortress, the ramparts now converted into pleasant promenades with views of the Alps.

(6) V. 8. L. 2. *Mondovi* has the older part on the hill and the more modern in the plain below. At one time a University town. Fine views of the Alps from the upper town.

(7) V. 9. L. 1. *Superga*, the burial-place of the Royal House of Savoy from the time of Amedeus II., stands on a hill to the East of Turin. The church and palace were erected in commemoration of the raising of the Siege of Turin in 1706.

(8) V. 9. L. 4; and V. 10. Ll. 1 and 2. "In the contest by which Frederick is chiefly known to history, he is commonly painted as the foreign tyrant, the forerunner of the Austrian oppressor, crushing under the hoofs of his cavalry the home of freedom and industry." (Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire*, p. 75. 4th edition.)

(9) V. 10. L. 4. *Alfieri.* Poet and dramatist, born at Asti 1749, the champion of freedom. The name Alfieri means in Italian an ensign, and the allusion is to the Roman eagle.

(10) V. 12. Ll. 3 and 4. *Arquà* and *Ravenna.* The tombs of Petrarch and Dante.

(11) V. 14. L. 3. *A king.* Charles Albert of Savoy; succeeded his uncle, Charles Felix, April 2, 1831. He gradually shook himself free from Reactionary influences, and joined the National party.

(12) V. 15. L. 2. *Spring-tide*, 1848, when war was declared against Austria.

(13) V. 16. Lines 1 and 3. The first victory of Charles Albert and the Italians over the Austrians at Goito, May 30, 1848. The news of the early victories reached Carducci as a boy in the Maremma. *In times more propitious.* After Italy was freed from the foreign yoke in 1870. He alludes to himself as old in 1892, when this poem was written.

(14) V. 20. Ll. 3 and 4. *Peschiera.* In the moment of victory at Goito, the news came to the king that the Austrians had surrendered to the Italians at Peschiera.

(15) V. 23. L. 4. *Trocadero.* During the Constitutional struggle in Spain, Charles Albert fought with the French Bourbons to re-establish the absolute Monarchy. The Liberals were defeated at the storming of the Trocadero, in which Charles Albert distinguished himself.

(16) V. 24. Ll. 1 and 2. *Novara* and *Oporto.* Charles Albert (1798-1849). The complex character of this prince which gained for him the appellation of the Italian Hamlet, has made his career a most interesting psychological study. At once a warrior and an ascetic, an autocrat with a strong sense of his duties to his family and to the monarchical systems of Europe, yet with Liberal aspirations that made him the hope of the National party, he oscillated between what seemed to him the two opposing duties, the maintenance of the dynasty and the promotion of the ideal of Italian Unity. In 1821, as Prince of Carignano, he had thrown himself

into the National movement and almost became its leader. Its failure and the family influences brought to bear upon him forced him into retirement till his accession in 1832, and these influences were paramount during the early years of his reign. At the beginning of the Revolutionary movement of 1848 he still felt himself bound by the pledge exacted from him twenty-four years before, not to alter the form of government of Piedmont by granting a Constitution. Yet convinced that only by the support of the Liberal party could any form of Monarchical government be maintained and the foreigner driven out, he granted a Constitution to Piedmont. On March 4, 1848, the Statute was published, and he put himself at the head of the army to drive out the Austrians from Northern Italy. The National movement was at first supported by the Lombard cities, by Naples and by the Pope, Pius IX. It seemed at first as if the rising might be successful, but the gradual defection of the other supporters left Piedmont alone to bear the brunt of the contest. Towards the end of the year an armistice was agreed to, which though prolonged did not lead to a peace, and in the following year (1849) hostilities were resumed. The unsuccessful campaign ended in the defeat of Novara (March 23, 1849), after which Charles Albert abdicated in favour of his son, Victor Emmanuel, in order to obtain better terms for Piedmont. A few months afterwards he died at Oporto.

(17) V. 24. Ll. 3 and 4. The Villa "entra Quintas" where Charles Albert took up his abode, and where he died broken-hearted. The windows of the room in which his last hours were spent looked over the chestnut-woods by the Douro. He died on July 28, 1849, almost his last words being: "I forget everything, I forgive everyone."

(18) V. 26. L. 4. *Sailor of Nizza.* Garibaldi, who was at this time defending Rome on the Janiculum against the combined attacks of the Neapolitans and the French. See Trevelyan, *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic.*

(19) V. 29. Ll. 2, 3 and 4. *Sphakteria* is an island opposite the modern town of Navarino.

Santorre di Santarosa, one of the Revolutionary leaders in 1821, and the first to fly the tricolour flag at Alessandria. After the failure of the Revolution he went into exile, and was killed in the Battle of Navarino fighting for Greek Independence in 1827. The last friend to whom Charles Albert bade farewell on leaving Piedmont in 1849 was the son of Santarosa.

CADORE

INTRODUCTION

THE valley of Cadore, by its beauty and by its historical and artistic associations, is well fitted to inspire a poet. Its annals go back to pre-Roman times, and if the general derivation of its name is correct, its first settlers were the *Caturigi*. Whatever their origin, the inhabitants of this valley throughout its history have always been a hardy freedom-loving people. For many centuries an independent Republic, they allied themselves with Venice in 1421, and the alliance continued till the dissolution of the Venetian Republic by Napoleon. The magnificent pine-forests of Cadore supplied Venice with timber for her ships, and with the piles on which her palaces are built. In 1805, when Napoleon formed Northern Italy into a kingdom, he reclaimed Cadore from Austria, to which power it had been assigned by the treaty of Campo Formio. From 1815 it with Venice became an Austrian possession. Its sturdy independent inhabitants never willingly submitted to the foreign rule. In 1848 it joined in the attempt of Northern Italy to free itself from Austria, but it was not till 1866 that it threw off the alien yoke and became part of the Kingdom of United Italy.

In 1892 Carducci spent his summer holiday in the Dolomite region, and established himself for some weeks in the primitive little inn at Misurina, where the Ode was written. Misurina was not yet invaded by the usual monstrous hotels. Before settling there, the poet made a pilgrimage through the valley, gathering those impressions which he has so graphically rendered in the poem.

1. Thou art great.[1] With the rainbow of thy colours
   The sun eternally mankind consoleth;
   With youth perpetual invested
   Nature smiles upon thy forms ideal.

2. While athwart the gloom of the dark century[2]
   Those rosy phantoms passed like lightning flashes,
   The people's longing eyes cast upward,
   And the tumult of the sword suspended

3. And he who Rome and Italy had harried,
The stern oppressor, the cold Flemish Caesar,
The paint-brush fallen at thy feet picked up,
Lowly stooping, of himself forgetful.

4. Tell me if beneath the weight of Austrian
Marbles in the grey silence of the Frari,[3]
Old man, thou sleepest, or wanderest
A soul set free 'mid thy native mountain.

5. Here where the heavens thee, whose brow Olympian
A century with pleasant life encircled,
Here the heavens limpid and cerulean
Laughing kiss thee through the fleecy cloudlets.

6. Thou art great. Yet from yonder simple marble[4]
That face of youthful daring and defiance
Cries to my heart more strongly, asking
Me to sing his praise in antique measure.

7. What is it, god-like youth, that thou defiest?
The onrush of assault, battle, destiny
One 'gainst a thousand didst defiance
Hurl, heroic soul, Pietro Calvi.[5]

8. So long as through the perennial fleeting
Of centuries, the Piave falls rushing
Through green abysses to the Adrian
Sea, the spoil of the dark forests bearing,

9. Which long ago to old St. Mark[6] gave towers
Of pine for war amidst the Echinades,[7]
As long as the sun in his setting
The pale peaks of the Dolomites tinges.

10. While the Marmarole[8] dear to Veccellio
Are aglow with rosy refulgence, a palace
Of dreams in the calm of the evening,
An Elysium of spirits and fairies,

11. Always, ah always may thy name, O Calvi,
Sound to the covetous terrible, and may
Youths pale, when thy deed they remember,
Spring to arms in defence of their country.

II

12. I sing thee not, Cadore, on pipes of Arcadia that follow
Murmurs of breezes and waters,
But in measures heroic I sing thee that down in the valleys
Follow the sound of the musket.

13. O second day of May when on the road towards Austria wending
The gallant Calvi advanced, and
On the low wall leaping that marks the boundary, balls whistling round him
Stands there, erect, fair, motionless,

14. Raises in his right his sword, on its point the pact of Udine,
His gaze fixed on the enemy,
And in his left hand waves a blood-red kerchief, sign that no quarter
He would give, nor none expected.

15. Pelmo and Antelao[9] at the deed from white clouds loftily
Free in air their hoary summits
Like ancient giants shaking back the dangling plumes of their helmets,
To watch the fortunes of battle.

16. Like to the shields of heroes that glitter in songs of the poets,
To the amazement of ages,
So in pure radiance of splendour sparkle the glaciers on meeting
The sun as he mounts in the heavens.

17. With what ardour dost thou embrace, O sun of our ancient glories,
Man and the Alps and the rivers,
Thou who beneath dark boscage of pine trees the stubborn clods piercing
Touchest the dead to revive them.

18. " Smite, O sons, o'er our bones," cry the dead voices,
" smite, O our children,
The ever-returning barbarian ;
Fall on him, O ye rocks, from snow-clad heights which our blood hath crimsoned,
O'erwhelm him, ye Avalanches ! "

19. Thus the voices of the dead from mountain to mountain resounding
Of those who fought at Rusecco.[10]
And from farm to farm, from village to village, the sound in fury
The winds bore onwards, increasing.

20. Joyously fly to arms these youths whom Titian gladly had painted,
Down they come, singing : " Italia ! "
On their balconies of dark wood, with carnation brightly crimsoned
And geranium, stand the women.

21. Gay Pieve nestles 'mid the smiling hills, and hears the rushing
From below, of the Piave.[11]
Auronzo, that broadly spreads itself on the plain twixt the waters
Beneath the dark Ajarnola,

22. And the sunny Lorenzago, above the shelving meadows
Midmost dominates the valley,
And all the verdant Comelico scattered over with hamlets
Hidden 'mid pine-trees and fir-trees.

23. Other towns and other homesteads 'mid pastures and forests
Send forth their sons and their fathers.
Loud resound the horns of the shepherds, all seize their guns, they brandish
Their pruning-hooks and their lances.

24. From behind the altar comes the ancient banner that at Vellé [12]
Saw another flight of Austrians,
Welcomes now the valiant. With a roar the lion old of Venice
Greets the new sun and new perils.

25. Hark, a sound from the distance! It comes down the valley, draws nearer,
It rises, rushes, increases.
O sound that laments and summons, that cries, entreats and enrages,
A sound persistent, terrible.

26. What is it? The enemy asks, to the encounter advancing,
With his eyes seeking the answer,
"'Tis the bells of the people of Italy, bells that are tolling
To-day for your death or for ours." [13]

27. Alas! Ere seven years have passed, on yon plains, from Mantua's trenches
Death shall snatch thee, Pietro Calvi!
Thou didst come to seek Death's cold embrace as to his tryst some exile
Comes to meet his bride in secret.

28. As he once on Austrian arms had gazed, so now on Austria's scaffold
Looked he serenely, undaunted.
Grateful to the hostile judgment that sent him to join as a soldier
The sacred legion of spirits.

29. Never, ah never a nobler soul didst thou launch forth from its prison
To the future of Italy,
O Belfiore,[14] dark fosse of Austrian scaffold, Belfiore
Refulgent altar of martyrs !

30. Should thy name ever fade from the heart of a son of Italia,
May for him, wretched, ignoble,
Th' adulterous bed bring forth such scum as from his Lares ancestral
Would spurn him forth into the mire.

31. And to him who fatherland denies may unclean, suicidal
Forces swarm in his blood, and breeding
In his heart, in his brain, from his lips ugly and blasphemous
May a green toad breathe out venom.

III

32. Now my song returns to thee,[15] as the eagle,
Satiate with victory over the dragon,
Poising above his aerial
Nest on peaceful wing returns to sunlight.

33. So my song to the Fatherland devoted
Comes appeased to thee returning, Cadore.
Slowly from the pine-trees are wafted
Murmurs in the pale light of the young moon.

34. For thee a long caress on the magical
Sleep of the waters. For thee with fair children
All thy country-side is blossoming,
And from the overhanging cliffs bold virgins

35. Singing mow the ripening hay, their rebellious
Tawny tresses beneath black kerchiefs twisted,
While from their blue eyes sparkling flashes
Rapidly they cast around them ; as the

36. Waggoner drives on his team of three horses,
Dragging along the precipitous pathways
Pine-trees scattering pungent odours;
All Perarolo to the weir hurries.[16]

37. 'Mid giddy heights with vaporous mist encircled
Thunder the echoes of the chase, the chamois
Falls before the shot aimed so surely.
So when country calls, falls the enemy.

38. I would ravish the soul from thee, Cadore,
Of Pietro Calvi for the peninsula.
On the wings of song I would send it
A herald. "Ho, thou but half-awakened,

39. "Lo, not for adulterous dreams, nor perfidious
Slumbers are the Alps a pillow propitious.
Arouse thee! have done with vain shouting.
Arouse thee! the martial cock is crowing."[17]

40. When Marius[18] shall scale the Alpine passes
Once again, and on the two seas shall Duilius[18]
Gaze appeased; then I, O Cadore,
Will ask of thee the soul of Veccellio.

41. In the Capitol with her spoils resplendent,
In the Capitol by her laws made glorious,
Shall he depict Italia's triumph,[19]
Newly arisen among the nations.

NOTES

(1) Verse 1. Line 1. *Thou art great.* The poem opens with an address to the spirit of Titian. Titian, born at Pieve di Cadore in 1477, died in Venice in 1576. The monument to which Carducci alludes in the Piazza of Pieve, was erected in 1880.

(2) V. 2. L. 1; and V. 3. L. 3. *The dark century.* The period of constant contention for the possession of Italy between the Emperor Charles V. and Francis I., when Italy became the battle-ground of rival powers, in which struggle Rome was besieged and sacked by Charles. Charles V. was a great admirer and patron of genius, and an anecdote is told of him that while Titian was painting the Emperor's portrait he dropped his brush, which

Charles, forgetful of his rank, stooped to pick up and present to the master.

(3) V. 4. L. 2. A monument was erected in the nineteenth century to Titian in the Church of the Frari at Venice, but it is probable that his remains were not interred there. He died of the plague, when the bodies were hastily buried in a common trench.

(4) V. 6. L. 1. A marble monument is affixed to the base of the Town Hall in the Piazza of Pieve, the capital of the province of Cadore, with a bust of Pietro Calvi in the centre, and on either side the names of sixteen other martyrs to the cause of Italian freedom.

(5) V. 7. L. 4. *Pietro Calvi.* In March, 1848, Venice revolting against Austria, proclaimed a Republic, and the whole of the Venetian province rose and freed itself. Captain Pietro Fortunato Calvi was sent to represent the Republic in Cadore. He was born at Briana on the Brenta in 1817. The Austrians entered Venetia and forced Udine to capitulate, and entered Cadore on the 2nd of May. The terms of Udine were offered to the Cadorini, but were refused. Galleazzo put himself at their head and led an attack on the Austrians, driving them back towards the frontier, and Calvi springing on the parapet of the roadside waved the pact of Udine in the one hand, and in the other a red handkerchief, signifying war to the death. Thus encouraged, the Cadorini renewed the attack, and drove the Austrians back in confusion. An armistice was arranged for two months, but broken by the Austrians who, on gaining command of the valley, made reprisals and exercised great cruelty on the inhabitants. Seeing the cause of Cadore to be hopeless, Calvi returned to Venice, and after the fall of that city went to Greece, and later to Switzerland. Re-entering the Austrian frontier he was taken prisoner, September 7, 1853, and executed as a traitor at Mantua on July 11, 1855. The day before his death he made the following declaration: "Condemned to die for high treason, I suffer death gladly, proclaiming in the face of the scaffold that that which I did I did of my own knowledge and conscience, ready to do it again to drive Austria out of the Italian States, which she has usurped without right and holds under her dominion." (*Life and Times of Cavour*, W. R. Thayer.)

(6) V. 9. L. 1. A portion of the forest which contained the finest trees was assigned by Cadore to the Republic of Venice, and was called the Forest of St. Mark.

(7) V. 9. L. 2. *The Echinades.* Where John of Austria defeated the Turks in the battle of Lepanto in 1570.

(8) V. 10. L. 1. *The Marmarole.* A great range of peaks, serrated in form, which take on beautiful colours at sunset.

(9) V. 15. L. 1. *Pelmo and Antelao.* Names of the loftiest peaks seen from Cadore, both over 10,000 feet. A glacier round the peak of Antelao can be seen from Cadore glittering in the sun.

(10) V. 19. L. 2. The battle of *Rusecco*, fought in 1508 against the Austrians under the Emperor Maximilian, and gained by the Italians.

(11) V. 21. L. 2. *The Piave.* A river running through the centre of the valley of Cadore. *Pieve, Auronzo* and *Lorenzago* are the principal communes of the valley, and the *Comelico* is a fertile eminence at the junction of two valleys. *Ajarnola* is a mountain rising above Auronzo.

(12) V. 24. L. 1. At Venas, three miles from Vallè, in the little church of S. Marco is still to be seen the ancient banner with the Lion of St. Mark embroidered in the centre, which was carried by the Italians in the battle of Rusecco, and was brought from behind the altar in 1848, and borne by the Cadorini into the fight under the leadership of Calvi.

(13) V. 26. L. 4. The historic words spoken in reply to the question of the Austrian officer, "What is that noise?" by the Cadorino Captain Ignazio Galeazzo: "*Sono le campane del popol d'Italia; suonano alla vostra morte o alla nostra.*"

(14) V. 29. L. 3. *Belfiore.* The fort outside the walls of Mantua where were set up the scaffolds for the execution of political victims, the last of whom was Calvi.

(15) V. 32. L. 1. Compare *Lycidas*, Line 132. "Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past," etc. As the eagle satiated with his prey turns to the sun, so the poet, having exhausted his anger against the enemy, returns to the peaceful country and to the memory of Calvi.

(16) V. 36. L. 4. The Italian word *cidolo* represents a sort of dam thrown across the river to stop the logs as they come down the stream. Here they are sorted and assigned to the different proprietors—a work not without a certain peril to the men who, standing on the erection, direct the course of the logs. Perarolo is the great centre of the timber trade.

(17) V. 39. L. 4. At the time this was written there was some threat of unpleasantness with France—hence the allusion to the *martial cock.*

(18) V. 40. Ll. 1 and 2. The poet goes back to the ancient history of Rome, to *Marius*, who defeated the barbarians, to *Duilius*, who gained a great naval victory.

(19) V. 41. L. 3. The poem ends with an invocation to the spirit of *Titian* to adorn the Capitol with pictures representing the triumphs of newly arisen Italy.

Note

The whole of this region has been once more the battle-ground on which the Italians have finally defeated the barbarian invader. The second anniversary of the victory has just been celebrated in Rome (Nov. 4, 1920).

SANT' ABBONDIO

The Heavens as adamantine crystal clear
As though from the beyond transfused with light,
The scintillating Alpine snows appear
Like human souls by burning love made bright.
From cabins that 'mid clustering bushes peer
Rises the smoke in wreaths of blue and white
By light winds wafted. The Madesimo here
Falls in cascades 'twixt banks with emerald dight.

The Alpine girls in scarlet garments clad,
Holy Abbondio, in thy feast take part
With stream and pine, in songs both soft and glad.

What laughs so gaily in the valley there?
Peace, oh my heart, be at peace, oh my heart!
Life is so short, and ah! the world is fair.

NEAR A CERTOSA

From the sad persistent greenness 'midst the leaves that still are clinging
Red and yellow to the acacia, one its downward way is winging.
No wind stirs but a light tremor,
As it were a soul that passes.

Under mist like veil of silver flows the streamlet onward brawling;
Disappearing in the streamlet through the mist a leaf is falling.
From the cemetery what faint sighs
Through the cypresses are breathing?

Suddenly the white cloud parted, through the rift is sunshine streaming
O'er the moisture of the morning, while above the blue is gleaming.
Now the austere grove rejoices,
Since it feels the winter coming.

Ere in its icy chain the winter shall bind up my soul, on me,
Shed the effulgence of thy smile, O sacred sun of Poesy!
Thy great song, O father Homer,
Ere the shadow me enfoldeth.

THE SONG OF LEGNANO

INTRODUCTION

THE following is Carducci's note on this poem :

" I now publish (1882) a part of this short poem which I wrote three years ago, from love of true history and the Mediaeval Epic, as a protest against certain theorists, who in the name of truth and liberty would condemn poetry to hard labour for life, that is to say, to description of the realities of our own day, and would shut it out from the territories of history, of legend and of myth. But the poet is allowed, if he be capable and desirous of doing so, to wander through India and Persia, to say nothing of Greece and the Middle Ages ; the ignorant and the unwilling have the right to refuse to follow him."

Unfortunately this first part is all that was ever published of a poem conceived in the true spirit of the old " Chansons de Geste." Chiarini in his *Life of Carducci* states that he had seen fragments both of a second and third part, but on recent inquiry Sig. Zanichelli, the poet's publisher, informed me that the literary executors had not found any such MS. fitted for publication. The part we possess is the description of the summoning of the Parliament ; the second part was to have been a description of the battle, with episodes ; the third the flight of the Emperor by night. This is the more to be regretted, not only on account of the beauty of what we possess, but because it is Carducci's single attempt in this style. The subject of the poem is the resistance of Milan to the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa (1176), and together with the ballad of *Marengo*, may be considered to show the two sides of the Imperial question as conceived of in Italy of the twelfth century. In *Marengo* we see the prestige still attached to the Imperial insignia of Rome ; in *Legnano* the revolt of the *Municipium* against the rule of the foreign barbarian Emperor. The principal authority used by Carducci was the excellent *History of Milan* by Giulini, published in 1860. The following explanations are taken from the valuable notes furnished by Carducci's friend and pupil, Senator Guido Mazzoni, Professor of Italian Literature at the " Studi Superiori " of Florence, and joint editor with Sig. Picciola of the *Carducci Anthology*.

I

In Como bides the Emperor Frederick.[1]
A messenger to Milan rides full speed,
The New Gate[2] enters, nor draws rein but cries:
" Ho, men of Milan, give me escort due
To Sor Gherardo,[3] consul of your town ! "
The consul stood in middle of the square,
The messenger bent o'er his saddle bow,
Whispered brief words and spurred him on his way.
Consul Gherardo straightway gave the sign
And trumpet blasts convened the Parliament.

II

'Twas blast of trumpet called the Parliament,[4]
Because the palace had not risen anew
On tall pilasters, rostrum was there none,
No tower was there, no bell swung from its crown,
Among the blackened ruins, where now thorns
Grew green among low cabins built of wood.
There in the narrow public place the men
Of Milan held their Parliament, beneath
The sun of May; from windows and from doors
The women and the children waiting watched.

III

The consul speaks: " My lords of Milan, hear !
With spring in blossom come the German hordes,
As is their wont; their Easter feast consumed
In their own lairs, the greedy[5] boors descend
Upon our valleys; through the Engadine
Two excommunicate archbishops[6] lead.
The fair-haired Empress to her lord hath brought
Besides a faithful heart an army new;
Como holds with the strong and leaves the league[7]; "
" Down," shout the people, " Down with Como, down ! "

IV

" My lords of Milan," says the consul, " hear !
In Como Frederick musters troops and goes
To join the false Pavians and the lord
Of Monferrato.[8] Men of Milan, choose ;
Or will ye from your ramparts new[9] await
And watch in arms, or to the Caesar send
Your messengers, or seek with spear and sword
The Barbarossa in his camp ? " " We'll seek
With sword and spear," shouted the Parliament,
" With spear and sword the red-beard in his camp ! "

V

Now Albert of Giussano[10] forward steps,
By head and shoulders he o'ertops the rest
Of those who round the consul crowd, his form
Amid the parliament rose like a tower
Stalwart and tall ; his helmet in his hand
He holds, around his brawny neck and on
His square-set shoulders broad his long dark locks
Fell free ; upon his frank and open face
The sun beats sparkling in his eye and hair ;
His voice is like the thunder heard in May.

VI

" O men of Milan, brothers, people mine,
Do ye remember those March Kalends[11] dark ? "
Says Albert of Giussano, " To Lodi rode
Your wan-faced consuls, who with naked swords
Upheld in hand unto the Emperor swore
Obedience. Three hundred strong we rode,
On the fourth day we laid down at his feet
Our thirty-six fair standards, kissing them ;
Master Guitelmo offered him the keys
Of famine-stricken Milan. All was naught ! "

VII

" Do you remember that sixth day of March ? "
Says Albert of Giussano : " he would have
The men-at-arms, the people, standards, all
Beneath his feet.[12] From the three city gates
Forth came the people, came the battle-car
Prepared for war, the people cross in hand,
Before him the Carroccio's trumpets sound
Their last fanfare. The Carroccio's lofty mast
Before him bent, lowering the Gonfalon,
Until it swept the ground, he touched its hem.

VIII

" Do you remember ? Clad as penitents," [13]
Says Albert of Giussano, " bare-foot, cords
About our necks, our heads with ashes strewn,
We knelt in mire,[14] with outstretched arms implored
For mercy. All there wept, the lords and knights
Who round him stood wept too, but he, upright
Upon his feet, beside th' Imperial shield,
In silence stood unmoved, looking on us
With that cold gaze of his, diamond keen.

IX

" Do you remember, on the morrow,[15] how "
Says Albert of Giussano, " on the road
Returning to our shame, we saw behind
The gate the Empress gazing at us ? Then
We cast our crosses at her feet and cried
' O fair, O pious Empress, lady true,
Have pity, pity on our women ! ' She
Retired within and he on us imposed [16]
That gates and walls be levelled to the ground,
So he with his embattled host might pass.

X

" Do you remember ? Nine days did we wait,"
Says Albert of Giussano, " how Archbishop, counts,
With servile suite of vassals went away ;
The tenth day came the herald : ' Go ye forth
O wretched men, go forth and with you take
Your wives, your children and your goods. Eight days
The Emperor gives you.' [17] Then with groans we ran
To Sant' Ambrogio, to the altars clung
And to the tombs. They chased us from the church,
Our wives, our little ones, like scurvy curs !

XI

" Do you remember that Palm Sunday sad [18] ? "
Says Albert of Giussano. " Ah, that was
The passion of our Lord and of Milan !
From the four holy suburbs [19] of our town
Three hundred towers of her encircling crown
We saw fall one by one ; then through the dust
Of ruins we beheld our houses razed,
Demolished, blasted ; files of skeletons
In some huge graveyard standing they appeared ;
Below, the bones still smouldered of our dead."

XII

Thus speaking Albert of Giussano raised
His two hands, covered up his eyes and wept,
There in the midmost of the Parliament
Like to a little child he sobbed and wept.
Then through the throng of all the Parliament
There ran a roar, as 'twere of savage beasts,
While from the doors and from the balconies
The women, pale, dishevelled, with their arms
Outstretched, their wide dilated eyes turned towards
The Parliament, shrieked : " Kill the red-beard, kill ! "

XIII

" Behold," says Albert of Giussano, " Now
Behold I weep no more. Our day has come,
O men of Milan, and we needs must win.
Behold, I dry mine eyes, and, looking up
To thee, O fair sun, shining in God's heaven,
I take an oath : To-morrow, ere the night,
Our dead in Purgatory shall hear good news
Which I myself will bear."—" Nay," cry the people,
" To th' Imperial heralds trust it rather ! "
Sinking 'neath Resegone smiled the sun.[20]

NOTES

(1) Verse 1. Line 1. *The Emperor Frederick* in 1176 had journeyed from Pavia to Como to meet the new armies levied by the Archbishops of Cologne and Magdeburg, and by his consort, the Empress Beatrice.

(2) V. 1. L. 3. *The Porta Nuova.* One of the six gates of Milan.

(3) V. 1. L. 5. *Sor Gherardo.* No consul of this name has been found in the chronicles, but Fiamma records that the first Podestà imposed upon the Milanese by the Emperor was a Count Gherardo.

(4) V. 2. L. 1. The Parliament was summoned by sound of trumpet and held in the open air because the Palazzo Pubblico with its tower and belfry, destroyed fourteen years before in the sack of Milan by Barbarossa, had not yet been rebuilt.

(5) V. 3. L. 4. *The greedy boors.* The word used is *lurchi*, meaning gluttonous and wine bibbers. See *Inferno*, xvii. 21.

" *E come là tra li Tedeschi lurchi.*"

(6) V. 3. L. 6. *Two excommunicate archbishops.* Pope Alexander III., holding with the League, had excommunicated the Ghibelline Archbishops of Magdeburg and Cologne, who, as we have already said, were leading armies to join the Emperor.

(7) V. 3. L. 9. *The league.* Of the Lombard cities against the Imperial claims. " The League of Lombard cities embodied the revolt of trade against the feudal system, of merchants against uncertain and excessive taxes, of burghers against foreign princes ; in short, general discontent with an outgrown political system. Barbarossa's war with the Lombard League lasted for twenty-five years." (*Short History of Italy*, H. D. Sedgwick.)

(8) V. 4. Ll. 3 and 4. The Pavians and the Count of Monferrato had abandoned the League, and made submission to Frederick.

(9) V. 4. L. 5. *Ramparts new.* The fortifications erected since the destruction (1162) of the old walls and fosses.

(10) V. 5. L. 1. *Albert of Giussano.* Captain of the Compagnia della Morte (Company of Death) who had sworn either to conquer or to die. Albert "was of such tall stature that he was generally called the giant." (Giulini, *History*, vi. 477.) Compare also Vignati and Tosti.

(11) V. 6. L. 1. "On the following day, which was Thursday, the Kalends of March, the Consuls of Milan came to Lodi . . . and presented themselves to their most serene Lord and Emperor Frederick in his palace at Lodi, with naked swords in their hands, yielding themselves to him, and swearing obedience to every command of his, as was pleasing to him, and promising that all the citizens of Milan would also take this oath to him, in the same palace. Amongst these were thirty-six standard-bearers, who, kissing his feet, consigned their standards to the hands of the Emperor, and among them was Master Guindellino (simplified into Guitelmo by Carducci), "the most gifted of the men of Milan, in whom the Milanese placed the greatest confidence, and he consigned to the Emperor the keys of Milan." (These are the words of Otto Morena, an inhabitant of Lodi, an eye-witness on the Imperial side.)

(12) V. 7. L. 4. "There entered then the Milanese in good order into the new city of Lodi. The people issued from the three gates, the Carroccio following behind them, and after that the rest of the multitude. In this guise they all advanced to the palace of the Emperor, where he was seated on a high throne. From time to time the trumpeters who were stationed on the Carroccio sounded a sad sennet, on their bronze trumpets, till they arrived in front of their Emperor, then they laid down their instruments and presented them to him. After these came the Primates of the parishes, and from the first to the last these gave up their standards. The Carroccio was surrounded by very strong defences, bound with ropes of iron and contrived in such a fashion as to be well adapted to war. In the midst there rose a tall mast, it too from the top to bottom was covered with iron, with ropes of the same metal. At the top of this was the image of the cross, and in front was a picture of S. Ambrogio in the act of giving his benediction to whichever side the car was turned towards. The engine of war thus described came last, and was so fashioned by the artificers of Milan that when it came in front of the Emperor, all was lowered and the tall mast bowed. The Germans surrounding the Emperor" (amongst whom was Burchard, the chronicler, himself), "who

knew nothing of the trick were possessed with fear, but the Emperor, who had been informed of it, received with calmness the extremity of the great flag which hung from that mast, and then ordered that the engine should return to its former position, which was done. Then all our fighting men and the people prostrated themselves to the earth, weeping and calling for mercy, after which one of the Consuls began to discourse sadly and pitifully, and the speech ended with new and sorrowful exclamations of the Milanese, who raising aloft the crosses that they bore, asked pardon and mercy for their sake. At this sight not one of the spectators could restrain his tears, only the face of the Emperor showed no sign of emotion. The tears of the bystanders flowed still more freely on hearing and seeing the Count Biandrati, who was also bearing a cross, present himself before the Emperor, and plead the cause of the citizens, and at the end he also prostrated himself humbly with them at the feet of the Emperor; "*Sed solus Imperator*," concludes Burchard, "*faciam suam firmasit ut petram.*" (Burchard, as quoted by Giulini.)

(13) V. 8. L. 1. "All the clergy advance with their crosses in hand, with bare feet, having put off their robes; then the Consuls and chiefs of the city, also in sackcloth, also with bare feet and bearing their naked swords on their necks." (Raderico—*Chronicle.*)

(14) V. 8. L. 4. *Knelt in mire.* "The Emperor was then seated at a banquet, and a heavy rainstorm poured down on the Milanese, who were crowded at the gate; he kept them outside for some time, in order that they might meditate on their guilt." (Burchard, quoted by Giulini.)

(15) V. 9. L. 1. "The next day the sad procession was resumed, and the Milanese, passing before a large ground-floor chamber with a fire-place, where the Empress was standing to look on this rare spectacle, they, not having been able to obtain an audience of her, cast their crosses inside the gate which enclosed the place, to implore her protection." (Giulini.)

(16) V. 9. L. 8. *He on us imposed.* "He ordered that all the gates and bastions and walls of the city should be destroyed, and so much of the walls and of the bastions near the gates as to make a sufficient space for him to enter with his troops in battle array." (Giulini.)

(17) V. 10. Ll. 6 and 7. *Eight days the Emperor gives you.* The Emperor retained possession of the Carroccio, the standards and the trumpets. Those on foot he sent back to Milan, the knights he sent under custody to Pavia. Then he commanded the Milanese should abandon their city, and gave them eight days' grace." (Sir Raul, *Chronicle.*)

(18) V. 11. L. 1. "The destruction of Milan took five days to complete (from the 26th to the 31st March, 1162). The Emperor

having assigned the work to the rival Lombard cities, it was carried out with relentless vigour and rapidity. "Who" (the cities) "set themselves to work with such good will at its ruin that by the following Sunday (Palm Sunday), they had thrown down so much of the walls as at the beginning no one could have expected to be done in less than two months, so that not a fifth part of the city remained standing." (Morena.)

(19) V. 11. L. 4. *Four holy suburbs.* The expression used by Carducci ("Quattro corpi santi"), which I have translated "Four holy suburbs," refers to the four suburban parishes from which the inhabitants beheld the destruction of their city. There were not really three hundred, but only one hundred towers in the walls. Fire was employed to complete the destruction.

(20) V. 13. L. 10. *Monte Resegone.* A geographical licence. The sun could not set for the Milanese behind Monte Resegone, which lies to the East of Lecco. Compare a similar liberty taken by Scott in the *Antiquary*, where the sun is described as setting over the East Coast of Scotland.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD., AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, GLASGOW.